

SECRETS OF A LOVELORN COLUMNIST—Page 22

Chatelaine

SEPTEMBER 1953

20 CENTS

FOR THE CANADIAN WOMAN



See him cook
a meal for four
for \$2—Page 18

EXCLUSIVE: HOME LIFE IN RUSSIA—PAGE 11



Connie wore
her heart on her
sleeve—Page 16

Tartans and tweeds for fall—Page 26



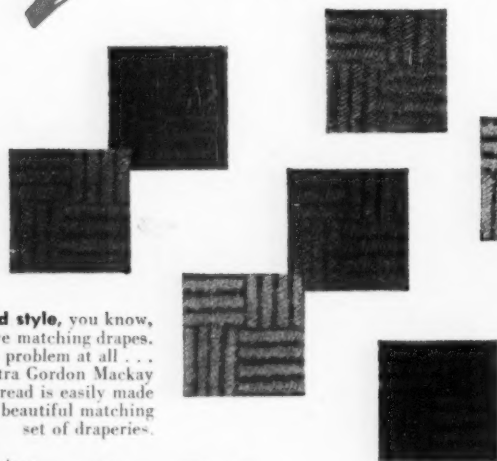
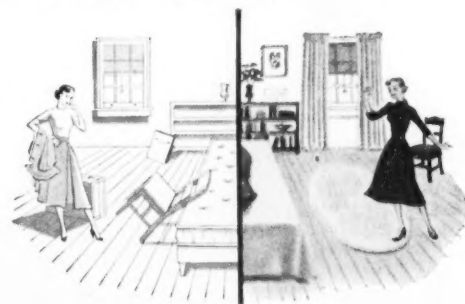
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Chatelaine Centre



Marie Holmes tests a Bevis Walters creation, frozen Grape Niagara.



As a dewy-eyed Dorothy Dix on the Winnipeg Free Press, Isabel Dingman had to learn about life fast. She was a sweet girl graduate scarcely out of middies when she started handing out advice to estranged husbands three times her age, broken-hearted lovers and would-be suicides. Now, twenty-five years later Isabel Dingman is still handling her hearts-and-flowers column by remote control from London, Ont. She tells about her trials and triumphs

over the years in her very human piece, "Dear Mrs. Thompson, what shall I do?" on page twenty-two.

Isabel, who is now assistant professor of journalism at the University of Western Ontario, is the widow of newspaperman Jeff Dingman and has a grown-up daughter, Jocelyn, who is following the family tradition as a reporter on the Toronto Globe and Mail. Isabel says her enthusiasm for people often results in her bringing a great mob back to her London apartment where she cooks her specialty, a hot chili con carne, and then leads a singsong at the piano. Her great weakness is in being an absent-minded professor. "I'm always airily walking off leaving behind me a collection of umbrellas, groceries, gloves and books," she says.

Many a male cook can turn out a meal fit for a French president. "But," points out many

an indignant housewife, "so could I if I had all day to prepare one meal, a month's grocery allowance to squander on it and could leave a sinkful of dirty pots and pans for someone else to clean up."

So naturally when Chatelaine Institute Director Marie Holmes heard of a man who cooks with wine, wields a can-opener with a flourish, specializes in economical dishes and generally ends up with one dirty fork and a mouth-watering meal on the table, she promptly asked him to step into Chatelaine Institute and do his stuff. The result is the novel but extremely useful food feature on page eighteen, "There's a Man in the Kitchen." Bevis Walters, the man who came to cook dinner, gives Marie Holmes a taste in the photo above.



Jennifer is two. The heroine of Chatelaine's November story, "My Baby's First Year" (written by her mother, June Callwood Frayne) is shown celebrating her second birthday with a friend. Jennifer, reports her mother, has been concentrat-

ing on growing longer rather than wider for the last year. Everything about her is progressing according to the baby book except her hair, which stays at standard brush-cut length. Jennifer's favorite game is to spend hours putting things in tin cans and then hours taking them out again, which harmless occupation pleases her busy mother. Her most devoted follower is the family's two-year-old collie, Patch. She fascinates

him, not to mention father and mother Frayne, sister Jill and brother Barney. For June Callwood's latest Chatelaine story on how stage-struck young Canadians are getting a chance at professional musical show business without going near Manhattan, turn to page twenty—"Just a Little North of Broadway."



Seeing her name in print

for the first time is an experience Jean Eaton of London, Ont., is relishing along with the printing of her first fiction story, "With a Heart on her Sleeve," on page sixteen. Mrs. Eaton is the mother of four daughters and says she started writing during the depression to try to bring extra money into the family. On her second-hand typewriter she kept a fairly steady stream of articles selling in small markets in the United States and Canada. "But I was determined," she says, "not to use my real name until I had a story accepted by a big Canadian magazine. I am proud to put my name on this story in Chatelaine."

Chatelaine inspired the Women's Institute of Sault Ste. Marie with an article about "The Haunted Honeymoon House that Became a Showplace," in our February issue. Now Institute members are busy ransacking attics and scouting auction sales all over the district for early Canadian furniture, with the idea of restoring one of the oldest houses in their district as a memorial to the early settlers and as a tourist attraction.

Mrs. F. Cullen, who reported to us on the project, is the daughter of pioneer grandparents and also a Chatelaine Consumer Councilor.

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SEPTEMBER



1953

Chatelaine

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Reader Takes Over

"A Chuckle and a Tear . . ."

I would like to thank the author of "The Delegate from Saskatoon" for a very delightful story. It brought forth both a tear and a chuckle from me, and I congratulate you upon printing such a lovely little story.—Mrs. C. Woodnutt, Vancouver.

. . . Of all the many fine features in your June issue, I know I shall never forget "The Delegate from Saskatoon," by Scott Young. Somehow I had the feeling that if the story had been true, "Our Gracious Queen" would have done the same thing.—Geraldine Eustace, Los Angeles, Calif.

. . . Vigorous objection is hereby taken to your printing in the June issue, pages 46-47 (Delegate from Saskatoon), the parodies of Christian hymns. It is shocking and reprehensible.—John J. Tucker, Toronto.

Help for Korean Children

I just had to write to you about the article on the Korean children in July. I was really in tears when I finished it. Surely we here in Canada could do more for these little victims. While I cannot give much (we are raising three small children and my husband has only seasonal work) I am packing a box of used clothing. If every mother stopped to think of her own children in that dreadful situation I am sure more would be done. I would like to urge Chatelaine readers to read this article again and then apply the Golden Rule. If they would just donate outgrown children's clothing, old blankets, etc., they would have warmer hearts next winter knowing they had helped keep some poor little orphan waif from freezing.—"A Humanitarian."

Those Wedding Photographs

Congratulations on "I Hate Weddings" by Eileen Morris, in July Chatelaine. Having suffered through so many waits, while the bride and groom are away having photographs taken, it is most refreshing to read the thoughts of someone who has the good sense to point out their selfishness. Far too many weddings are patterned on the movie, "Fathe# of the Bride."—Martha Bennett, Abbotsford, B.C.

. . . Regardless of how Eileen Morris feels about weddings I believe the expression of those feelings is in poor taste and doubtless will cause many doubts in the minds of otherwise happy brides and brides-to-be. Of course weddings aren't all they should be, but probably they never were. We had our reception at home when I was married, minus dancing and drinking, and were pretty thrilled with it all. Now I begin to wonder how our guests felt about it: too many photos, no orchestra or

champagne, and there stood the bride not lifting a finger to help with the refreshments.—Mrs. E. G. Sollows, Yarmouth, N.S.

. . . I enjoyed Claire Wallace's view of the Coronation—and also the article, "I Hate Weddings." Eileen Morris's description of formal portrait-taking reminded me of the wedding at the old Jalna church at Erindale where the bride left us standing around ankle-deep in grass while she stage-managed twelve photographs. Several weeks later, when I mentioned I had got a bad dose of poison ivy at her wedding, she replied airily, "Oh, yes, the churchyard is full of it." I still have the scars on my ankles. . . May I add that personally I prefer one subject to a cover.—Mrs. Keith Atkins, Richardson, Sask.

Lucky To Be There

Never before have I been so completely taken aback at an article as I was by Miss Claire Wallace's report as Chatelaine's official representative to the Coronation. What has the Duke of Norfolk's red face and the extremely rude comment of its likeness to a neon light, or the girl with hair in seven shades got to do with a description of the beauty and color and religious aspect of the Coronation ceremony? Miss Wallace speaks of hunger and length of wait. Guests in the Abbey were permitted to take lunches and surely a chocolate bar or two wasn't so difficult to tuck away. What of the Queen? No doubt foodless until after the communion service and certainly not able to nibble at a chocolate bar if she felt faint. As for being in the cold Abbey for eleven hours—how lucky to be there at all! Many of us would have given our eyeteeth for such an opportunity.—Mrs. J. C. Fahner, Cochrane, Alta.

. . . Poor Claire! So she has had another of her terrible experiences! And no champagne left for her! And the English meat pie lay heavy on her tummy! Why didn't she take some sandwiches along as everyone else did? As for the white-smocked, red-faced "cleaner-uppers" having to come in and clean up in the middle of the service—I simply don't believe it. I'm sure the bishops wouldn't throw their peanut shells and orange rind on the golden carpet around the throne.—Mrs. F. N. Pearson, Vancouver.

Just a Human Swivel

How can a woman without a giraffe neck but just a human swivel neck watch, from the kitchen, her husband mending the cottage roof? (Summer Cottage) July Chatelaine. I love your mag. I like to read Bruce Hutchison one of our best writers.—Arthur Prevost, Montreal. +

PHOTOGRAPHS IN THIS ISSUE By—Paul Rockett (pages 1, 92), Ken Bell (1, 24, 25), Desmond Russell (4, 14), Eric Skipsey Studio (4), N. Bogner (11), Panda (14), Ken Smith (22).



They're never too young to learn SAFETY

AFTER SCHOOL opens this fall, many classrooms will be decorated with pictures like those shown above. All of these pictures were actually drawn by children in the first grade.

These simple sketches show that even very young children can grasp the importance of safety and can apply its rules in their daily lives. In fact, our greatest hope of reducing the high toll of childhood accidents . . . on streets and highways, in homes, and elsewhere . . . depends largely on helping young children to develop the attitudes and skills necessary for their safety now and in the future.

The vital importance of the problem of childhood accidents is clearly emphasized by the record:

Accidents kill annually about 2,000 children under age 15 in Canada. In addition, hundreds of thousands of children are temporarily or permanently injured by accidents every year.

When children return to school, they will be exposed to an increased number of potential accident situations. This raises the question, is there anything you can do to help save children from accidental injuries or loss of life? Indeed, there is. You can put more stress than ever on habits of safe conduct.

All children—especially those just entering school—should be warned to take safety precautions in the streets. They should learn to cross only at crossings, to obey traffic lights, to look both ways be-

fore stepping into the street, and to face traffic if they have to walk on a road.

If a child rides his bicycle to school, he should know and obey such rules as keeping to the right, riding single file and signaling for turns. Moreover, it is wise for parents to make sure that the bicycle has good brakes, a warning bell, a front light and a rear reflector.

Children may also be helped to avoid accidents if parents themselves set a good example by consistently practicing habits of safety in the home and elsewhere. Now is a good time to teach children that the safe way of doing things is really the best way. You can do this, for example, by checking your home and removing possible accident hazards. Among other things, guns, ammunition and poisons should be locked up.

If, despite your protection and training, your child has repeated accidents, it would be wise to consult your family doctor. Sometimes accidents may be caused by physical or emotional conditions which he can help correct.

Remember that most accidents do not "just happen." Some authorities estimate that 90 percent or more of them are preventable. So, make your child safety-minded as he enters or returns to school. You may save him needless injury . . . and spare yourself some anxious moments.

Metropolitan's new booklet, "A Formula for Child Safety," tells how parents—by understanding their child's behaviour at various stages of growth—can anticipate and forestall many accidents. Use the handy coupon for your free copy.

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Brilliant sun, bright autumn leaves and that wonderful feeling of vitality that comes with the crisp fall air. Aren't you looking forward to changing your house around, making plans for entertaining, and most exciting of all, buying new clothes? I am. That's why I love the energy of autumn after the lethargy of summer.



Back to college, back to old friends in something really new! A heavy weight nylon tricot skirt, knife pleated all around with pleats that stay in. Elegant as can be — yet so wonderfully, beautifully practical. Wash, drip dry and wear it anywhere. For simple dates with a tailored tricot blouse as here, or a nylon sweater — dress it up with a scoop-neck top or fussy blouse for more formal wear. It's the perfect standby for a busy college girl's wardrobe.

Budget-wise mothers, shopping for their back-to-school crowd want children's clothes to be rugged and long-lasting. Nylon is all that and more. It's always good-looking and of course, so completely, wonderfully washable. Sturdy cut-door



jackets, warm sweaters, durable white shirts and blouses, kiddies' underwear — there's an endless store of nylon children's wear ready for fall. Special mention goes

CANADIAN INDUSTRIES LIMITED • MONTREAL

to the new nylon golf socks — at last something really practical for boys to wear with breeches! Tough, shrink-free, cosy and comfortable, these socks promise top-notch performance.

For an autumn bride's trousseau, this darling tricot nightie in firelight red would lend a gay note. When Nature is at her bright and beautiful best, why not match her? And you know how men love red! But if you prefer something a little more subtle, that pet in the picture also comes in pastels as well as white. A gentle pinky beige is particularly fashionable. In any shade, you'll be at your loveliest in this luxurious nylon permanently-pleated gown. It's "comfy" and such a gem to care for. I have many more hints for autumn brides in my leaflet "How to



Plan a Nylon Trousseau". If you'd like a copy, just write to me, Nancy Nylon, Dept 77, C-I-L House, Montreal.



More and more of the good quality nylon merchandise you see in the stores has a C-I-L nylon tag on it. You'll find these tags give you clear and concise information on washing, and tell you what you can expect from the fabric. Look for these tags on men's and children's wear, on sportswear, blouses, sweaters, lingerie and foundations.



Memo from Rosemary

CONTEST RESULTS

MEET OUR WINNER AND SOME WHO CAME CLOSE



MANY THANKS to you all for your wonderful response to our fall fashion contest in which you were invited to describe the fall outfit you would buy for \$100. The announcement of the contest had no sooner appeared in our June issue than entries started to tumble in—over five hundred in all. And as the weeks passed and they kept pouring in we began to feel truly at home with you who read *Chatelaine*. Your letters were marvelous, your costumes were original, attractive, practical and well planned and we were pleased to see that many of you are handy with a sketching pencil. Because so many were so very good, we had an extremely difficult time choosing the winner who was . . .



Mrs. Natalie Logan of 2158 W. 13th Ave., Vancouver. Mrs. Logan was born and raised in Edinburgh, and arrived in Canada just a year ago from Mirzapur, India, where she had been living with hubby David and young son Robin. She told us that she is now busy settling down "in this lovely city in this new land of ours."

Mrs. Logan's winning costume was a grey mix tweed classic suit on slim lines that she'll be able to wear for many seasons to come.

And since this year saw the return to high fashion of the tweed suit, hers was a stylish as well as a practical choice. The suit was highlighted by a black velvet collar turning the casual tweed into a town or country costume depending upon how she accessorized. She chose the ideal accessory for tweed, too—good-looking and long-living black calf pumps and matching bag. She selected black cotton fabric gloves and for a flash of color to key her costume, bought a simple ruby velvet beret. Her only jewelry was a matching plain gold pin and earring set. Mrs. Logan allotted more than half her hundred dollars to the purchase of her suit, investing in good shoes and bag and leaving about ten dollars for jewelry and hat which, as she explained, she'll soon want to change. She bought this costume to harmonize with her present color scheme of black, white and grey.

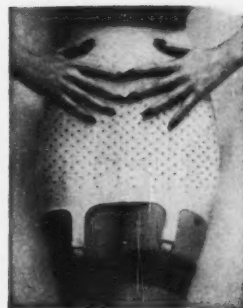
Mrs. Logan told us she had served with the WAAF in England during the last war before she flew to India to be married. "Life was peaceful in Mirzapur," says Mrs. Logan, "enlivened often by a crocodile or panther shoot." For recreation now, and a far cry from a panther shoot, Mrs. Logan likes tennis, and "browsing in china shops." For her prize Mrs. Logan chose the acetate suit by Lee Parker, Montreal, and accessories as shown on page thirty-one from our "Tartans and Tweeds" story in this issue.

Turn the Page for some more interesting costumes

More than a Girdle... Better than a Corset!



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New! See how the new boneless non-roll top and the latex "finger" panels are invisibly moulded in. The Magic-Controller itself is invisible under revealing clothes.



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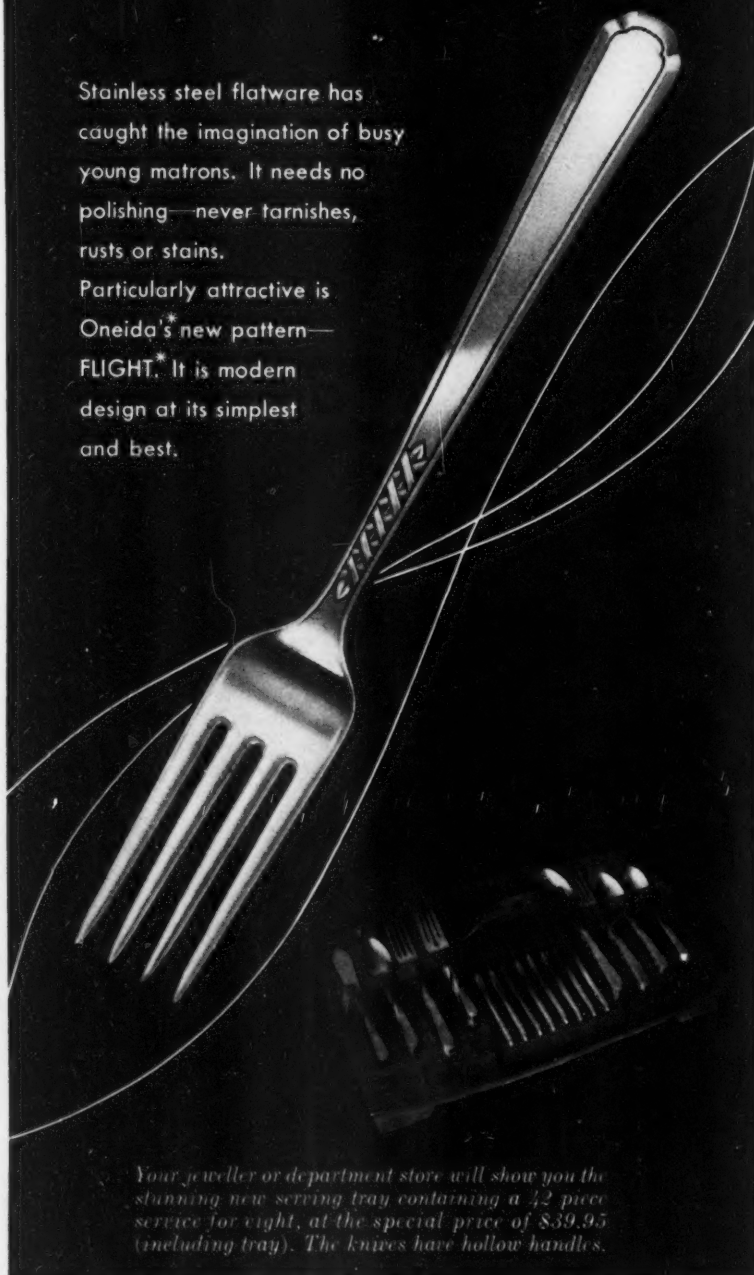
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Mrs. Crowell



Mrs. Darrah



Mrs. Ouellette

Memo from Rosemary (continued)

Beige donegal, black flannel and wool crepe

Mrs. Esther Crowell of Yarmouth, who chose an ensemble in black wool flannel—a sheath dress with a high rounded neckline paired off with a hip-length coat lined in gun metal corded silk which formed the cuffs of the raglan-sleeved coat. This was accessorized with silver costume jewelry.

Mrs. Crowell calls herself a "real honest-to-goodness Bluenose," but says that even though she's not a good sailor she loves living by the sea. "My people have all lived by the sea," says Mrs. Crowell, "... master mariners, shipowners and shipping merchants ... my mother was once shipwrecked off Montevideo ... grandmothers sailed with their ship-captain husbands—one now lies buried on the tiny island of Gebi somewhere between the China Seas and the Indian Ocean." Mrs. Crowell is a graduate of the Mount Allison Conservatory of Music in piano. She has two daughters and a son. Her husband is school inspector in western Nova Scotia and her hobby, which she describes as an "enthusiastic" one, is oil painting.

Mrs. G. Darrah of Edmonton chose a simple black wool crepe dress with a low rounded neckline, sleeveless, with a flared skirt and self belt. With this goes a jacket buttoned from the waist to the Peter Pan collar. The jacket has three-quarter sleeves and detachable white collar and cuffs. With this she chose black kid gloves and shoes, white and black hat and a spray of color added at the neckline. This is an all-day outfit or for after five without the jacket.

Mrs. Darrah describes herself as "a young housewife and mother of two boys aged seven and five." The Darrahs have just bought a new home and are now busy planning the grounds. Gardening is her pet hobby but she says she also likes curling, dancing and sewing. Last summer while on holidays with her husband and sons in northern Alberta she discovered that she loved fishing and, the way beginners are supposed to do it, hauled in a dinner's worth in a twinkling.

Mrs. R. Ouellette of Florenceville, N.B., is twenty-one, married to a navy lieutenant and has a baby boy, Robbie. She selected a simply cut beige Donegal tweed suit teamed with plain brown calf pumps and matching bag. To go with this she chose a gold velour cloche and gold pin and earrings with a contrasting red chiffon scarf to match the red fleck in the tweed.

Mrs. Ouellette tells us that her husband is planning to return to college in the fall and that she intends to open a day nursery for working mothers. "I used to be a school teacher," she said, "so this should be fun." Mrs. Ouellette loves cooking, sewing, making braid rugs, remodeling clothes and painting "non-objective" pictures. "I keep dreaming about my home in the future," she said, "with its maple furniture and shining brass and copper ..."

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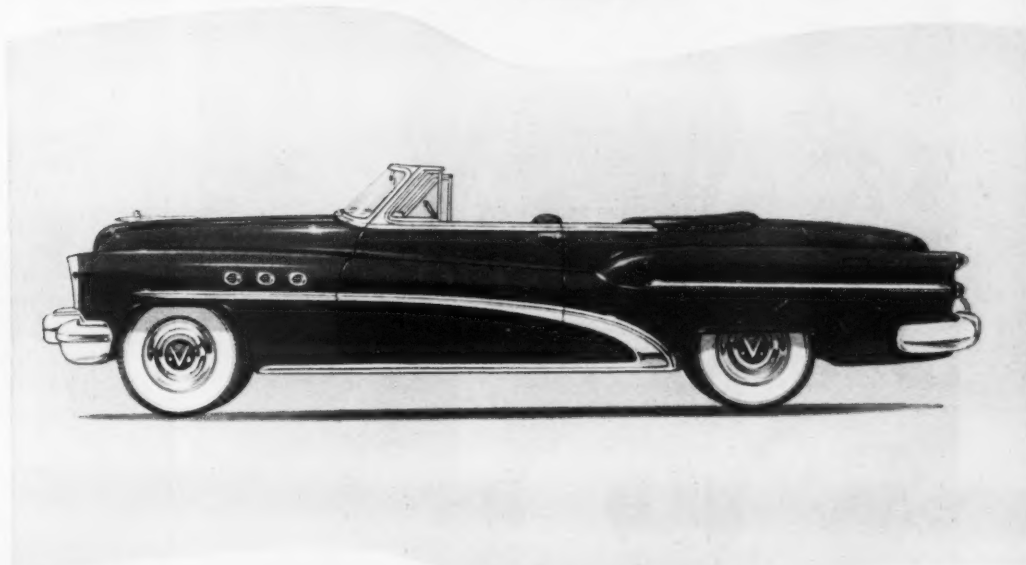
The Buick Super too, is unmatched for value—on whatever basis you measure the worth of a motor car. Its power is outstanding, thanks to the sensational performance of Buick's great new V-8 Fireball engine. Its ride is outstanding, too—level and steady and lullaby-soft. In all respects, in fact, *everything* is outstanding in this handsome Buick, which brings you quality that far oversteps the usual confines of the medium-price field.

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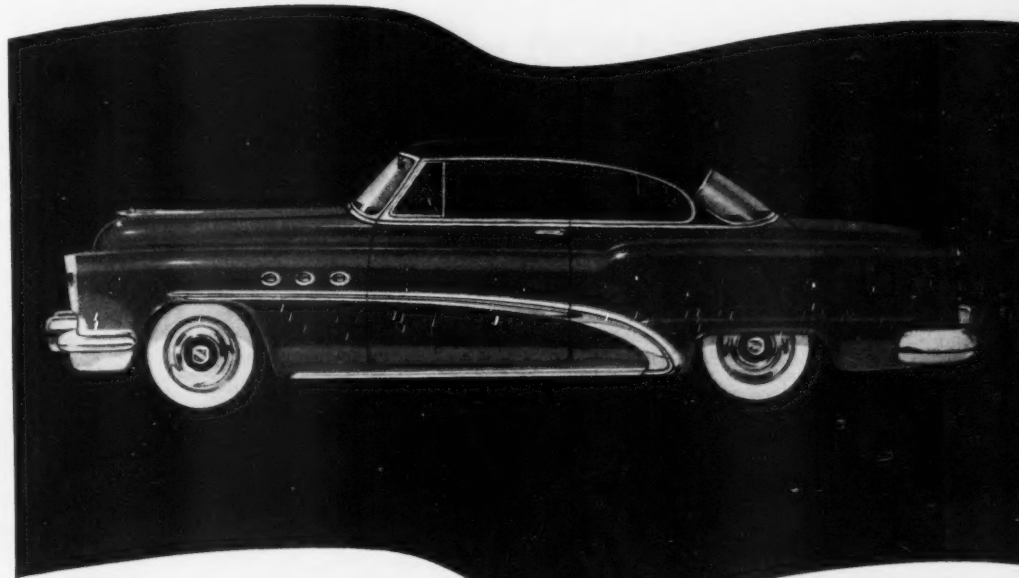
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are built
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will build
them



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BUICKS

in 50 great years



Mrs. Betty Farkas, of Long Island, is as pretty a housewife and mother as you'd want to meet.

"I scour 4500 pots and pans a year... but I'm proud of my pretty hands!"

Betty Farkas is the kind of girl you picture holding roses. But a far more typical pose is Betty at the sink—scouring pots and pans!

Every year, she cleans thousands of pots and pans. Figure it out, and you'll find that you do, too.

Detergents help Betty a lot. They cut grease and dissolve dirt, make pots and pans shine like pictures in a magazine. But here's the sad part. That grease-cutting action takes away the natural oils, the youthful softness of your hands.

But Betty hasn't given up detergents or any other harsh cleanser, and her hands are as lovely as a bride's. She simply uses one of the world's most famous beauty formulas. After

every chore, she smooths pure, white Jergens Lotion on, right away.

Being liquid, Jergens Lotion doesn't merely "coat" skin. It penetrates to help replace softening moisture. It has two ingredients doctors use for softening. (More women use it than any other hand care.)

And Jergens Lotion is the reason Betty Farkas is still proud of her smooth, attractive hands. Her husband must be proud of them, too—he holds them so often!

You don't have to give up detergents, either. Just never forget to use Jergens Lotion after every chore.

Be a good housewife, but be an attractive woman. Your husband needs both.



Use JERGENS LOTION—avoid detergent hands



MARRY AND LIVE LONGER

BY E. P. HERMAN

WHEN the baby comes down with measles in the middle of spring-cleaning, or your husband loses the housekeeping money at poker, you may blame marriage for turning you grey. But don't believe it, for the statisticians can prove with their slide rules that the odds are you'll live longer if you're married.

Figures show that in Canada married folk die at a lower rate than single people. Bachelors over twenty die at the rate of a hundred and forty-one to every hundred married men. And the death rate for women over twenty is a hundred and seventeen spinsters to every hundred wives.

For instance, both husbands and wives have a lower death rate from heart disease than single folk—scarcely half, during early adult years. Pneumonia kills more single men than husbands, who have wives to make them change damp clothes.

The good diet and eating habits induced by conjugal life help reduce the death rate from stomach ulcers to two-thirds that among the single. Like ulcers, cirrhosis of the liver is often due to careless living at a fast pace. It's significant that divorced men die from cirrhosis at three times the rate of husbands.

At all ages, cancer seems to be rather less deadly for the married than the non-married. Cancer of the breast kills two-thirds more single women than wives.

The chances of the single man dying of tuberculosis are two to three times greater than those of the married man. However, under thirty-five years of age, the widowed suffer three to four times more deaths than married people do. Frequently this is because a partner has been exposed to open infection throughout the long fatal illness of a tubercular mate—so marriage isn't so healthy if your spouse has TB. Failure to diagnose both cases probably causes what are really double fatalities.

But marriage does seem to suffer some health hazards. Diabetes makes its appearance most often about the age of forty, and this is one disease to which married women are twice as susceptible as spinsters. And possibly because gall-bladder diseases are often closely related to pregnancy, the married, divorced and widowed women all have death rates double those of the single women.

Accidents kill single and married women at the same rate but (perhaps family men are less adventurous?) accident fatalities among husbands are less than half those among unmarried men. The stability of marriage also makes for slightly lower suicide rates than among the single. Proving perhaps that marriage is unhealthiest when it doesn't work, it is the divorced of both sexes that offer the highest suicide rate.

Perhaps it's because husbands and wives watch over each other's health. Perhaps it's because family life fosters the quieter pleasures and discourages riotous living. But whatever the reason, married folks live longer than single. And don't let the wisecracks tell you it only *seems* longer—statistics prove it.

The best housekeepers use Bissell Sweepers



A Bissell's **quick**
at cleaning up
Junior's tracks,
hairs from pup.

Gliding a Bissell
is **easier**, too
Nothing to carry,
no plugging to do.



As little as
\$945
buys this
handy helper



Thanks to Bissell
Sweeper care
Rugs are giving
longer wear



A cleaning with a Bissell† is a beauty treatment for your rugs. The brush, with its firm but gentle bristles, adjusts itself automatically to thick or thin carpets . . . reaches down to take up dust and dirt in a jiffy. A Bissell Sweeper glides over your rugs . . . empties at a touch of the handy lever . . . and its built-in brush cleaner combs the bristles clean as you sweep. Your rugs will last longer if you use your Bissell every day, save your vacuum for periodic cleaning.

Choose from 4 handsome models . . . in Fashion Colors . . . at the BISSELL BEST HOUSEKEEPER'S CORNER in your favorite store.

†Registered Trademark
Prices slightly higher in West

Bissell Carpet Sweeper Co. of Canada, Limited, Niagara Falls, Ontario

BUY-LINES by Nancy Sasser

AN ADVERTISING COLUMN FOR CANADIAN WOMEN



THERE'S "HIDDEN CHARM" in ordinary meat balls . . . when you put stuffed olives in their centers before frying. And here's another savory surprise . . . grated cheese sprinkled over any piping-hot cream soup! De-licious!

YOU WILL LIKE IT as much as your youngsters. **WATERMAN'S Washable Blue Ink** for school and home use! Such a wonderful deep blue . . . too. It's safe when accidents happen . . . and, like all **WATERMAN'S** Inks, is filtered for smooth, clean writing. **WATERMAN'S** Inks are the ideal all-purpose inks and include Permanent Blue-Black . . . plus 6 other colors! The big 2-ounce bottle is only 20c. And I suggest you meet the new Champs of '53 . . . **WATERMAN'S** School Pens. **WATERMAN'S Crusader** is Canada's all-time school favorite . . . with choice of 14 Kt. Gold Points . . . only \$5.95. The *Crusader* Trio of Pen, Pencil and Ball Pointer is \$12.45 . . . while the dependable **WATERMAN'S Leader** for school use and above costs only \$4.50. And I also like **WATERMAN'S** colorful "356" . . . at \$3.50 for the Pen, \$5.00 with matching Pencil. At \$1.95, there's **WATERMAN'S** new *Sixer* with the "jet point." See them all . . . then decide. You and your youngsters will hail these Champs of '53.



HAVEN'T YOU YEARNED to visit Europe. Look at ancient landmarks . . . see how other people live? I certainly have and I'm going this Fall . . . why don't you? It's really the *perfect* time . . . the weather's beautiful, it's less crowded (so you get better hotel accommodations and services!) and the rates are *cheaper* as a rule! And plan to fly by **TRANS-CANADA Air Lines** . . . for that's the *best* way to go. I know! You see, TCA offers all kinds of all-expense tours . . . each one of which will let you see more and do more for less money! Every minute of your flight in a TCA Skyliner will be pure pleasure, too . . . you'll relax in its luxurious club-like atmosphere, enjoy delicious meals and arrive abroad rested and refreshed. And remember . . . your comfort and peace of mind always come first with TCA. So plan to see Europe this Fall . . . visit any TCA Office or see your Travel Agent for full details.



NEXT YEAR'S VACATION DAYS may seem a long way off just now . . . but it's not too early to start saving for them. And the *safest, surest* way to do that, I think, is to open a **BANK OF MONTREAL Sunshine Account** . . . then when holiday time rolls around next year you won't have to change your plans because you lack the necessary funds to enjoy the kind of vacation you'd hoped for. So make a rough estimate right now of just how much cash you think you'll need . . . and each month deposit, one-tenth of it in your **B of M Sunshine Account!** That will eliminate your money worries . . . you can relax at the beach, sail, swim, ride or even take that long dreamed-of trip to England or Europe which might not come true unless you saved for it systematically. It's fun to save, too . . . as I'm sure you'll agree when you see your *Sunshine Account* grow and grow and g-r-o-w! So don't put it off until "tomorrow" . . . visit your neighborhood branch of "M. Bank" and open your account today!



WANT TO FEEL WONDERFUL . . . full of vim, vigor and vitality? Then drink **VI-TONE** . . . for it's worth its weight in gold as a source of strength! And it's as packed with flavour as it is with pep . . . a

delicious, stimulating chocolatey-flavoured beverage that my family adores . . . and so will yours! That's important, too . . . because **VI-TONE** raises your diet to top nutrition level . . . for it "boosts" these good food contents:

Protein . . . the chief building and repair material for body tissues. **Carbohydrates** . . . producers of energy. **Calcium** . . . essential for formation of red blood cells. **Vitamin A** . . . builds strong, soft and smooth skin and promotes growth. **Niacin** . . . promotes growth. **Vitamin B** . . . builds strong muscles, nerves and skin in healthy condition.

Now you know why **VI-TONE** isn't only means strength, but keeps you feeling tip-top . . . and why I urge you to serve it to your family every day . . . at breakfast as well as mealtimes!



PRETTY ENOUGH FOR A POKY . . . but easy enough for every day. That's what you'll see about salads, desserts and main dishes . . . when you make them the **KNON Unflavored Gelatine** way! I'm sure of it . . . for they're not only lovely to look at and delicious to taste, but easy to make and so easy to take on your budget. And, of course, the credit goes to **KNON Gelatine** . . . because it's the world's leading unflavored gelatine and is made from scientifically selected harte stock. What's more, it's all protein . . . no sugar! It's well worth the slight extra cost. And **KNON** dishes combine gelatine's protein with the vitamins and minerals of the fresh foods in the recipes, which are missing in flavoured gelatin. So get to know **KNON** today . . . and treat your family to a deliciously different delight tonight. You'll discover as I did long ago that **KNON** means *sure* means with every recipe, too. P.S. Wonderful recipes in the package . . . try them all.



COOKING IS AN ART . . . yet easy to master when you have the right range. And to my way of thinking, this means a brand-new, grand-new **GURNEY Gas Range** . . . for it has wondrous features galore that provide *faster, easier, better* cooking! I particularly like its divided top . . . which gives you more surface, extra capacity, added coolness and many other advantages over the cluster top arrangement! And the new **GURNEY** has such a wonderful oven, too . . . it's not only **HUGE**, but bakes, broils and roasts to perfection. This Lamb Broiler Meal (a reader sent the recipe recently) will give you an idea of what I mean:



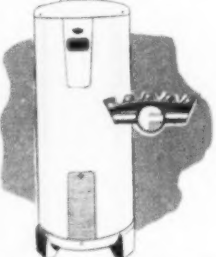
Place cooked carrot strips in one end of **GURNEY** Broiler pan and diced cooked potatoes in the other end. Pour on a glaze of melted butter or margarine and brown sugar over the carrots and melted butter and chopped parsley over the potatoes. Place lamb chops on cold **GURNEY** broiler rack. Broil 15 mins; turn chops and arrange canned pear halves topped with a teaspoon of mint jelly around chops; broil 4 mins.

TAKE A GLANCE AT THE CALENDAR . . . and you'll see it's pickling time. So plan to "put up" pickles and preserves now . . . then enjoy summer-garden favourites all winter long! You'll find a fine "crop" of all the things you need at your food stores . . . fresh fruits, crisp cucumbers, ripe tomatoes and firm onions. Just be sure you select fruits and vegetables that are fresh, firm and free from blemishes . . . and that you use **WINDSOR COARSE PICKLING SALT** in the makin'! Why do I recommend this brand? Because it's



made especially for pickling use by the people who make **Windsor Table Salt** . . . is a pure salt with no added ingredients. That's why **WINDSOR COARSE PICKLING SALT** gives *best* results in homemade pickles . . . assures crisp, natural-colour pickles and a crystal-clear brine. In fact, it's the favourite of Canadian homemakers who take pride in all the pickles they make . . . from cucumber pickles to apple chutney! I know you'll love it, too . . . try it soon and see.

LET'S TALK ABOUT COMFORT . . . I mean hot water comfort like you enjoy with the new **FRIGIDAIRE ELECTRIC WATER HEATER**! It's completely automatic, you know . . . keeps water temperature right where you want it. I particularly like the new **FRIGIDAIRE Electric Water Heater** because it's economical . . . yet provides an abundance of hot water for dishes, baths, showers and washing clothes. It's so *easy* you can install it anywhere without flues or vents, too . . . in kitchen, bathroom, basement or utility room . . . and an occasional wiping keeps its Dulux finish sparkling white. **FRIGIDAIRE Electric Water Heaters** are made by the same people who make **Frigidaire Refrigerators** . . . and they're covered by a 10-Year Protection Plan against tank failure. So ask your Frigidaire Dealer to show you one . . . and tell you how easily it can be yours! Or send for a free booklet . . . that explains all! Just write "Water Heater" on a postcard, with your name and address . . . and mail to Room 13, 1315 Yonge St., Toronto 5.



YOUR VERY PRECIOUS BABY has something to be especially thankful for . . . and so have you! It's the wonderful improvement in **BABY'S OWN SOAP** . . . which is now enriched with **Lanolate**! This is a marvelous new discovery made from pure lanolin . . . concentrated 25 times! And you know what that means . . . that **BABY'S OWN SOAP** now gives your baby's thinner skin greater protection than ever before. Easy to see why I use it exclusively for bathing my babies . . . and why I'm urging all Mothers to do the same. And after baby's bath, be sure to apply soothing **BABY'S OWN OIL** . . . then smooth on **BABY'S OWN POWDER**. They're also made by specialists especially for babies . . . contain all the right ingredients to give baby's tender skin even further protection from harm. The pure antiseptic **OIL** contains lanolin, too . . . and the **POWDER** is made from the finest imported Italian talc. So keep your baby sweet and comfy by following **BABY'S OWN** 3-step protection every day!



MOTHER'S LOVE gives her intuitive wisdom . . . so I don't need to tell you how important little things can be. Take *diapers*, for instance . . . they should be wonderfully soft and extra absorbent! That's the reason I think **CURTY Diapers** are the best . . . for they're soft as a cloud and so absorbent that only two dozen do the work of three dozen of other brands. The secret? Simply this . . . **CURTY Diapers** are made of a special *layettecloth* with a surgical weave. **CURTY Diapers** are better for you, too . . . because they wash in a "rink" and dry in "no" time. And here's the best news of all . . . you can still buy them for only \$4.95 . . . the same low price you paid before the trouble in Korea! However, I'd like to send you this:



GENUINE SAMPLE . . . so you can judge for yourself how much better in every way **CURTY Diapers** are. Just send 25c to Nancy Sasser, 861 Bank of Montreal Building, Toronto 1 . . . and I'll rush yours by return mail. I wish I could send you several, but I can't . . . only one diaper is a family.

[illegible]

Never before has such an intimate, authentic portrait of a Soviet woman been presented. Through a Canadian who lived in Moscow you may be meeting



YOUR FIRST RUSSIAN HOUSEWIFE

HER NAME IS SHURA, the Russian housewife I want you to meet. "We are standing in line at the meat counter in one of Moscow's big state grocery stores. Probably we will never visit each other in our homes or become friends because I am a foreigner, but as we stand here together, sighing at the price of smoked sausage, I realize that housewives everywhere can claim a certain kinship.

「I waste」 Shiranui shi moves on and pulls out an empty tin to be filled with eggs – you take

BY MARY ANNE PHILLIPS

your own commentaries to Russian stories. Her face
is worn and nation. Her dark brown woollen skirt
reaches below her knees, partly covering the tall
(feet) boots called *valenki*. Her thick padded
sack is not elegant but it is as warm as fur, and
Moscovite winters are cold. But Shura regards her
headtie as her most essential article of clothing.
It is a thick woollen shawl drawn over her eyes

and wrapped firm around her neck with enough left over to protect her shoulders from the wind. No Russian woman in her senses would go without a head covering. (Our fellow in this respect often marked us as foreigners and little children on the street) would sometimes call out, "Amre-! Amre-! (American! American!)"

Effect of old is Shun? It is hard to say. I guess a Russian seems to age prematurely. Perhaps it is work, perhaps you were hard diet. More likely Shun would say. *Continued on page 22*



I'LL REMEMBER YOU

BY MAXINE LANE

Illustrated by Oscar

OUTSIDE the snow pressed down, cold-white. Inside the bedroom the light was rose, from fire, from walls, from youth. Jeanne Meredith stood with her back to the room, her eyes on the limned branches of the trees spreading delicate fingers, emphasizing the might of the river pushing, grey, to the south. She was reluctant to turn and become a part of the gay scene behind her. There was detachment in the snow; a respite from reality, from Cynthia and Alan and from the wedding tomorrow.

Jeanne was a tall girl, fully rounded and mature looking. Her wide green eyes gave no indication of the uncertainty and confusion she had felt the past few weeks. She looked much the same as she always had, quietly composed with a poise and assurance far more adult seeming than her fifteen years would warrant.

Cynthia's voice reached out to her, light-hearted, confident—the voice of the happy bride. "Jeanne, come here. Tell me what you think."

Jeanne turned and the white of the snow still in her eyes became the white of the dress and veil. "Oh, Cynthia," she said, her voice filled with genuine love and admiration for her sister, "you're beautiful. Almost too beautiful to be real."

"Will Alan think I'm beautiful?" Cynthia asked, laughing, preening a bit in front of the mirrored wall, meeting Jeanne's gaze reflected.

Jeanne quickly dropped her eyes to the snap at the waistline of the satin gown. "Of course he'll think you're beautiful." As she said it, the hurt she had tried to bury outside in the impersonal snow rose and choked her, making her want to run from the room,

from the eyes of Cynthia's friends gathered to admire the dress after its last-minute alterations. She was surprised that no one noticed her confusion and grateful for the talk which suddenly filled the room. For a wild moment she had thought they would guess her secret . . .

The girls laughed and chattered, the note of hysteria which precedes big weddings, rising and falling. Then, with little darts and flutterings like new birds, they were gone, their voices drifting back, fading. Cynthia sighed and sank down onto the bed and began removing the veil from her coppery hair. She said dreamily, "This time tomorrow I'll be Mrs. Alan Carter and you will have a brother, Jeanne."

Brother. Jeanne would not think of the word. She went to the fireplace and bent to brush at the fine, straying ashes, her dark hair falling about her face. "When you get married, I wouldn't recommend that you do it this way—though you will, of course," Cynthia was saying. She lay back against the pillows, careful of the dress. "I'm so tired, I could sleep forever."

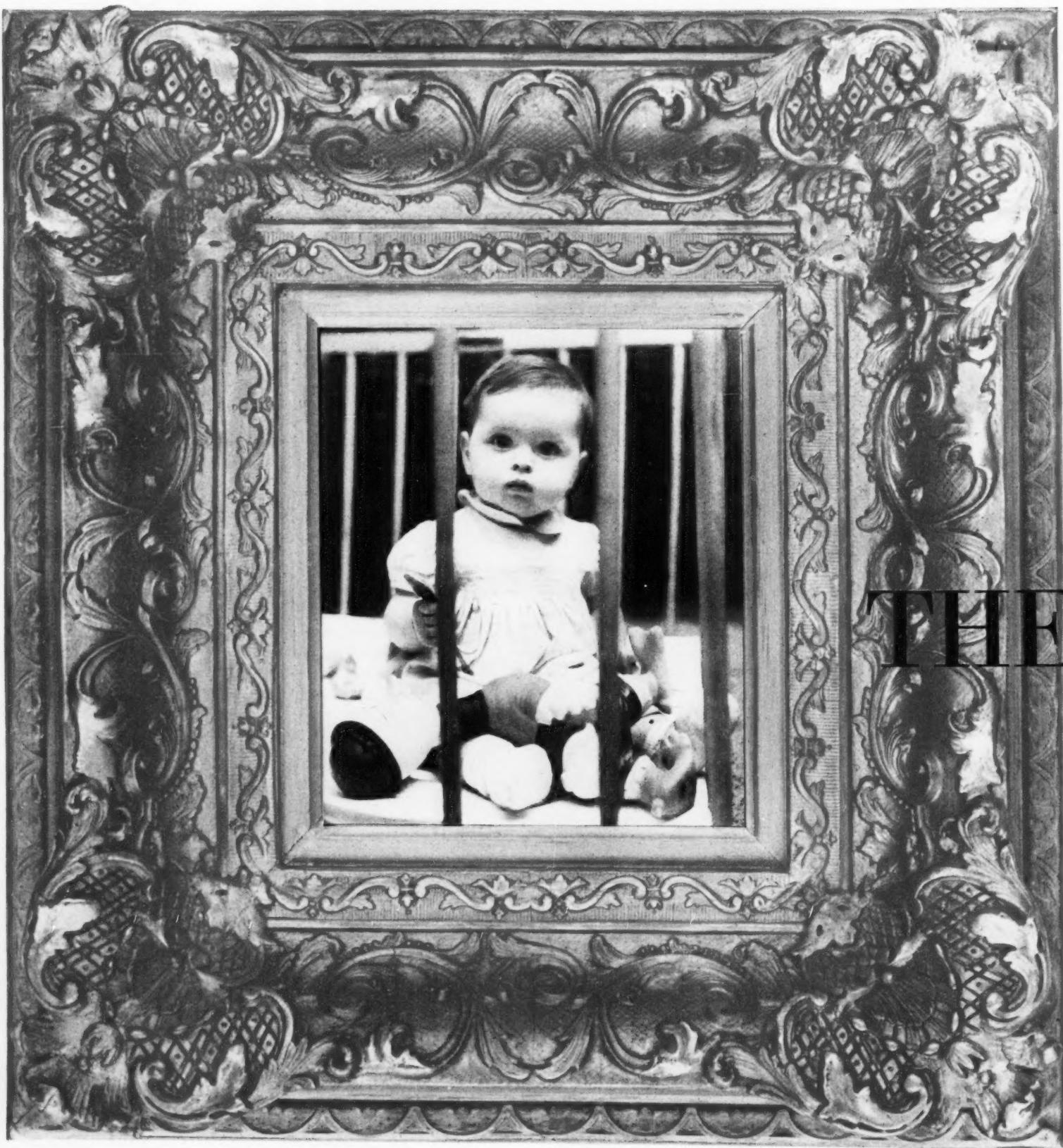
Jeanne lifted her head, feeling the hair push back against her shoulders. "Never fear," she said, forcing the old familiar bantering tone into her voice, "I'll never marry—not after seeing you go through with all—this barbaric ritual. I'd rather go to Norway and mend fishing nets the rest of my life—"

Cynthia looked across the room and pulled Jeanne close with her eyes. "Oh, Jeanne, sometimes you sound a thousand years old. I don't know how we can be sisters, we're so different. You're so—well, so smart—all those books you read—" *Continued on page 49*

The bride's sister was very young, and the wedding had her all

mixed up. It seemed very important, somehow, that

she should not betray her age to the best man





"Just because we have a baby do we have to act like nitwits?" he asked Peg. But there were times when Alec put his daughter on his knee, looked at her and wondered

BY NANCY CARDOZO



RELUCTANT FATHER

AT THREE A.M. the howl woke Alec. He trembled on the edge of sleep, muscles tensed, ready to spring. Then, as the howl repeated itself, he relaxed. It was only Butch. Alec opened one eye cautiously above the rumpled sheet and saw the stars caught in the black windowpane. He closed his eye and feigned the deeper breathing of sleep. Behind him, on the other side of the bed, he could feel his wife's body stiffen and relax. Neither of them stirred. Their breathing became more rhythmic, as the baby's wailing increased. But Alec was thoroughly awake. It was agony to lie on his left arm any longer.

"Peg," he whispered. "Honey-pie. Butch is calling." He prodded with one leg.

"Ouch."

"I said, Butch is calling you."

There was a muffled groan from the pillow beside him. The familiar breathing began again. Alec knew it was hopeless. If he argued, Peg

would say she had to get up for the six o'clock feeding. He pulled himself out of bed and swam across the chill darkness, bumping against unfamiliar angles of the room. He stumbled over a rag doll into the nursery. The crying ceased. He felt blindly around in the crib before he located the baby and unpinned her diaper. By the time he had found a clean diaper he had lost the pins. He wrapped her up kilt-fashion and made a running dive back to bed. It was warm. He was safe. He was drifting off in horizontal comfort, when another howl pierced the night. Something in Alec resisted fatherhood. He put his head under the pillow.

It must be said, in justice to Alec, that he tried hard. When he was first informed that he was to become a father, he said, "That's wonderful," and waited in vain for his throat to swell with feeling, for the blood to surge through his veins. When the baby was born he felt nothing but a vast relief and hunger.

Sometimes he would set his daughter on his knee and gaze at her. She would return his stare with guileless violet eyes and make odd passes in the air with her miniature fists. She could make him laugh. He wanted more than that. Her hands and feet were dainty and pink and perfect. So were rosebuds and seashells and they had never moved him particularly. He wanted those hands to pluck at his heartstrings.

Sometimes, when he went dutifully to kiss Butch goodnight, he would kneel beside her crib, stroking the reddish down on her head, that was softer than the bloom on a pearl. But instead of love he felt a bewildered curiosity. Why did she sleep on her tummy with her bottom raised and two fingers in her mouth? Perhaps, if she had been a boy . . . "Butch," he would whisper. "Hey, Butch." Those eyelids, more fragile than gossamer, would tremble. But nothing more happened. And if Peg called from below, "For heaven's

Continued on page 70



From clothes to beaus

CHATELAINE — SEPTEMBER, 1953

With a heart on her sleeve

BY JEAN EATON

Illustrated by Ted Harris

STEVE had picked her up in his old jalopy after school and brought her straight home, though why on earth, Connie couldn't imagine. Didn't he ever think she might want to do anything else?

Disconsolately she slumped into a veranda chair. Steve draped himself along the railing, giving her a casual survey that she knew quite well took in the fact that she was wearing Debbie's blue sweater.

"Maybe you should be in starting supper?" he suggested after a minute.

"No!" Her ire flared swiftly. "Just because I'm home practically in the middle of the afternoon doesn't mean I have to work. Debbie's place closes Wednesday afternoons too, you know."

Steve had been talking too much lately about things she should do for Debbie as well as commenting on her wearing Debbie's clothes. Debbie had been keeping house and getting the meals since their mother died three years before. Of course she, Connie, helped with the dishes and did lots of other things. Debbie didn't really need much help, she always planned things so well, and then there was the cleaning woman every week.



*Debbie had never looked so darling, her
cheeks pink against her white dress.
But where had she got that dress?*

Debbie didn't mind Connie wearing her things either, at least—not much.

Steve made no further comment. He lighted a cigarette without offering her one and let his gaze drift off into space.

He was really nice-looking, Steve, with bright hazel eyes in a thinnish brown face, a quick grin. He lived just down the block and they'd been sort of going together for years. He'd always been fun, too, till this spring. Maybe he thought he was grown up now he was eighteen and working, taking his radio course in night school. But he didn't realize that she was practically grown up too, even though she was only sixteen.

She was still pondering moodily when the long blue roadster slid up to the curb and who should be sitting in the front seat but Debbie. Debbie! And she kept on sitting there while a dark handsome man got out from under the wheel and came around to open the door. Then she stepped out, looking a bit flushed and simply adorable. And that man stood looking at her as though he'd never seen a pretty girl in his life before.

"Gosh, Connie, don't let your

Continued on page 94

—everything her sister had, Connie coveted



Bevis Walters hand-picks the meat...strips for action in the kitchen...whips evaporated milk for dessert...sheds a tear as he chops onion.

by MARIE HOLMES, Director, Chatelaine Institute

THERE'S A MAN IN THE KITCHEN

**Watch him cook a gourmet's
meal for four at a cost of
only two dollars—including
a gypsy dish made from a
Hungarian nobleman's recipe**

THERE'S NOTHING UNUSUAL about a man visiting the Institute kitchen. It happens almost every day. But it is news when a man takes over and cooks a whole meal. One did that the other day, planning and cooking a meal for four at a cost of only two dollars.

Some weeks before I had seen this headline—Canadian Women are Terrible Cooks—in a newspaper and it interested me, not because of the impudence (and inaccuracy) of the statement, for baiting women about their cooking ability is an old game. But this critic described himself as a "connoisseur bachelor." I read on.

His name was Bevis Walters and he was trying to organize a Canadian Food and Wine Society for gourmets in Toronto. He is an Australian by birth and has traveled pretty well all over the world, sampling its food as he went, from Siam to Wales. He made his living by buying newspapers when they were small and undernourished and selling them for a profit after he had made them fat and prosperous. He has done this most recently with a farm paper, the Western Ontario Ledger in London, Ont.

Mr. Walters opened his attack on Canadian cooking with this broadside: "Vegetables are boiled to a soggy pulp. And what housewives do to meat almost makes me cry. They cook the flavor out instead of in."

So, I called Mr. Walters, after locating him through a friend who assured me he was "an unbelievable person and a sincere gourmet," and asked him if he would like to come over to the Chatelaine Institute to demonstrate how *he* cooked.

"I'd be glad to," he replied. "And to prove that good eating is more a case of intelligence than expense, I'll cook a meal for four people that won't cost more than two dollars."

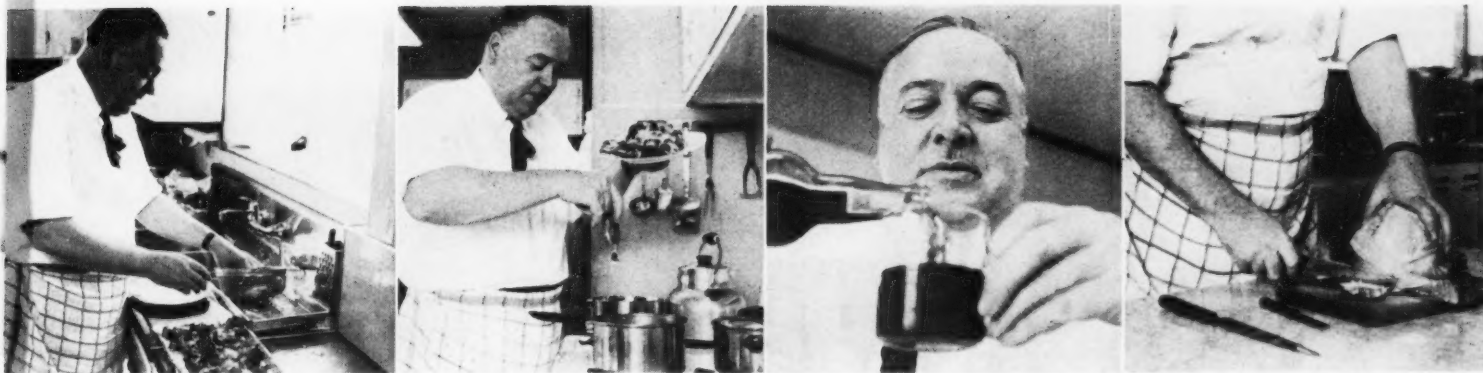
So a few days later an affable, immaculate two-hundred-and-twenty-pound man walked into the Institute and introduced himself. "I'm Bevis Walters and I'm ready to cook the dinner as I promised. But first let's go shopping to see what we can get for two dollars."

As we walked to a self-serve grocery store a few blocks from the Institute, Mr. Walters told how he became interested in food.

"I've lived in thirteen different countries and in each I've noticed that the average man eats well or he doesn't depending on the way his food is prepared *after* he gets it. Cost has very little to do with it. That's why I enjoy cooking inexpensive dishes," he said.

He told us that he came to Canada

Continued on page 66



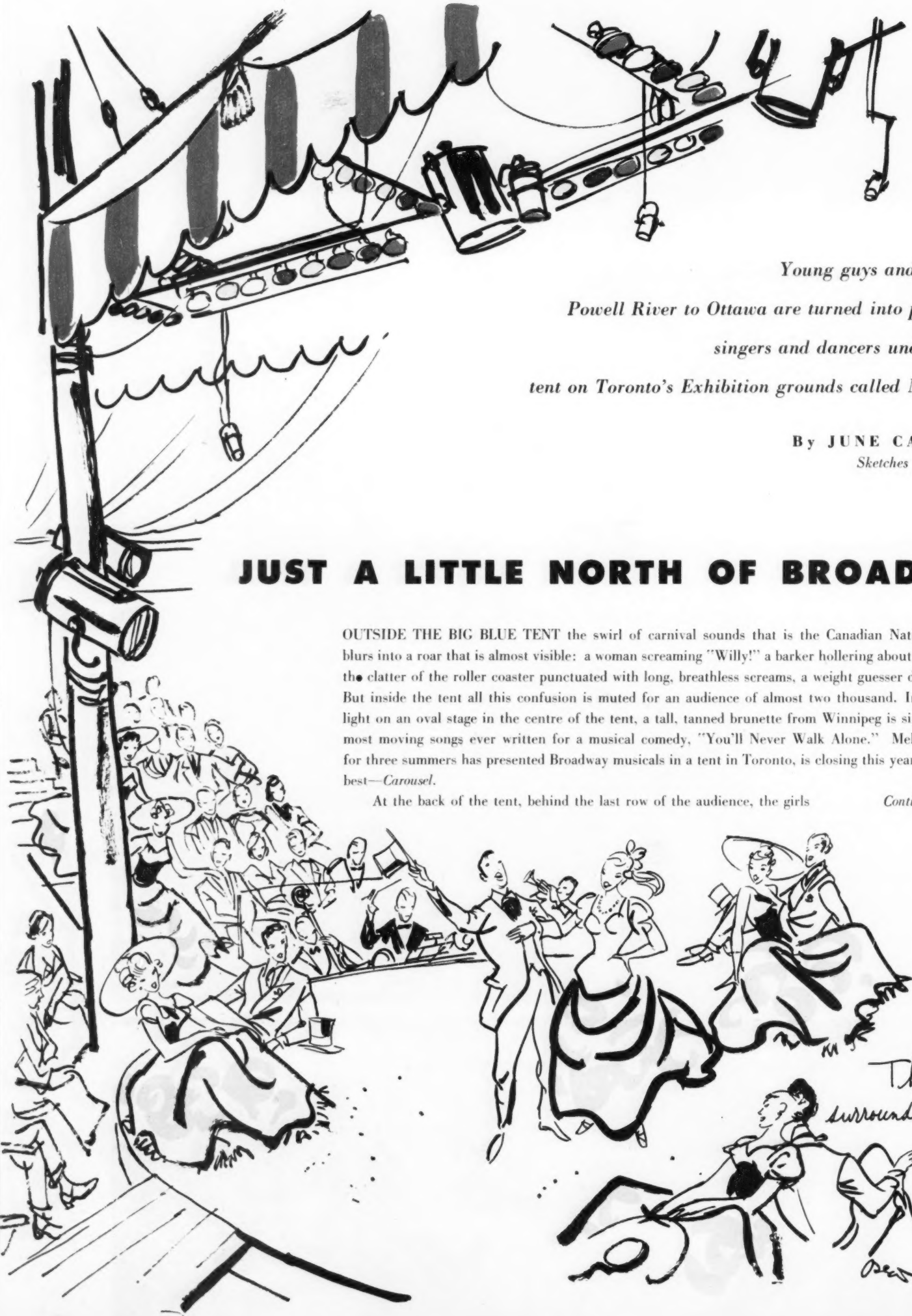
He washes and dries the meat . . . drops strips of beef into the pot . . . adds some of the red wine he brought . . . then prepares cabbage and carrots.



"I'M STRICTLY A SIP-AND-SEASON COOK," SAYS MR. WALTERS, TASTING THE BEEF ROMANY. HE BELIEVES IN WASHING UP USED UTENSILS AS HE GOES ALONG.

Salted water cooks cabbage . . . then is drained for soup . . . yellow coloring is added to the rice . . . now the chef's ready to receive compliments.





*Young guys and dolls from
Powell River to Ottawa are turned into professional
singers and dancers under a gaudy
tent on Toronto's Exhibition grounds called Melody Fair*

By JUNE CALLWOOD

Sketches by Oscar Cahen

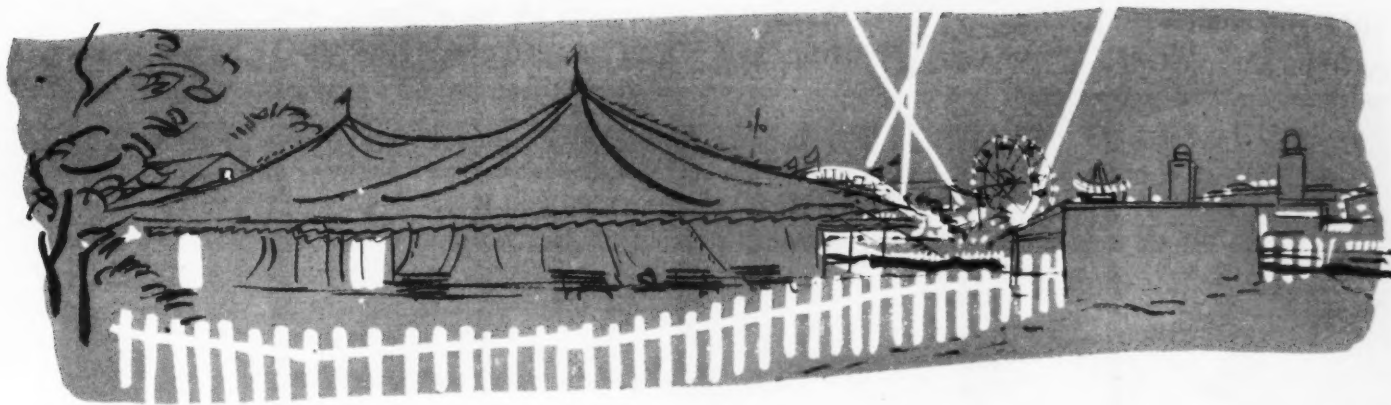
JUST A LITTLE NORTH OF BROADWAY

OUTSIDE THE BIG BLUE TENT the swirl of carnival sounds that is the Canadian National Exhibition blurs into a roar that is almost visible: a woman screaming "Willy!" a barker hollering about a tattooed lady, the clatter of the roller coaster punctuated with long, breathless screams, a weight guesser drawing a crowd. But inside the tent all this confusion is muted for an audience of almost two thousand. In a pool of blue light on an oval stage in the centre of the tent, a tall, tanned brunette from Winnipeg is singing one of the most moving songs ever written for a musical comedy, "You'll Never Walk Alone." Melody Fair, which for three summers has presented Broadway musicals in a tent in Toronto, is closing this year with one of the best—*Carousel*.

At the back of the tent, behind the last row of the audience, the girls

Continued on page 84

*The audience
surrounds the cast*



*Rehearsals
go on
all day*

Joyce Hill from B.C. is dance captain



*Kathryn Albertson
of Winnipeg
now sings leads*



*Stage Manager
Grania Mortimer
works in the dark*



*New Yorker
Bettina Rosay directs dancers*



"Dear Mrs. Thompson —what should I do?"

THIS DISPENSER OF ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN AND OTHER WORRIED CANADIANS, MOST OF THEM WOMEN, IS CONVINCED NO FICTION WRITER COULD MATCH THE STORIES SHE HEARS. LIKE THE ONE ABOUT THE GIRL WHO THREATENED TO KILL HERSELF

MANY PEOPLE believe that someone just sits in an office and makes up the letters that are printed in advice columns. This isn't true, as I can testify. For more than twenty-five years I have been conducting advice-to-the-lovelorn columns for Western Canadian newspapers, receiving in that time tens of thousands of letters from troubled prairie dwellers, ranging all the way from trivia to deep, dark tragedy. No writer in her wildest dreams could match the stories people actually tell. Newspapers certainly do get all the letters they print, plus many which can't be used for lack of space, and some which could never be printed unless the pages were asbestos.

And the answers to these plaintive queries are just as genuine—at least, mine always have been. At the drop of a hat I can give a decided opinion on just about any phase of life and love—and can sleep nights after doing it. That's probably because I can draw on a pretty rich background of personal experience. I'm a middle-aged widow with a grown-up daughter. My background includes life in a prairie town, on a farm, and in five Canadian cities. I have had my share of crises, and have stood by while friends and relations got themselves in and out of assorted jams.

GOT THE JOB BY ACCIDENT

As a result, my column in the Winnipeg Free Press (and in other prairie papers which have published my advice from time to time) has the reputation of being forthright and straight-from-the-shoulder, with a wide following.

This wasn't always the case. When I started doing the column, I used to worry myself sick over the dreadful things that happened to people. Getting into the advice business had been completely unexpected, though I had known from the time I was eight years old that I wanted to

By ISABEL TURNBULL DINGMAN

work for the Free Press. With that end in view, I took English and History at the University of Manitoba, since this was supposed to be good training for journalism. If anybody had told me it would lead to answering letters signed "Anxious" or "Desperate," I'd have said he was crazy. It did lead first to a job as reporter and feature writer, at which I had a wonderful time for two years. Then the girl who had been doing an advice column died suddenly. Someone had to answer the letters which kept coming in, and I was joed for the job. Just as a temporary stand-in, of course—but before long I found myself firmly established as Dear Mrs. Thompson.

It was a shock to me, but nothing like the shock to my readers had they known what a young, green person was reading their tales of woe. I had got through University very young, knowing little of life. College girls in those days didn't talk freely about sex as they do now, and Freud hadn't yet invaded the parlor. So long before I even knew the questions, I was being asked for the answers, and used to lie awake shuddering at the wickedness of the world.

I'll never forget the first letter from a girl who was "in trouble," and threatened to kill herself if I didn't direct her to an abortionist. Or the woman who didn't dare leave her eighteen-year-old daughter alone with her husband. Or the men who complained about frigid wives.

Obviously I had to get more information, and get it fast. After walking up and down outside a Winnipeg bookstore for ten minutes, I finally screwed up enough courage to go in and ask for a copy of "Married Love," which I had heard about. Reading it and other books in the same field made me feel much better.

But partly because I was so young and green, I took all the problems very seriously, which was

just what the customers wanted. One grateful client wrote to thank me for help, saying "I can just see you sitting in front of the hearth, with the fire light falling on your white hair and your kindly wrinkled face." Loud hoots came from my pals on the editorial staff when this appeared, but at least it showed I was getting by.

DREW ON HER EXPERIENCE

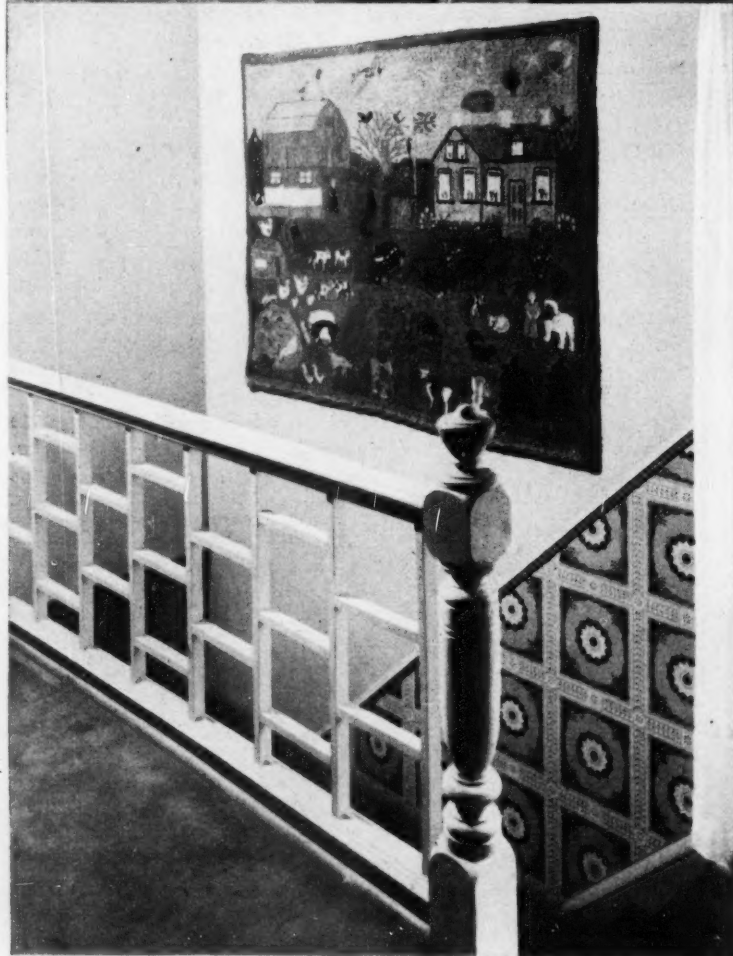
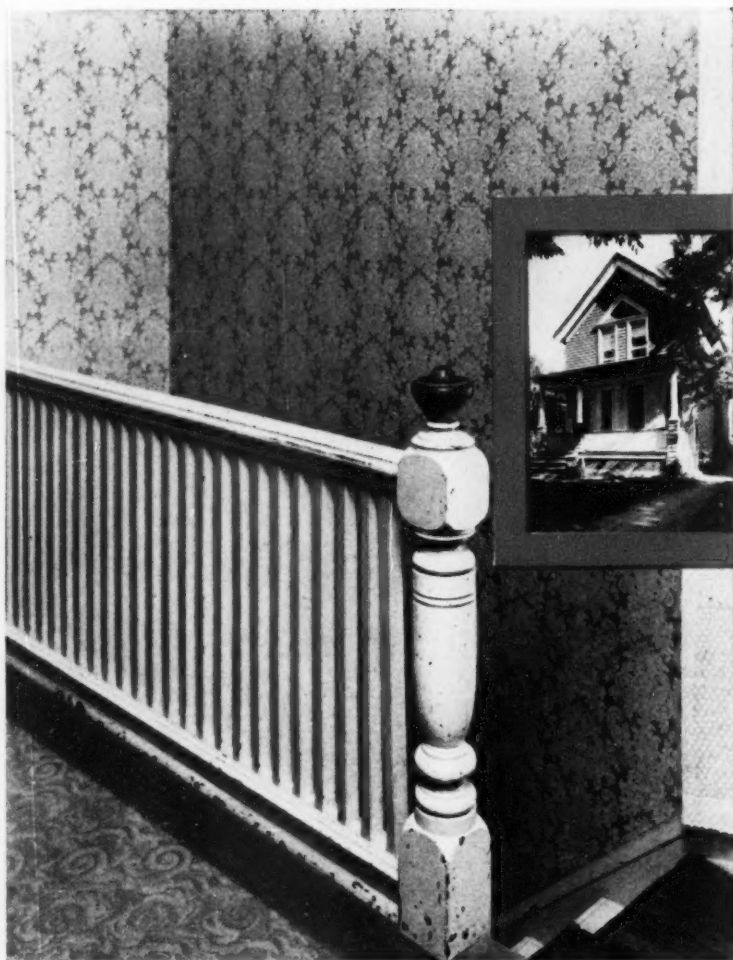
Letters to the column fell into four main categories, I found—difficulties between husbands and wives, between boy friends and girl friends, between parents and children, and general difficulties in adjusting to life. There were many questions about manners, morals, etiquette, and how to be popular. I didn't try to answer everything off the cuff, but did a lot of research, interviewing doctors, lawyers, social workers, and other experts.

I also did a bit of research through my private life, becoming involved in a series of love affairs. Most of the men I attracted had honorable intentions, though one of a different stripe provided a hilarious interlude.

He was a visiting Frenchman, homely and middle-aged, who invited me to have dinner with him. At dinner he gave a lively demonstration of being bowled over by my charm, then asked me to go away with him for the week-end.

When I refused, he was first incredulous that anybody could resist him, then began to taunt me with being "provincial." He might have known that Winnipeg girls were afraid to live, and so on. He dared me to keep on seeing him, and of course I wouldn't take a dare.

Several dates later, still virtuous, when I met him for dinner at the Fort Garry hotel, he suggested sitting for a while in the little gold drawing-room. Almost immediately he started trying to make love violently, Continued on page 78



HOW THE BAKERS GAVE AN OLD HOUSE YOUNG IDEAS

BY CATHERINE FRASER

THERE MUST BE thousands of Canadian couples like Grace and John Baker—old enough to cherish memories of growing up in houses made of squared logs, young enough to understand their daughter's enthusiasm for Swedish modern.

When the Bakers had to vacate the comfortable, old-fashioned house they had rented for seventeen years in north Toronto, their youthful outlook first sent them into the suburbs looking at ranch-style homes. But their enthusiasm was soon dashed by mansion-sized prices, the fact that carpenter John Baker preferred to remain close to his city customers . . . and an uncomfortable feeling that they and some of their best-loved possessions would be anything but at-home in Breezeway Acres.

"We decided we just weren't ranch types," laughs Grace Baker.

The Bakers held a family conference at which it was sensibly realized that within a few months daughter Margaret would be marrying and setting up housekeeping amid the Swedish-style furniture she and her fiancé have designed and made themselves. Grace's and John's new home must be young enough in spirit to invite the young couple to come visiting often—but the people it must really make feel at home are Grace and John.

They found it just a few blocks from where they had been living, a forty-three-year-old frame house whose small rooms, narrow halls and awkward doors seemed to bring out the worst in the Bakers' every possession when they first moved in. But it cost only nine thousand dollars (they hadn't seen a new home they liked for twice as much)—and by adding four hundred dollars to many hours of their own loving labor they gave the old house young ideas, without having to sacrifice anything they prized out of their own past.

Thus John Baker's modernization of the stairwell (at left) provided an effective display spot for a large rug hooked by Mrs. Baker's mother and picturing the farm where Grace grew up. In banishing the ugly double doors between hall and living room (above right) they also created a happy setting for Mrs. Baker's pretty pressed-glass oil lamps and other treasures. And the upright piano, cherished because the Bakers love a family singsong, was transformed from menace to asset when painted soft pearl-grey like the walls and woodwork. ■

← The stairway gave Grace Baker the willies, she said — the arrow pattern went up, up, up. Now its airy spaciousness is surprising. Grace found a handsome squared paper for the new dado treatment at thirty-nine cents. Clear shellac made it washable. John Baker removed banister uprights in pairs, refitted them horizontally in the spaces to match the squares on the new wallpaper.

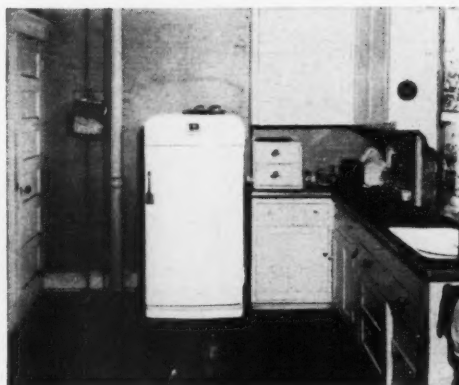
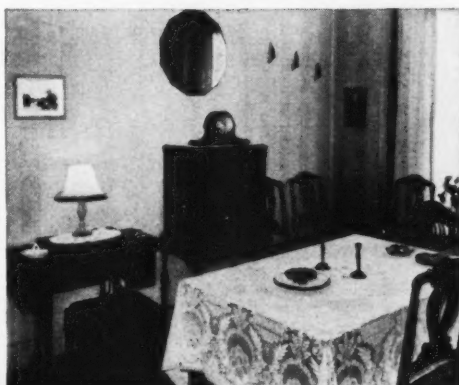


The Bakers love their tiny living room, no longer dominated by double doors, cut up by small rugs. Hooked rug is Chinese copy of French Aubusson at practical price, in soft greys, blues, rose and greens. Jade sofa cover has yellow piping at the seams.



Living room is more spacious with striped paper gone and piano painted to recede into soft pearl-grey walls. Mrs. Baker's prized Limoges china pieces are grouped on wall, balancing larger painting. Old gilt frame was given rub down with grey paint.

Dining room is transformed by moving lowboy from other wall, and framing a large mirror from an old hall stand. Mrs. Baker quilted the chintz to fill in chair-back fronts, which are backed with plywood stained to match the walnut dining suite.



Carpenter John Baker built kitchen closet into room, covering pipes, and replaced dust-catcher cupboard doors with smooth plywood surfaces. New linoleum design resembles hooked rug, in yellow and grey; walls are pale blue, and ceiling is yellow.





TARTANS AND TWEEDS

Gay and young as a Highland fling, these perennial favorites are fashion's fancy this year to put new freshness and color into your fall wardrobe

BY ROSEMARY BOXER, *Fashion and Beauty Editor*

Young clothes get a fabric-lift this fall in bold tartans, gay plaids and crisp tweeds. They're trim and saucy teamed with pearls, the shine of gold or silver, floppy felts and knitted cloches. Outdoors or in, day or night, they spell fashion that's typically Canadian. Gayest for lounging or sleeping are the plaid pyjamas, brightest for the snow ahead is the sheepwatcher's coat, and you'll want a pair of tartan flats or pumps to match your favorite kilt. These fashion pages come to life at the current Canadian National Exhibition, in a Chatelaine fashion show to be held in the Coliseum Theatre.

(Left) Box jacket suit in plaid and plain tweed, by Lou Larry. (Right) Plaid and plain costume in brushed flannel, by Sportrite, Jr.

Opposite page:

1. Wool plaid two-piece costume over black jersey blouse by Sportrite Jr.

2. (Left) Sheepwatcher's coat in poplin with nylon shirling lining over Black Watch Tartan slack suit, by Vineberg Sportswear. (Right) Water-repellent coat in printed corduroy, by Lou Larry.

3. (Left) Wool and camel hair coat with two-piece belt in the back, by Jaegers. (Right) Box jacket suit in worsted Dress Gordon Tartan, by Aljean.

4. (Left) Three-piece suit and coat ensemble in Authentic Ancient Stewart Tartan, by Nat Gordon. (Right) Tweed plaid box jacket suit, by Sportrite Jr.

5. (Left) Straight-line dress in tighera velvet with plaid taffeta trim, by Golden Gate. (Right) Winter cotton plaid tweed with sweater trim, by Du-Rite.

6. (Seated) Kilt in Authentic MacLean of Duart Tartan with leather trim, By Nat Gordon. (Standing) Cameron of Erracht wool tartan shirt, velveteen collar, with flannel skirt faced in same tartan, by Wellington of Canada.

Photos by Paul Rockett. Sweaters by Glenayr. Jewelry by Coro. Shoes by Johnny Brown. Hats by Piko.



1



2



3



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5



6



7



8

TARTANS AND TWEEDS

continued

7. (Left) Suit in Ancient Hunting Stewart Tartan with short fitted jacket and all-round pleated skirt. Worn with contrasting jersey cloche. By Jaegers. (Right) Wrap-around kilt-style skirt of imported fine worsted flannel, with matching fringed stole, by Aljean Sportswear.

8. (Left) Flared flannel skirt and cotton tapestry blouse with matching flannel collar and buttons, by Wellington of Canada. (Right) Flared and dramatically checked tweed skirt, by Nat Gordon.

9. (Standing) Box-pleated flared skirt in flannel, teamed with gay boy shirt in Anderson gingham tartan. (Seated) Worsted French plaid unpressed pleated skirt. Both outfits by Wellington of Canada.



9

NEW! A wide-mouth vacuum bottle now on sale in many stores throughout the country—perfect for hot soup!

School Days are SOUP DAYS

Lunch at home? Lunch at school? Give them good hot soup

BY *Anne Marshall*



ANNE MARSHALL
Director Home Economics
Campbell Soup Company Ltd.

How youngsters do burn up energy . . . always on the go! Most of you mothers know this, and try to practice what food experts "preach". You see that your children have school-day lunches that are substantial and nourishing, always including one hot dish. And for this, soup is simply ideal.

It's satisfying, sustaining, warming and cheering. And children love soup.

So be sure your children have good hot soup at noon. It's easy to serve at home, and it "travels" well in a vacuum bottle. Soup helps give variety to lunches, too—there are so many delicious kinds to choose from.

SOUP offers you so many tempting noontime lunches

The hearty soups shown above—tomato, vegetable, chicken noodle—are favorites with youngsters. So are the sandwiches and salads surrounding them. Combine them in various ways to suit your child's tastes—add a glass of milk—and you have a nourishing lunch.

A good cook keeps a full Soup Shelf



A famous *American Beauty*
crosses the border



PATTI

A smooth little pump with smart stitching detail in mudguard effect and flattering side-dip lines.

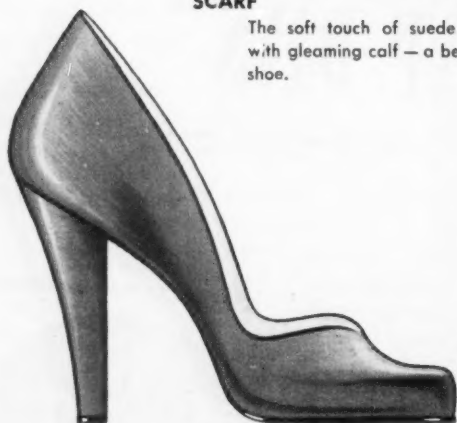
THE
AMERICAN GIRL
SHOE

comes to Canada!



SCARF

The soft touch of suede combined with gleaming calf — a beautiful suit shoe.



HOLIDAY

Trim D'Orsay lines in a pump with combination last. High or medium heels.

The smart-stepping AMERICAN GIRL SHOE, long a fashion favourite in the United States, is now made in Canada — *on American lasts!* This attractive newcomer brings with it exciting new style variety and smooth, foot-pampering comfort — better-than-ever-value in beauty and wearability. See the stunning new Canadian version of THE AMERICAN GIRL SHOE in all the latest Fall styles, featuring browns with Calabash Tan the leader. Wonderful to think that every pair of these quality shoes has a budget-low price of less than \$10.00!

Exclusive SUPER-FLEX Construction

So light and flexible — so comfortable
... like walking on air!

SEE THESE SHOES — SEE ALL THE AMERICAN GIRL SHOES
Extraordinary beauty and value — all priced

UNDER **\$10⁰⁰**

At selected stores across Canada

LOOK FOR THE NAME

THE
AMERICAN GIRL
SHOE

PRINTED ON THE SOLE!

*Reg. Trade Mark

"Manufactured in Canada by Gale Bros. Limited, Quebec, P.Q."



10



11



Paul Rockett

12

TARTANS AND TWEEDS

continued

10. (Left) Cotton tweed Portugee loungers with plain cotton blouse. (Right) Cotton tartan pajamas. Both for lounging or sleeping, by New York Silkwear, Montreal.

11. (Left) Single-breasted fitted suit in acetate, by Lee Parker. (Right) Wide-necked suit of imported English tweed with matching draped jersey blouse, by Nat Gordon.

12. (Left) Brushed flannel imported tailored jacket over straight skirt. Coordinated plaid and plain, by Lou Larry. (Right) Black Watch Tartan box-jacket suit with pleated skirt, by Sportrite Jr.

Read about the winner of Chatelaine's Fall Fashion Contest on Page 4.

Canada lives better...



Heaven—a budget's distance away!

Tex-Made sheets and blankets feel like heaven—but their prices are always down to earth. You live in luxury for years in Tex-Made quality, save on Tex-Made economy, Tex-Made durability—wonderful Tex-Made values now being featured at your favourite store.



...with **Tex-made**
T.M. REG'D.

**LUXURY FOR YOU...
SO VALUE-PRICED THAT
ALL CAN AFFORD IT...
NONE CAN SURPASS IT!**



Sleeping-beauty has a delightful nap! Deep richness of colour graces the bedroom brightened with a Tex-Made Downy-Tone. It's comfort-plus—light and warm, with a nap that's sheer luxury to feel. All five colours—Downy Peach, Green, Blue, Yellow and Pink—are completely washable!



It's never winter under here! Warmsheets are wonders for widgees with cold feet. These bunny-like flannelettes never hold a chill. And all over Canada, you find them topped with Canada's favourite blanket—Ibex, with its famous colourful, colourfast stripe. Both are washability itself, practically fluff themselves dry, and never need an iron.



Coloured or white—the best in sight! Tex-Made ruggedness takes years to wash out, though it's the luxurious comfort of a Tex-Made sheet that first captures your heart. Tex-Made colours you can't wash out at all! Woven to wear wonderfully, Tex-Made whites or Tex-Made Petal-Tones are dreams to sleep in—and trust in.



No tucking-in sheets, no tucked-out housewives! Flip on a Tex-Made Fitted Sheet and the bed's half made! Whatever your bed-size, the corners actually adjust themselves to a snug, smooth fit. That saves wear! Can't pull out, can't wrinkle... and washable—like a dream! Never needs ironing either!

Tex-made
T.M. REG'D.

CANADA LIVES BETTER...WITH

DOMINION TEXTILE COMPANY LIMITED

1950 SHERBROOKE ST. WEST, MONTREAL

CHATELAINE — SEPTEMBER, 1953

Talk it over
with Joan
Blanchard



Let's see if we can't make this business of being a housewife more fun and less work. There are so many ways to do this, you know—so many tricks to our trade!

Things you'd normally throw away can be wonderful little household helps.

* * *

Did you know, for instance, that used-up cardboard match covers make ideal holders to carry around a few needles and pins—just in case you get a tear or a run when you're away from home? Just stick them where the matches were.

* * *

Save your knitting wool! When you first wind it, do it around a mothball!

* * *

Did you know that leaving unwrapped toilet soap in your linen closet gives everything a delightfully dainty scent? So appropriate for lovely Tex-Made Petal-Tones.

* * *

And speaking of your linen closet...

Sheets last longer when you rotate them... yes, even Tex-Made sheets—though they seem to last forever anyhow. Put fresh-laundered sheets at the bottom of the pile, take off from the top. That rests cotton fibres.

"Loaded" sheets are loosely woven—disguised by excess dressing of starch, chalk or china clay. It all washes out in the first laundering. When you buy, hold the sheet up to the light so you can see the true weave. Rub the sheet against itself and snap briskly. If a white powder appears—it's loaded. Better test than that—just be sure it's a Tex-Made sheet.

* * *

See you here soon. Watch for me, won't you?

Meantime, I have a delightfully interesting and valuable booklet I'd love to send you. Tells you how to save—and save on—sheets and pillow slips. Won't you drop me a card? Just write "Your Guide to Buying Sheets and Pillow Slips" on a card plus your name and address. Send it to me at Dominion Textile Co. Ltd., 1950 Sherbrooke St. West, Montreal.

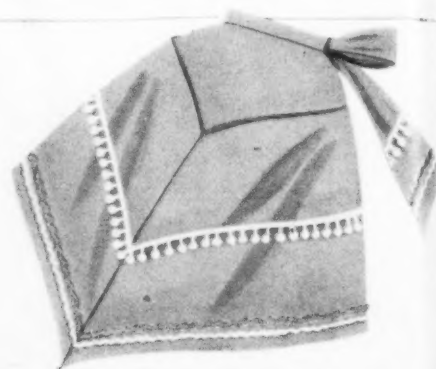
MAKE IT FROM A PATTERN

Kitchen Collection



4063

3718

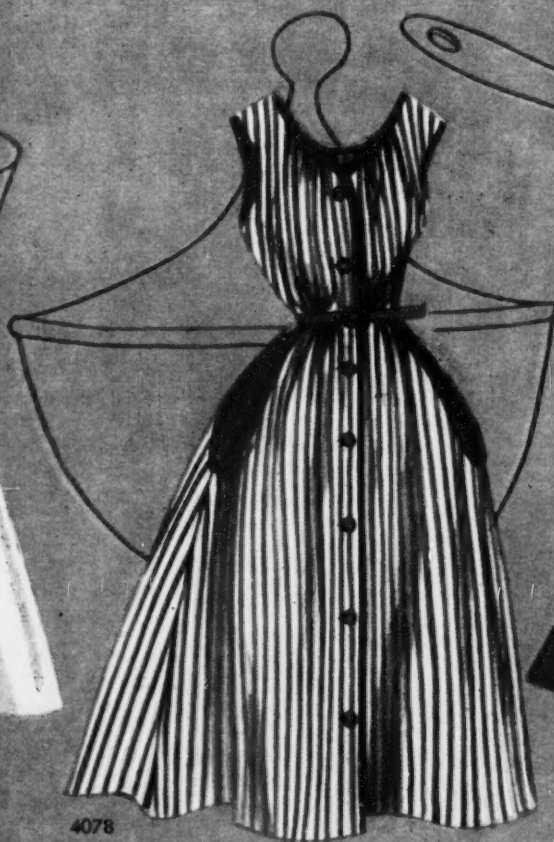


4063 — Our apron, gay as your kitchen window box with flower-pot pockets, and tulip and nasturtium appliques. Directions for pot-holders (not shown) and transfer included. In sizes small, medium, large, and extra-large. 25c.
3718 — Bright half-apron with ball fringe and gay ric-rac trim. Apron front overlaps yoke to form pockets. With transfer. In one size, 25c.



4242

4242 — Wrap-around housedress with a flattering surplice-line bodice continuing the same slimming direction into the gored skirt. Notched sleeve edge. In sizes 12-20, 35c.



4078

4078 — This easy-to-make versatile dress can be worn as shown or with the buttons down the back. Large pockets in side seams accented with bias trim. In sizes 12-20, 35c.

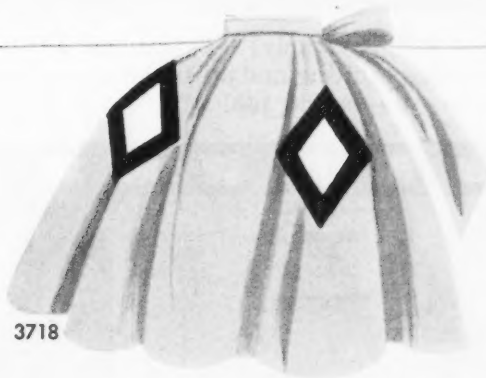


4009

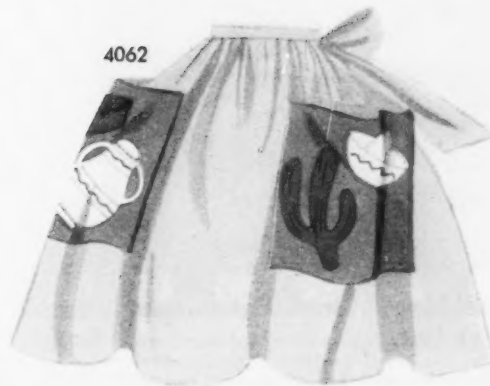
4009 — A wrap-around that could be worn as a jumper when teamed with a blouse. Tie belt slips through slit at right side of top. Appliqué trim. With transfer, 12-20, 35c.



4092

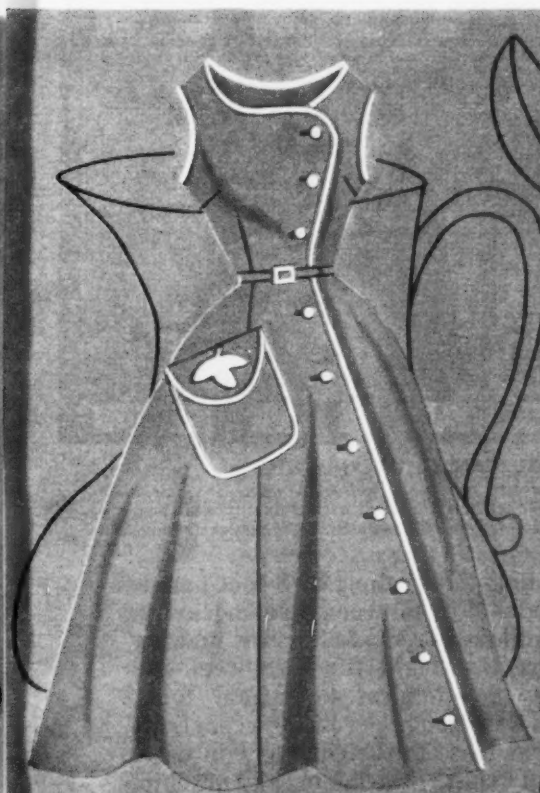


3718



4062

4092 — Panelled, full length apron with a curved neckline, flower applique trim. Transfer included. Sizes, sm., med., lg., extra lg., 35c.
 3718 — Half apron with diamond shaped pockets trimmed for contrast. One size only, 25c.
 4062 — Our Fiesta half-apron for your gala party moods. Contrasting patch pockets have applique trim. With transfer, one size only, 25c.



4105



4138



4015

4105 — Becoming dress with a rounded neckline and asymmetrical button closing all down the front. Gored skirt. Bias binding trim. Transfer included. Sizes 12-44, 35c.

4138 — 'Ever-lovin' pinafore shown here with a double ruffle on the bodice, square neck. One ruffle matches apple pocket and band on skirt. Transfer included. In sizes 12-20, 35c.

4015 — A bonnie plaid housedress with roomy standaway side pockets, contrasting bias trim at neckline, cuffs and pocket and full goared skirt. In sizes 12-42, 35c.

look what you can do with

SYLVAPLY DOUGLAS FIR PLYWOOD



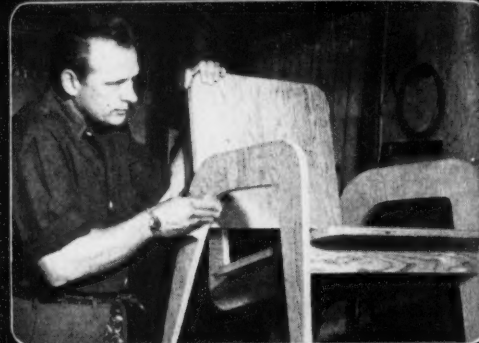
... thousands are "doing-it-themselves" with Sylvaply! It's "caught on" from coast to coast in Canada because everyone wants to try this exciting and profitable spare-time way to make home improvements. And, what others can do, you can do, too!



YOU'LL HAVE FUN making smart outdoor furniture with durable, easily-worked Sylvaply. Free plan for this table and bench set at your lumber dealer's . . . Get it . . . and get started!



WHAT A BLESSING you'll find the extra storage space and convenience in a bank of built-in drawers like these. All yours when you make your own built-ins with Sylvaply.



YOU CAN USE your spare time "constructively" making many fine pieces of living room furniture or working out ideas you see in your favourite magazines. It's easy for any average handyman.



NOW . . . YOU CAN REMODEL an older home for extra living space. You needn't be an expert. You'll have fun while you do it with Sylvaply . . . so easy to handle, easy to nail and saw.



YOU CAN TRANSFORM a dull basement into a dazzling guest room, rumpus room or den easily and inexpensively by remodelling with Sylvaply. Free "How-to-do-it's" at your Sylvaply dealer.



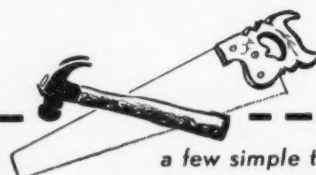
YOU CAN EASILY ENLARGE your home by turning the space going to waste in your attic into attractive rooms, with Sylvaply and the Free "How-to-do-it's" your Sylvaply dealer has for you.



"Do-it-yourself" with
SYLVAPLY

Add the **T**ouch
of **B**eauty to
Your **H**ome!

Big, lightweight and strong, the 4 by 8 foot panels of Sylvaply Douglas Fir plywood are more fun than work for building, remodelling or making furniture. They're just right for the "week-end carpenter" using the simplest household tools. Because of Sylvaply's tough, cross-ply construction, you can nail as close to the edge as you wish. Sylvaply will not split, crack, break or chip. And, Sylvaply's immense strength and durability makes every job you do a permanent improvement.



It's FUN and only a few simple tools needed
Count on your lumber dealer for help and advice. He'll be glad to guide you in making your plans and estimating the material you'll need . . . and don't forget those handy, easily followed Sylvaply Free "How-To-Do-It's" he has for you. See him soon and get started.

Serving Lumber Dealers from Coast to Coast

MACMILLAN & BLOEDEL LTD.

VANCOUVER WINDSOR CALGARY TORONTO EDMONTON MONTREAL WINNIPEG QUEBEC CITY LONDON

FABRIC MAGIC FOR FALL

Cotton for the winter, wool to dance in, and miracles from a cob of corn

THE SHAPE of fashions to come could easily be hidden in the magic-filled fabric scene this fall.

Surface interest has changed from nubby to silken; revolutionary cloths are being whipped up as fast as our designers can think up ways to use them; fabrics are being sun-proofed, waterproofed and fume-proofed; a wool-like cloth is being made from corn; dress fabrics from plastic . . . and where we go from here is anybody's guess.

Designers are constantly thinking of new ways to feature the good, standard fabrics we'd never want to be without—witness Chatelaine's Tartans and Tweeds story in preceding pages. But the old must be able to face increasing competition from the new as the textile magicians create unheard-of materials from natural fibres found in unsuspected sources, and chemical fibres spun right out of the test tube.

The first departure from spinning yarn from such familiar fibres as wool, cotton and silk came when cloth makers devised a way to turn wood fibre into cloth and called it rayon, more than sixty years ago. Today, new synthetic fabrics are still appearing, the latest coming from such unlikely sources as soy beans, marsh gas and even corn, which produces one of the newest fabrics called Vicara, which looks like wool but is much softer.

The first test-tube fabric was nylon, conjured up from the chemical elements of coal and air. Newest in this field are Terylene, incredibly smooth and wool-like, Acrilan and dynel.

Now, in the upside-down manner of fashion, wool is going formal and cotton is competing with wool as a wintertime fabric. Wool, in some of its newer forms such as wool crepe, is being featured in evening gowns while winter cotton tweeds and denims are gaining more favor every day with Canadian women.

This year, too, sees the return on this continent of *peau de soie*, a dress fabric popular at the beginning of the century.

Paris salons brought it up to date in their summer collections last year and so successfully that our own designers followed suit this year.

In coat fabrics you'll be seeing shaggy fleeces, long-haired cashmeres, brushed and novelty tweeds, elysians and some wonderful novelty coating embellished with mustache and eyelash trims that look exactly as they sound.

In suit and dress fabrics, there are new shredded bouclés, furry worsted mohairs, silky gabardines and printed corduroys.

Many new co-ordinated costumes will be seen; for instance, a tweed mix jacket teamed with a plain skirt in the ground color of the tweed. This is a practical and style-wise approach to a more versatile wardrobe.

Reversible costumes are in for popularity too with the appearance of many new two-faced fabrics that can be worn on both sides.

The woven metallics have been improved and are now guaranteed not to tarnish.

A new trim called jet is now on the market—it's made of plastic yarn and on suits and dresses gives a fish-net appearance.

And hand-washable velvet has appeared at last, but if it's not labeled washable, don't try it without the shop's assurance that it is the real thing.

LI'L ABNERSM by AL CAPP



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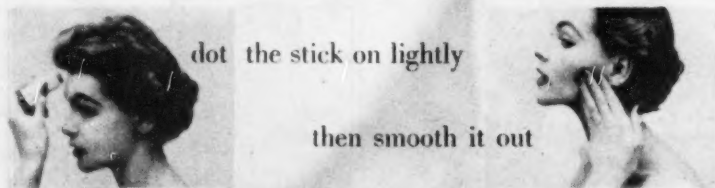
*FOR DIETS DEFICIENT IN THESE ELEMENTS

CREAM of WHEAT
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*Pan-Stik (trademark) means Max Factor Hollywood cream-type make-up.

RUSSIAN HOUSEWIFE

Continued from page 11

“The war . . .” I would like to ask Shura if she has any children, or where she works, but we only smile and part, each with her questions unasked.

As for the store itself, identified by a businesslike sign reading “Grocery Store Number 178, Ministry of Food” it is not much like the supermarkets at home in Canada. There are no bright pyramids of packaged soapflakes, no wire bundle buggies. Advertising is confined to signs which entreat you to “Smoke Cigarettes,” “Drink Fruit Juice,” or “Eat Vitamins,” and the window displays are limited to some plaster cuts of beef and painted cheeses garlanded with dusty paper flowers.

Shop windows and all windows held particular significance for us during the two years of our stay in Moscow, where my husband was on the staff of the Canadian Embassy, for we seemed to spend so much time either looking out or looking in at the Russians. Although we could never visit Shura in her home nor could she come to ours, yet we were able to watch her on her daily round, as though the iron curtain had turned to glass. In this way we learned something of a thousand Shuras and their world.

The Shura that I want to tell you about is not one person but a combination of a score or more: some of whom I knew quite well, some only slightly. Some I saw perhaps only once, like the Shura who stood with me in the queue at the grocery store. She is, perhaps, an Embassy employee or the wife of one, a fellow steamship-passenger willing to spend amiable hours talking about her family and her life; or she might be someone I chatted with for just a moment as we considered the vegetables in the market.

Of course I cannot say that my Shura is typical of every Moscow housewife, any more than I can say that any one of my Canadian friends is typical of every housewife in Canada. Perhaps the differences among women in Russia are even greater than here. Between the tired old soul who sweeps the Moscow streets with her long-handled twig broom, and the mink-coated wife of a general with maid and chauffeur there are many kinds of housewife, many different incomes. Shura and her kind, married or single, take their places at jobs with men: the double salary for husband and wife is useful, and, some would say, essential. She may take a job shoveling snow, she may work as a road mender or she may do the donkey work for a construction crew. Some of the peasant women looked stronger than many a man, but it was a shock to learn that emancipation meant this—though it also meant more women doctors in the public clinics, more women conductors on the trains.

Apart from the most favored women in Soviet life, most Moscow housewives, whatever their class or calling, have a good deal in common. Nearly all, for instance, are affected in some degree by what we would think of as the housing shortage. Millions of families which in Canada have bungalows in the suburbs would, in Moscow, count themselves lucky to have a medium-sized room. Shura’s home might be in a block of Soviet flats, or in some old pre-revolu-

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tionary house, but the congestion was always the same. Sometimes we had a revealing glimpse through a basement window where a row of iron bedsteads with white counterpanes bore testament to the numbers occupying that room. A modern apartment, hopefully designed like ours with a corridor and three or four rooms, might have five or six names posted by the entrance bell, where a Canadian would look for one. If there were only one or two names, we would know that the occupant was what we might call middle class, a professional worker such as an engineer or professor, or a fairly important government official.

Whatever their class, Moscow housewives crowd onto the same buses and underground trains, queue at the cashier's wicket in the same stores, stroll in the same parks, and have the same generally wholesome but (by Canadian standards) limited diet. They may share the same relaxations, though one family likes to spend more time at football games, the movies and the circus, while the tastes of another run to public lectures, symphony concerts at the Conservatory, or plays at the Moscow Art Theatre.

One thing nearly all Shuras had in common, and this helped me to know them a little despite the gulf which circumstances put between us. Practically no Russian dislikes, or would be rude to a foreigner, and however much international relations may cool or warm the ordinary Russian displays the instincts of hospitality and remains friendly to visitors. The Muscovite sees foreigners often and he has learned that discretion is the better part of cordiality, but in the provinces people may not be so well informed. A foreign accent may mean first a Latvian or a Czech or a German. There just aren't that many English-speaking people about!

My composite Shura, therefore, is not typical of all Russian housewives, but is typical of many thousands in Moscow, and in many ways she is like countless thousands more. I did not know her as well as my neighbors in Canada—I could not—but after two years I felt that I had something more than a nodding acquaintance with Shura and her way of life.

What, then, can we tell about Shura? Shura is a nickname for Aleksandra—the Russians love affectionate diminutives. She has a husband, Vassili, and a little girl Natasha.

Vassili probably courted Shura in the dance pavilion of the Park of Culture and Rest (which is more an amusement park than an abode of culture) or by serenading her with his balalaika at some favorite picnic spot near Moscow. As a young girl she had a sweet round face and braided hair. Now that Shura has married and taken her husband's name, her formal title is not Mrs. Pavlov, but Aleksandra Ivanovna (the daughter of Ivan) Pavlova (the wife of Pavlov): Aleksandra Ivanovna to formal acquaintances, juniors and inferiors; Shura to intimates, seniors and superiors; Grazhdanka Pavlova (Citizeness Pavlova) to officialdom. In Soviet society, as in old Russia, a respect for all proper forms of address is an accepted part of one's upbringing. The social hierarchy of junior and senior caretakers or cooks or professors is always rather charmingly acknowledged, and age is given deference. For example, where Shura works there is a venerable soul whom

Shura would always address as Tyatyа Vera (Aunt Vera). When modern Soviet citizens talk this way they evoke the world of Chekhov or Tolstoy.

Shura accepts a daily round which extends from about six o'clock in the morning until well on at night. Now, in 1953, food shops are pretty well stocked with the staples of an ordinary Russian diet; lots of black bread and several varieties of white (all sold by the kilo, not the loaf), tea—though at quite a price, stewing meat and eggs and Russian

cheese. Smetana (sour cream), apples and fish are all available. One can stock up with potatoes and cabbages and other vegetables at the market. But it is well to be on hand early for all such extras as a chicken or a good cut of meat or laundry soap or flour. Shura is not usually interested in the luxuries or the flour, for there is not much incentive to bake when you live in a rather crowded room with only a gas burner to work with. Shura is content to boil up a good Russian soup or fry a slab of sausage and

potatoes. She has a happy-go-lucky attitude toward cooking which could not, in any circumstances, be transformed into the lingering care which many Canadian homemakers expend on food. Only at Easter time she puts extra effort into making a traditional Paska and Kulich.

The Christmas, or "New Year's" holiday has survived the new regime—complete with toys and Christmas tree—but it is still the ancient festival of Easter which means most to the Russian.

*"Only a fresh cigarette
can be truly mild..."*

enjoy SWEET CAPS

*always fresh
and*

TRULY MILD!



CORK or PLAIN



Who hath not proved

how feebly words essay

To fix one spark of

beauty's heavenly ray?

Who does not feel...

The might, the majesty of loveliness?

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Shura may not bother much with church but she still prepares an Easter breakfast with colored eggs and these traditional cakes. The *Paska* is a wonderful mold of cottage cheese, sugar and raisins. The *Kulich* is a kind of rich pound cake which Shura decorates with a paper rose. Her little girl, Natasha, is fascinated by the glittering pageantry of the churches, now re-opening, and begs her mother to take the *Kulich* to church to be blessed before Easter, as the old women do. But Shura herself belongs to the generation which grew up in the twenties and thirties, during the anti-religious period. If the churches are re-opening it is a sign of favor from her government, so they must be all right after all. She has no very strong feelings for or against, but she is certainly in no mood to queue up—all night perhaps—to seek the priest's blessing. It is often the very old and the very young, living in memories or tasting a romantic new experience, who make up the crowds in Moscow's churches today. And many have the rooted suspicion, however much they deny religious beliefs, that eating blessed bread at Easter brings good luck for a year.

Shura obtains her basic supplies from the official grocery shops numbered "Bread Shop No. 15," "Grocery Shop No. 32" and so on. Since the end of rationing she can go into any one of these except for a few exclusive stores reserved for certain groups of people. One surprising little peculiarity is that, although Shura is not yet thirty and has known nothing but Soviet rule, she still refers to some of the more famous old shops by their pre-revolutionary names. This she has almost unthinkingly inherited from older folk who still find it hard not to think of places in terms of their former owners; just as though we were suddenly required to refer to Eaton's as "State Department Store No. 3." In fact the mosaic tile of Moscow's largest department store still testifies incongruously to the fact that two thrifty Scots, "Muir and Merilees," set up here at the turn of the century. Even street names, changed several times since the revolution, still leave people a lap behind. Apart from the very fabric of Moscow itself there are not many visible pre-revolutionary traces left these days (although Shura remembers that the Czar's double-headed eagles on the Kremlin towers were only changed to Soviet stars before the war). Such trilles as a reference, a habit or a name are the faded echoes of thirty-five years.

There is no doubt that Shura regards herself as far, far more fortunate and happy than her parents or her grandparents ever were in the bad old days. And yet, on her morning rounds, there are other things that have changed very little. One is the open market, a much more exciting place to shop than the state stores. It is here that Shura goes, especially in summer time, for fresh things and extras. Moscow has a number of market places, and even an animal market selling everything from guppies to cart horses. To these, peasants may bring their produce—for many are allowed a cow and an acre or two to do with as they please. Here free enterprise is rampant, and prices find their own levels. For example, when there was a terrible shortage of butter at the end of the war it could almost always be procured from someone in the

market, but a pound might cost a week's wages for Shura.

On an average day Shura can find everything here from a few bunches of herbs, clutched by a tattered old peasant woman, to a freshly killed chicken from a more opulent "kolkhoznik" (inhabitant of a "kolkhoz"—collective farm). There are some rather abortive official attempts to impose standards of hygiene. The peasants in the milk shed wear soiled white smocks over their padded jackets and are reminded to keep their hands out of the pail when they ladle out the milk or sour cream. Every so often a supervisor with a broom manages to stir up a bit more dust than was there already. And of course no one minds the flies; Shura doesn't regard them as important. She has never heard of a screened window.

In the summer months the markets are full of flowers and, if she has a rouble or two left after her day's purchases, Shura goes home with a bouquet. The long winters seem to inspire the Russians with a love of greenery. Spring really comes when the first bunches of mimosa from the Crimea appear on the muddy Moscow street corners. There are other things at the market, too. Sometimes there is an old man with performing mice who begs a few *kopeks* at the gate. There are basket sellers and peasants selling clay pots.

No More Black Market

Shura still remembers how during the war and for a few years after, the market places were great centres for black marketers; everything from big operators to old women selling off some trinket to buy bread. But now at the slightest sign of something going on under the counter Shura averts her eyes. The black market has virtually disappeared. Second-hand trading must now be confined to the official Commission Shops, government stores which sell used articles of every description from old shoes and cameras to jewelry and rugs or china of considerable artistic value. The owner takes some of the profit and the shop keeps a commission—hence its name.

Her shopping over, Shura goes about the work of the day on her job, the work of her own home when she returns at night. If Vassili is on a night shift she has to get him a meal before he leaves. *Babushka* ("Granny"—the friendly name for any old woman) has given little Natasha her supper, but there is still plenty of mending and cleaning and cooking to be done before bedtime. The *babushka* is an indispensable part of Soviet life, where so many mothers work. Some of the factories have day nurseries for the little children but for the older ones, as in the case of little Natasha, it is often a question of finding some neighbor woman who will open the door to her when she comes home from school and give her some supper.

Golubushka, little pigeon, is Shura's name for her daughter. She is a stocky little nine-year-old but her mother is worried by the occasional stomach upsets which beset her. With a vague but imaginative impression of medical science, Shura is convinced that they are caused by her heart. Poor diet and haphazard routine, combined with the hard years when she was a baby, must partly be the cause. With her hand on her own heart, Shura dramatically describes little Natasha's seizures. Like

simple people everywhere, Shura is both fascinated and terrified by illness. Her reactions to an emergency are based on a great mixture of common sense and old wives' tales. For example, she is quite sure that Natasha's last sore throat was caused by eating cold ice cream at the movies. The doctors at the Polyclinic are well-intentioned but overworked. To prescribe the right treatment for Natasha would involve, first of all, educating the mother on the meaning of a child's diet and arranging for some way in which the child could have a more normal routine and proper rest. Since she must sleep in the same room where her parents are housekeeping or entertaining friends till all hours, how is this possible?

Yet Shura worries, and does her best, and—troubles or no—she is proud of her little girl; her work at school is good, and last month she was at the top of her English class. Shura loves to see Natasha all dressed up to go with her class from school to a concert or the theatre. One very lovable trait, to Western eyes, is the general atmosphere of affection for children and the imagination put into toys and entertainments on their behalf. There is a special Sunday morning opera or ballet at the Bolshoi Theatre. In fact, Natasha has probably seen the inside of this famous old opera theatre, all scarlet and gold, more often than her mother has. Here the superb traditions of the Russian ballet live on, interpreted now by "Honored Artists" and "People's Artists of the USSR." But, although almost every performance is sold out, someone like Shura would scarcely dream of going, except on the rare occasions when her husband's factory or union arranges for a block of seats. Students out for a fling, perhaps, or the more highly paid professional or service people are the ones who usually get the tickets.

Generally, Shura contents herself with a movie or with an operetta at one of Moscow's lesser theatres—for there is a wide range of entertainment always provided. Since 1947 Muscovites have been able to see three-dimensional films at their "Stereoscopic Cinema" without the use of glasses. Shura adores the circus as much as her daughter does—almost as much as Vassili does his football matches at Moscow's Dynamo Stadium. And there are memorable performances at the Puppet Theatre where Kipling's *Mowgli* or tales from the Arabian Nights thrill parents as well as the youngsters. For such excursions Natasha's school uniform is all starched up; a frilled white pinafore over her brown dress with its high neck. With a ribbon on her braided hair and her high-buttoned boots she looks like a Tenniel drawing for *Alice in Wonderland*, certainly not the popular conception of an emancipated child of the New Socialist State!

The rather demure Victorianism characterizing much of the Soviet domestic scene is one of its most striking aspects and the one which most surprised us, accustomed to the Western notion that all Russians are communists and all communists are ultra-modern and advanced free-thinkers. Perhaps because there has been so little interchange with the outside world, much present-day Soviet taste seems to have fossilized at the level of 1917. Aspidistras and betasseled orange silk lampshades are the housewife's dream of



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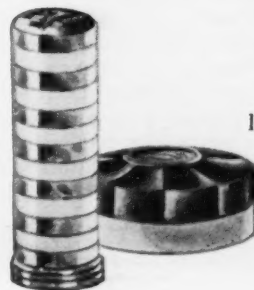
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elegance, floppy hats and mascara her dream of style, and the boots and pinnies of her little girl are a far cry from the blue jeans and overalls of Canadian youngsters. In art the most sentimental calendar scenes which tell a story are the ones most universally beloved. In morals, a curious conventionality is imposed on the natural exuberance of the Russian temperament: (for example, the wearing of shorts, even knee-length khaki ones, by men is frowned upon. Nude bathing is a thing of the past.) Young people drink thermos bottles of tea and make daisy chains in the parks, rather than drink cokes to the tune of a juke box. Children are content with simpler toys because they have never heard of Roy Rogers or dolls which digest food and wet their diapers.

But, like Canadian parents, the Russians give the best of what they have to their children. The toddler will boast a chubby fur coat such as his mother has

never worn. Babies are toted everywhere if there is no babushka to leave them with at home. They are wrapped in swaddling clothes of the most incredible dimensions. Shawls and dark padded coveralls wind up a tight little cocoon against the winter winds. Like every good wife and mother, Shura, too, is obsessed with the idea of keeping her own and Natasha's head covered. Winter or summer, scarves or kerchiefs are the thing.

Shura and Vassili consider themselves lucky to have one room to themselves—barring the child, Vassili's old mother, the cat, and a couple of chickens which Shura has lovingly brought in from the yard for the winter. But sometimes Vassili gets fed up with the domestic scramble, with Shura's panting inefficiency, with Natasha's stomach upsets. He is given to "stepping out" (*gulyat-ing* as Shura says). There are periodic spats and every so often Shura threatens to

leave. But this is easier said than done. The famous system of postcard divorces went out with the thirties, but Shura doubts that a divorce would improve her lot, anyway. After all, two salaries are better than one. And where would she go? Rents are low, perhaps the equivalent of ten or fifteen dollars a month, but there is the simple problem of the *kvartira* or flat. The room which is their home is in her husband's name and living space is perhaps the most valuable commodity in Moscow where the population has increased by millions since before the war. It is true that Shura's mother also has a room where she has lived since her father left them some years before. But Mama has another couple and a younger daughter and her little boy living with her in the room already. She would scarcely greet Shura and Natasha with open arms. Besides, Shura and Vassili have some good times after all. Oc-

asionally she drags him to a movie. She loves musical comedies, of which there are some colorful productions, and she makes a bee-line for anything in the nature of a foreign film. The very name of Hollywood is usually anathema on Soviet screens but sometimes there are old German films featuring wild escapades in romantic climes, and even a few ancient American films which are thoroughly unpolitical—*Tarzan* or *The Count of Monte Cristo*. Once Shura went back three times to see a hero being pushed off the top of the Sphinx and a heroine eaten by a tiger in the Indian jungle.

But more often she and Vassili love to indulge in clear tea and opaque conversation with friends around the samovar, talking and smoking far into the night. Shura's two vices are eating ice cream (which she can buy in varying qualities from one of Moscow's many sidewalk vendors, or, more elegantly, in an ice cream parlor) and smoking cigarettes or *papirossi* (the Russian type of cigarette with a built-in cardboard holder at one end. She loves to sink down with one of these and contemplate her day's work. Like most Russians she allows no mistaken ideal of routine or efficiency to take precedence over the pleasures of contemplation or of endless talk. All in all, life is good, Vassili isn't such a bad chap, Natasha is a miracle, and they are lucky to be only one family in the room.

In common with housewives the world over, spring brings Shura's domestic instincts to the fore. Others may have more modern apartments in some of the massive blocks of Soviet flats, but no one is fonder of her home than Shura. It is near an intersection toward the outskirts of the city, on a typical side street, such as official Soviet photographs never show. Trolley buses roll across the square where there is also an entrance to one of the palatial underground Metro stations of which Shura is inordinately proud; but off the main street the pavement is broken by the heaving frosts of many winters. The yellowish plaster facades of old merchants' houses front onto the sidewalk with a courtyard to the side or back. The style is neo-classical. The general effect is dilapidated. In many places the lathe shows through the broken plaster, for brick and stone are almost unseen in the older quarters of Moscow. Sometimes below the lathe you can see the logs, of which so many of the pseudo-stone buildings were originally made.

Shura scarcely notices the effect, except to observe that it is not as "elegant" or "cultured" (both favorite Russian adjectives) as the new buildings her government is putting up. The most joyous part of Shura's spring cleaning is the time when the paper stripping is taken off the double windows, letting in a symbolic breath of fresh air. She takes away the cotton wool, the toy animals, the artificial flowers which have been gathering soot between the windows through the dreary winter months. Perhaps now she will set up a few real flowers or a green branch.

Spring also sees Shura hankering for something new to wear. At one of the street bookstalls she thumbs through the political pamphlets and newspapers until she finds an official survey of the latest Soviet fashions, "Models of the Season." The seasonal styles have not changed appreciably from those of last year, or the year before that. Dresses

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are drapery and shapeless adaptations of traditional costume, incorporating full sleeves, high necks and bloused bodices. In defiance of the postwar West, skirts were very short, but then some bolder spirits decided the height of fashion demanded ankle-length hems. Shura remarked, "We busy Soviet women just couldn't get around with all that skirt hampering our legs." So some wore short, some long, and the results always made the Moscow street scene interesting.

If Shura feels she can afford a new dress she prefers to buy a length of good quality material from one of the fabric stores and have it made up for her, in inimitable Soviet style, by one of the scores of *ateliers* or dress-making shops. In fitting her the seamstress begins with a large pair of shoulder pads and a mouthful of pins. She then cuts the length of the material in two and hangs one piece to the back, one to the front, pinned firmly to the shoulder pads. From then on it is a question of gathering in the waistline and allowing enough over at the hem for two voluminous sleeves.

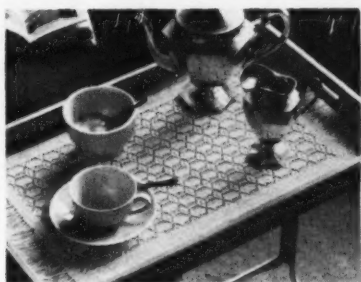
Shura sighs as she fancies herself stepping out in navy-blue silk, if possible with a new knitted shawl over her shoulders for extra warmth. The little shawl is a very "cultured" part of a lady's costume, especially at the theatre where coats all have to be checked outside the auditorium. Practically all employers in the Soviet Union are required to provide uniforms so Shura is fitted out for her job and owns perhaps only two dresses besides. It is understandable that she wants these to be the best. She thinks of her new blue silk in terms of ten years at least. Dreams of spring aside—Shura considers the fact that both Vassili and Natasha need shoes, and shoes are the most expensive and hard-to-come-by articles of clothing (costing about a month's salary) so, reluctantly, "Models of the Season" is dropped back under copies of "Izvestia" and "Ogonyok" (a sort of *Picture Post*). Shura contents herself with a new permanent and a bottle of perfume—one of the most elegant brands, called "Kremlin."

Shura feels quite the *grande dame* with her new hairdo. In fact she feels that the ladies of New York have nothing on her. This is confirmed in her mind, as

she promenades through the centre of Moscow in the spring sunshine and observes the well-dressed men and women strolling into the "Cocktail Hall." She experiences a surge of pleasure and pride in the regime which has convinced her that this is the most cosmopolitan city in the world and she one of its luckiest citizens. Her pride is genuine. How many cities in the West have Metros as fine as Moscow's? But if she raises her eyes to the Kremlin towers, glittering unforgettably in the sun, she does not realize that they symbolize the enduring qualities of ancient Russia even more than the political enigmas of the new. We should not think of "Kremlin" as just a political word. There are many Kremles in Russia. It means merely "fortress" and, like the Tower of London, the Moscow Kremlin is almost a walled town in itself. Here are churches and palaces, as well as the mysteries of Soviet rule.

Spring means Easter time and, even while the banners and slogans are being hung out for May Day (the big Communist holiday), Shura sees women hurrying along the side streets to the churches with their Easter offerings. There are still women whose memories stretch back over the years and who interpret the march of history in the simplest feminine terms. Shura understands little of her inheritance. She is young. She can remember only Stalin, and his death seems to her at once the most unbelievable and, at the same time, the most human thing he has ever done. But the old *babushka* next door was looking for some embroidery thread the other day. She couldn't find what she needed in the *Mostorg* so she came home and hauled a little box out of her drawer. Shura saw only scraps of thread and some old needles and buttons. But *Babushka* chuckled and shook her head as she pulled out the color she was looking for. "These things I bought and put away before the Nicholas War," she told Shura. "I just thought things might be getting short, and, do you know," she lowered her voice to a whisper, "they have served me ever since."

This war or that war, Nicholas or Stalin or Malenkov, or goodness knows who else, the old woman felt she had won out. +



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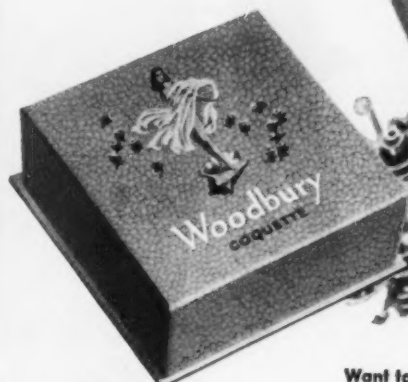
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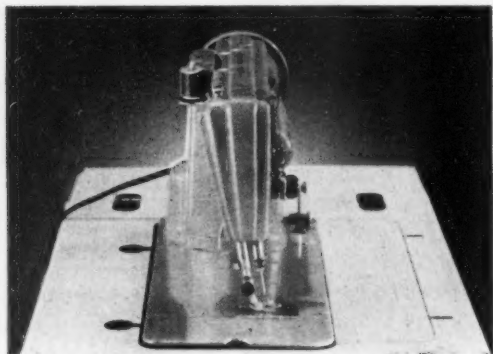
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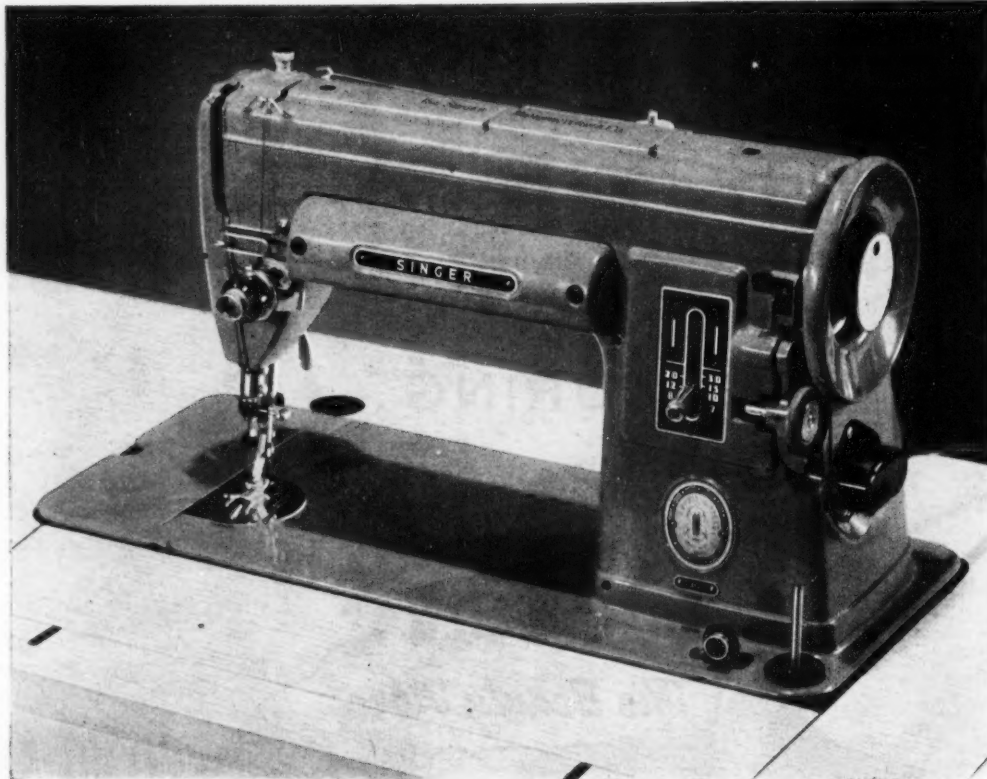
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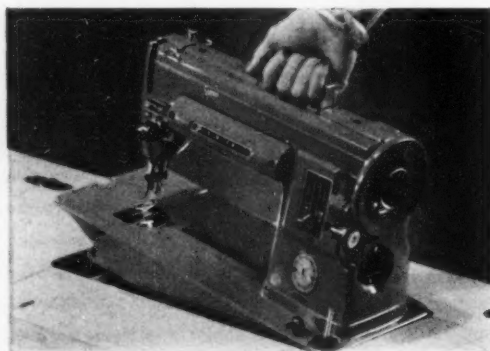
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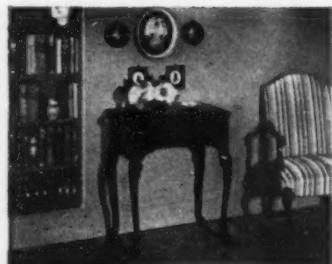
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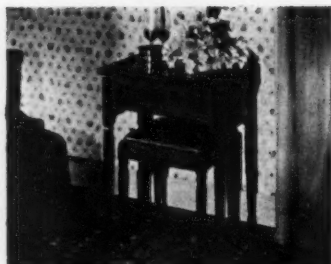
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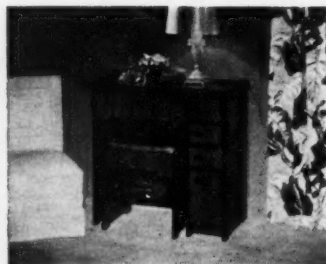
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I'LL REMEMBER YOU

Continued from page 13

"I'm studying to be a Brain," Jeanne said, loving this grown-up intimacy between them, yet not wanting it. She wished with a fleeting nostalgia that they were back on their old footing—bickering amiably, teasing and scolding.

"Sometimes when I think how smart Alan is it scares me to death," Cynthia said. "I wish I hadn't wasted all those years in school and had done a little studying to be a Brain myself."

"You didn't waste them," Jeanne said. "You got Alan, didn't you?"

"Well, yes," Cynthia admitted, her easy confidence restored. "I did, didn't I? And that, my dear sister, was no small accomplishment."

Jeanne was overcome with a rush of love for this beautiful girl who was going away from her forever. "Oh, Cyn, it's not going to be the same—nothing's ever going to be the same again."

"Why, darling, you mustn't feel that way. Of course it's going to be the same. Alan and I will be living right in this very town. You can see us every day—"

Jeanne, in all her thoughts of Alan, had never envisioned him as the husband of her sister. She would not do it now. She shook her head stubbornly and for a brief moment looked like the confused young girl she was.

Cynthia rose, went to her and put her arms about her. "Sometimes I forget that you're only fifteen, darling. I suppose things will seem different to you—for awhile. Your life will be changed—not having me around." Then her voice became light, "There were a good many times when I gathered you would be glad not to have me around any more—"

"Oh, Cyn," Jeanne cried, "don't say that now—"

There was a light tapping at the door and their mother thrust her head in. She looked bright-eyed and fresh in spite of all the activity in the house and the vast demands that had been made on her recently. "What's going on here?" Then she stopped and looked from one daughter to the other. She crossed the room and put her arms knowingly about the two of them and for a moment they stood there as three women, the years bridged between them.

It was Jeanne who turned away first, feeling that some part of her would surely tell them of the horrible confusion that engulfed her—the bereaved, naked feeling of losing her sister and Alan—the fiery, traitorous feeling of loving the man who in a few short hours would be married to her sister. "I'll go change for dinner," she said. "I can't remember washing my face since yesterday."

Their amused, indulgent laughter followed her as she went down the hall to her room and she could hear their voices, low and companionable, go on with talk beyond the wedding to the trip to Mexico.

Instead of bathing, she pulled a red fleece coat from the closet and went downstairs with no thought in mind but to get outside in the cold winter air. The phone rang as she reached the lower hall. Bill Adams' voice came over the wire, lazy and young, "That you, Jeanne?"

"Yes, Bill, I'm in sort of a hurry right now—"

You couldn't hurry Bill. "You about through with that wedding over there?"

"The wedding's tomorrow," Bill knew that of course—the papers had been full of it for weeks. Jeanne felt an almost uncontrollable irritation. "Look, Bill, I can't talk now—"

"Jeanne, what's eating you anyway? Every time I call you're in a hurry or can't talk for some reason. We thought you might like to take a ride in Arnold."

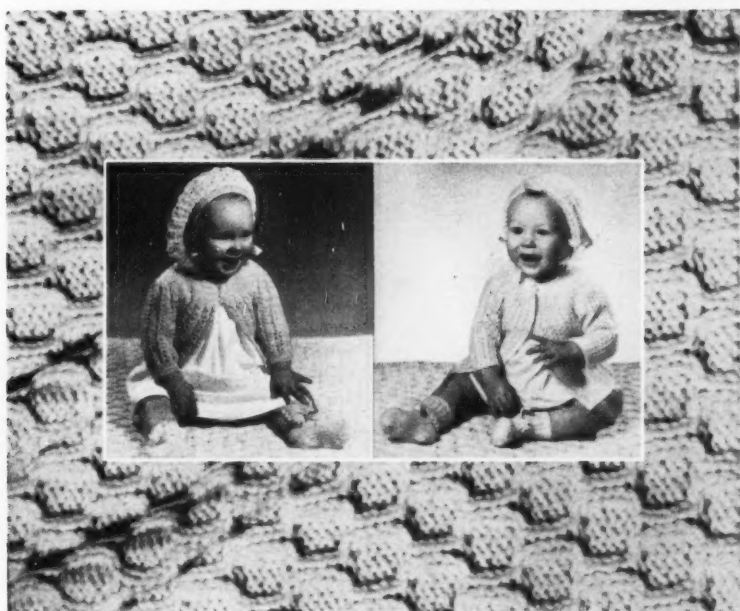


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Elizabeth Arden

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He's all shined up, had his brakes relined. Connie and Lew are over here and Barbara and Eddie. Fresh air'll do you good—put roses in your cheeks for that shindig tomorrow."

Listening to Bill's indolent drawl, Jeanne wondered how she could ever have stood all the years of listening to him, all the years of gorging herself on hamburgers and cokes and, after Bill got his temporary driver's license, of tearing around in Arnold listening to Eddie thump wildly on his mother's old uke

he'd dug out of the attic. It seemed so long ago that she had been wrapped up in that baby stuff. Then she realized she'd hardly seen any of the gang excepting at school since Alan's and Cynthia's wedding date had been set . . . Bill was droning on and on in her ear, the sound of music and hilarity in the background. She would never be able to take up her living again whereshe had left off with it—before she had discovered she was in love with Alan and this terrible aching void had come.

"Bill," she interrupted, not unkindly, "I have to go now—there's so much to be done."

"Okay, okay. But Arnold ain't gonna like it—"

"See you sometime," she said, hanging up. Then she looked up directly into Alan's eyes. "Oh," she said, startled, "I didn't hear you come in."

"Where is everybody?" he asked, grinning at her. "There must be a thousand people in this house and I ring and ring and nary a soul to greet me."

"Why aren't you off to your bachelor's dinner?"

"I am, but I've lost the best man. That ingrate, John Newcombe, who accepted your father's gracious hospitality, isn't where he's supposed to be—"

"You've been to the guest house?"

"I sure have," Alan said, running his fingers abstractedly through his closely cropped fair hair. "Here I am on the very eve of my nuptials and I have to be worrying about the best man who's supposed to be worrying about me. He's probably out communing with the weather—forgot completely where he is and why he's here. I should have put him up in a hotel and locked him in."

"I haven't seen him since noon. He was talking to father about tropical fish."

"Tropical fish, Alaskan seals, African Voodoo, Irish poetry — that's our John—"

"Well, you'd better go on and let John get there by himself." Jeanne's words sounded brusquely adult and scolding.

Alan looked at her quickly. "What's the matter with you?" Then very seriously, he added, "Jeanne, you've been avoiding me these last few days. Is there something about me you suddenly don't like?"

Jeanne could feel the tremor pulling at her chin and lip. "Why, of course not, Alan. There's been so much going on—"

"You come here," Alan said firmly, taking her hand and pulling her into the library. "Now tell me what this is all about," he went on, with mock severity, when they were seated on the couch facing each other. "Have I become a scoundrel because I'm about to marry your only beloved, beautiful sister?" He reached for her hand again and held it tight in his.

Hating herself for it, but powerless to stop them, Jeanne felt the tears rise like stinging knives in her eyes. "Oh, Alan," she said, then stopped abruptly, knowing that saying his name like that was telling him her carefully guarded secret. She knew for certain she had told him, when he looked at her for a long moment then pulled her head down tenderly against his shoulder. She buried her face there, smelling the lingering perfume of Cynthia, the tweedy, pipe-scent of Alan himself, the frosty dampness of the evening.

Alan didn't say anything, only tightened his arms about her, sharing her secret, respecting it. With her face there against him, Jeanne, without knowing it, was telling him that there was more to this than the loving of him; she felt she would never love again; everything young was gone from her—over before she should have had it—gone, lost irrevocably in a chasm between youth and maturity, forced upon her before she was ready and lost.

Finally Alan withdrew his arms and lifted her face in his two hands, his fingers reaching back into her hair, moving in little circles. "Jeanne," he said softly, and then little by little he told her about himself, without seeming to be talking about any one person at all. He told her about his youth and how lonely he had been after his mother died . . . about his grandmother's farm where he spent long hours talking to the trees and hills, the way he meant to



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talk when he became a lawyer . . . about the beautiful, red-headed English teacher he had loved and finally about Cynthia . . . the way she had of looking dedicated when he talked of his work . . . the way she had of looking vulnerable and dependent on him . . . of her beauty and the encouragement she gave him at his low times. "I can't think you will understand all this, Jeanne. It's just a kind of summing up of how things are. Just a way of saying that there is so much ahead for you—that this is a rough jolt, coming too soon. But you have the stuff to take this first rough spot. And I'll be here to help you."

Then he bent and kissed her. It was the first man kiss she had ever had excepting when her father kissed her on the lips by mistake, but it wasn't like that. There was breath and heartbeat and wondering if Alan felt the kiss, too. "Jeanne," Alan said, his voice almost gruff, "you do know what I've been trying to say? You're so—you seem so grown up—not like the other kids your age—sometimes it's hard to believe that you're not even sixteen yet—"

"Yes, Alan," she whispered, "I know—" But she didn't know. She only knew that Alan was trying in some strange man way to soothe her—to flatter her with something she didn't quite deserve.

Alan looked into her eyes. "You all right now?"

"Yes, I'm fine."

He rose and pulled her to her feet. "Here," he said, kissing her lightly on the cheek, "this is for my bride before she goes to sleep—give it to her—and this," kissing her other cheek, "is for my sister." His hands were warm on hers. "And remember I'll be here if you need me—"

When he had gone, without finding John, Jeanne went out through the kitchen to tell Annie that she didn't want any dinner. "Tell mother I'll have a tray later—I—I think I'll take a nap—"

"Going to take a nap in your coat I suppose," Annie said dourly, with the familiarity bred of years of service. She splashed water onto her big hands and wiped them on the corner of her apron.

"I'm just going to take a little walk down to the river—"

"And have the sniffles for your sister's wedding tomorrow. That's what you're going to do," Annie declared. "You're looking peaked right now—though it'd be hard for a body to tell with all that lipstick making you look white as a ghost." She looked at Jeanne's long-sleeved black sweater disapprovingly. "That sweater's too little for you. You march yourself right up to the attic and put it in the church box and get to bed. I'll bring the heating pad—"

"Oh, Annie," Jeanne said affectionately, "I'm fine. Never felt better." She took a cookie, freshly baked, to prove it.

Automatically Annie reached out and gave her another one. "You got no business to be walking along the river alone at this time of day—it's 'most dark—can't tell who's hanging around—with all the wedding silver and stuff in the house."

Jeanne gave her a quick hug and went out the door, pulling on her coat. "You've got enough to worry about, Annie, without worrying about me." Then she was outside with the fresh,

coldly wet air brushing against her face and hair.

She walked without purpose down to the stone wall which leaned with granite obstinacy against the lower lawn preventing rich topsoil from becoming river. There were steps on the river side of the wall, contoured now with the snow. Jeanne pulled her coat about her and sat on the top step looking at the darkening water, going over and over the words Alan had spoken to her. She put her hand to her face where the kiss

he had given her for herself still seemed to linger. "For my sister," he had said. She wondered why she felt no shame that he knew she loved him. He had been so kind, so gentle and understanding. Remembering that, her love for him grew until there was no part of her free to escape the terrible ache. She wished she could cry, but the easy tears of childhood were denied her and she must feel the dry choking in her throat and the burning that came behind her eyes.

After awhile she saw that the snow had stopped and the stars were coming out, frostily bright, striking light prisms from the water gone silver. Then she saw a dark figure moving toward her along the river's edge. For a moment she remembered Annie's warning, but even fear was not strong enough to push aside the uncaring lethargy. She stood watching the figure become the shape of a man and finally she could make out something familiar about his carriage, head down, hands

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thrust into coat pockets—John Newcombe.

He looked up and saw her. "Hello," he called, "what are you doing out here in the weather?"

"I was about to ask you the same thing. Alan was here hunting for you. You're supposed to be at a dinner."

He came up and sat down beside her. "So I was," he admitted, laughing. "I knew there was something I was supposed to be doing tonight. These big weddings confuse me—I feel like a mole when I get out among so many people—"

"Why? Do you work in a diamond mine?"

"Not diamonds exactly. We do try to ferret out little gems of wisdom. I'm a chemist—the research kind—three-fourths of my life is spent in the lab and the other fourth in bed."

"Oh, yes, Alan was telling us about the things you do with plastics—"

"Plastics, nylon, zelon, sawdust—always trying to find a substitute for the substitute."

She didn't want to talk. She wanted him to go away and leave her alone. There was something she must learn tonight before she could face Alan tomorrow. She must learn how to make Alan think that she had understood what he was trying to tell her. She must smile at him and make him feel that everything was all right, as she had told him it was. She could almost know what he had been trying to make her understand, yet could not quite grasp it. *What is the matter with me, she thought, what is it? What is it?* It was as though she were trying to breathe the scent of flowers not yet born; to read the

numbers on dice not yet cast, to know the soothing rainlike sound of leaves not wet.

"Have I suddenly become invisible?" John Newcombe asked. "We haven't seen much of each other—as a matter of fact I've only seen you two or three times since I came but we're not exactly strangers. You've been sitting there as though I'm not here—you haven't been listening to a word I said."

"Oh, I'm sorry, I—I was thinking. We're all a little tired I guess. There's been so much to do." She was hardly aware of what she was saying, only making talk until he should go away. "There's something pagan about all this wedding fuss—"

He leaned over and looked at her intently. "You mean to say you don't approve of these big weddings?"

"Oh, they're all right, I suppose. Mothers always seem to want them. I certainly wouldn't want one. I don't think I'd feel married after all the fuss. I'd feel more like a merchant with all those gifts, or like a secretary with all the thank-you's to write, or like a model with all the new clothes—"

"I never heard a woman talk like that before—"

Woman! Was it possible he didn't know she was the kid sister? Of course he didn't know. Who would bother to tell him that with all the excitement and confusion. There was a small indefinable sense of power in the knowledge that to him she had no age. She felt a little warmed as though she'd come upon a small fire in the snowy wilderness. "Have you known Alan long?"

"For ever and ever," he said. "Since we were six and giving each other black

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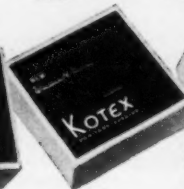
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eyes. He's a great guy—I hope Cynthia—" He broke off abruptly as though suddenly embarrassed.

"You hope this Cynthia he's about to marry is good enough for him, is that it?"

"I forgot for a minute that she's your sister."

"Well, she's the best," Jeanne said with spirit. "The very best."

"I didn't think sisters were supposed to feel that way about each other. I was under the impression that there is an innate jealousy between sisters—"

"What disillusioned you so young in life?" she asked, feeling a tiny spark of pride in the sophisticated sound of the words.

"I was about to ask you the same thing," he said. "You sound as though you were mad at the whole world."

She sighed and the sound trembled on the still night air. She didn't answer. The sigh seemed effective enough. She was almost glad that he was there. There was a sort of challenge in talking to him—as if they were playing an elaborate chess game, the checkmate being his discerning her age.

"Do you approve of your soon-to-be brother-in-law?"

She could answer that honestly and straightforwardly. "Yes. Alan's perfect!"

He leaned forward and peered intently into her eyes. "Well," he said, "that kind of approval should make for a nice cozy little family group."

She held her breath for an instant. Had she said too much? She must be careful . . .

"We seem to be fighting—" he said.

She couldn't think of an answer to that, but it wasn't necessary for suddenly he reached out and covered her hand with his. "Let's back up and start over," he said. "The night's too beautiful for this kind of talk. Hello, there, what are you doing out in the weather?"

She took it up lightly, "I was just about to ask you the same thing. Aren't you supposed to be at a dinner?"

"Yes, I am. But it's much nicer being here with you."

She felt a slight quickening of her heartbeat and was relieved when he withdrew his hand and reached in his pocket for a cigarette. He offered her one and for a moment she was tempted to take it, but checked herself in time. When the light: went up to his face, she realized that John Newcombe was a very good-looking young man; Alan's age, of course, he had said so—twenty-six. His eyes looked dark and intense in the quick flare of the lighter and the planes of his face were clearly defined, high cheekbones, deep-cleft chin. There was almost a foreign look about him. Or was it the rather peculiar circumstance of this meeting that made him seem that way to her? Her heart really commenced to pound in earnest and she had a feeling akin to panic that she would betray her too few years. She couldn't have said why, but it seemed very important to her that she carry this thing through for the space of this one meeting. Let him find out tomorrow—he would be going away—she would never see him again. She knew, quite suddenly, that if it hadn't been for Alan, John Newcombe could be a Heartthrob. There was some vibrant quality about him that was beginning

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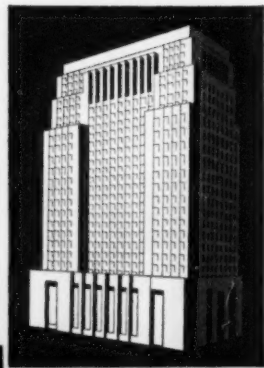
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*Extract from Van Marshall's prize-winning essay in nation-wide competition for High School Students, sponsored by The Bank of Nova Scotia.



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• YOUR PARTNER IN HELPING CANADA GROW

to intrigue her. She lifted her head and felt her hair bounce off the shoulders of her coat.

"This setting suits you," he said, looking about at the white world.

"Why do you say that?" she asked, feeling as if some power outside herself were there to give her words.

"Because it's beautiful, gently and quietly beautiful."

This was not a line, she felt sure. If any of the boys she knew had said something like that, it would have sounded foolish but it didn't sound that way when John Newcombe said it.

"Those—those are nice words," she managed, groping a bit.

"What do you do, Jeanne. That's your name, isn't it?"

"Yes, John. That's your name, isn't it? I'm still in school—it seems there's never an end to school." She had to think what effect it would have on him if she told him the truth—"I'm a sophomore at Central High—I still take gym and do elephant walks around the room—"

"I don't mean that. What do you really do."

That was not hard to answer. "I read," she said honestly.

"Anything in particular?"

"In particular right now, Virginia Woolf. Last week it was Faulkner and forever there's Tolstoy. I can't get through WAR AND PEACE." She didn't add that she couldn't even get started on it.

"Impeccable taste, too," he said. "I would have guessed it."

She remembered what Alan had said about Irish poetry and it was easy enough to turn the conversation to James Joyce for a bit. She confessed she couldn't appreciate ULYSSES—which was true because she hadn't read it—and he laughed. "It's a taste you



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have to cultivate, I suppose, like learning to like beer," he said. "When I discovered him, I pulled the shades down for fear someone would think I was addled while I tried to figure out the 'agenbite of inwit.'"

"Joyce is a writer's writer," she said, glad that she had read the editor's introduction to DUBLINERS. And so the conversation went there on the snowy steps above the moving water, with John doing most of the talking. Presently he turned to her. "I'm hungry."

"So am I," she confessed. "If we go up to the house, Annie will feed us. Alan will never forgive you for running out on him tonight."

"Alan's used to me. Going to dinners wasn't in the bargain when I told him I'd come."

"You sound anti-social."

"That I very definitely am."

"I think I am, too," Jeanne said, not feeling that she was shaving the truth a bit too fine. Certainly she had had no desire to see people these past few weeks. She didn't want to go up to the house and somehow knew that he didn't want to either.

She looked back toward the house where every window was glowing, sending warm oblongs across the glistening white. He followed her glance. "Annie has enough to do tonight without bothering about us," he said. "Let's go up and get my car and find a nice place where they serve steaks about three inches thick."

"I know the very place," she said. "It's on out on the river road at Key Point. There's music and there won't be a crowd yet." She often went to Key Point with her family. None of the gang ever went there—it was strictly older-generation.

When he took her arm to help her up the step, she felt a peculiar trembling. For a moment she thought she must tell him the truth. But that would be silly, she thought, he's not going to make a pass at me. He isn't the type and certainly I could handle it if he did.

"This is quite a place you have here," he said.

"Dad always wanted a farm."

"It's the first farm I ever saw that had a swimming pool—"

"You should come in the summer," she said, "it's much nicer then."

"I can imagine," he said, and she thought he sounded, well, not sarcastic—perhaps rueful was the word.

"Alan's going to have a lot to live up to," he went on, and she had the odd feeling that he wasn't speaking of Alan at all, that he was speaking of someone and herself. Again she felt the trembling and with it a sudden desire to rush on ahead of him and find her mother and father and Annie and Cyn and have them worry about her because she hadn't had her dinner and had been out so long in the cold bareheaded. And she hadn't washed her face. She must look terrible. When they reached the garages, she told him she would be right back.

She slipped into the house and up the back stairs without meeting a soul. The warmth and familiarity of her room restored her confidence. Hurriedly she scrubbed her face, dabbed on fresh lipstick and brushed her tangled hair. At the last minute, she put on the tiny dangle earrings which had belonged to her grandmother, turning her head from side to side, liking the effect. She

scribbled a note saying that John Newcombe had missed his dinner and they were going out for something to eat and would be right back. The note looked very innocent there against the glass where pictures of Bill and Connie and Barbara were tucked about the frame. Of course, she told herself, it's perfectly all right for me to go out with the best man. He's our guest and it's our duty to see that he's fed. I can do that much to help. Resolutely she pushed the little gnawing doubt from

her. She felt as if she were on a merry-go-round, compelled to stay until the last circle had been made. It seemed days ago that she had talked with Alan. Already it had a dreamlike quality. She tried to recall his face but Alan's face became John Newcombe's face and a tiny shiver of excitement ran through her. She grabbed up a bag, and went out into the hall and down the back stairs.

It was pleasant to ride through the vast, snow-filled night

beside John. They didn't talk. There didn't seem to be any need for talk. She told herself how foolish she had been to be afraid of coming. It seemed right to be there with the radio playing softly, the familiar countryside slipping past. Now and then John hummed bits along with the music and he might have been her father or Bill, even.

She decided she didn't want a steak after all. She wanted fried chicken and mashed potatoes and a jelly salad. When Manley brought their dinner, she

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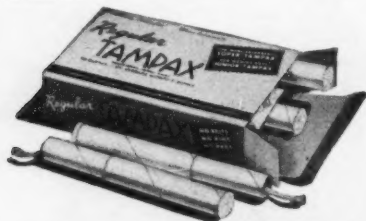
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thought, for a paralyzed moment, that he might be going to ask her if tomatoes still gave her hives. She didn't look up and he didn't ask, though certainly he would have a right to—tomatoes had been giving her hives all the years she had been coming here, and all those years, her salads had come to her bereft of them because of Manley's thoughtfulness. As though in some vague kind of dream, she heard him say, "Will there be anything else, Miss Meredith?" Miss Meredith, and she had been Jeanne to him since she was ten! She looked up quickly, but there was no teasing in his eyes. Had something happened to her, miraculously, that even Manley could sense it? She was sure it had, when John looked across at her with the same look she had seen Alan give Cynthia a hundred times. "Everything all right?" he asked.

"Fine," she said, but she wasn't very hungry after all. She pushed the food around on her plate, wishing, unaccountably, that Annie were hovering somewhere near, admonishing her to "Eat up every last bite."

Then she saw that John wasn't eating his steak. "Is it too rare?" she asked, feeling personally responsible.

"It's probably the best steak I ever had," he said. "Jeanne, all this wedding business has thrown me off the beam. I was so sure I knew where I was going and where Alan was going. We used to talk about it. Then all of a sudden, Alan isn't interested in talk any more. He knows where he's going—"

"Is that so strange?" She tilted her head, hearing the silver tinkle of the earrings. "It's time Alan knows where he's going."

"No," John said. "It isn't strange at all, I suppose, but I didn't stop to think



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about it until back there on the steps awhile ago—"

Jeanne felt a hot rush of blood to her cheeks. This was no longer a game. She was frightened. Somewhere the game had left off and she felt as though she were on a high cliff pushed by strong winds. Her head was hot and her hands cold—she wanted to blurt out, "Oh, John, don't talk like this!"

"Have you ever believed in quick love, Jeanne?"

"No, John!" The pressure of the situation, so far beyond her control now, was all about her, focused violently upon her, destroying her ability to think. "No," she repeated, and he looked at her in surprise. She knew it wasn't the answer he expected—the answer he had been led to expect—but there was a desperate sense of wanting to tell the truth. "I've—I've always thought that people—sort of grew to love each other by discovering that they like the same things — by — by finding out they're alike—"

"Does that take time?"

She didn't have to answer. Manley came to remove the dessert plates and the orchestra, with a slow sweet note, swung into a waltz. "Let's dance, Jeanne. Or don't you like to waltz?"

She knew he wanted to dance because he wanted to hold her. That's what dancing is for. Often enough she had thought that when older boys, friends of Cynthia's, had asked her to dance not guessing that she was so much younger. That wasn't what Bill or Lew or Eddie used dancing for; they used it to show off—for the sheer delight of movement like exuberant puppies. "I love to waltz," she said truthfully.

He held her with a gentle closeness that frightened her far more than a breathy, wolfish grasp would have. It was as though he thought her very precious. They didn't talk until the dance was ended. "I knew you'd dance like that, Jeanne," he said, and there they were again, the words of a line, but not fitting into a line the way he said them.

"I think I could waltz until forever," she said. Then the music moved into a fast rumba and it seemed a good time to suggest leaving. "There's much to be done tomorrow," she said.

"Yes," he said, as though only half hearing. "I suppose you need your sleep—"

"So do you. You have to keep Alan on his two feet—" Alan. Oh, if Alan were only here to tell me what to do! She wanted her family more than she had ever wanted them in her life.

Then they were in the car and Jeanne felt a vast relief that they were on their way home. All she wanted to do was take a hot bath and crawl into bed.

Halfway home he asked, "When will I see you, Jeanne—after the wedding?" The way he said it there was no mistaking what he meant.

Jeanne had a fleeting sense of something that might be pity for him, but there was too much genuine fright for her to try to define the feeling. "You'll be leaving, won't you?" she said, surprised that her voice sounded normal.

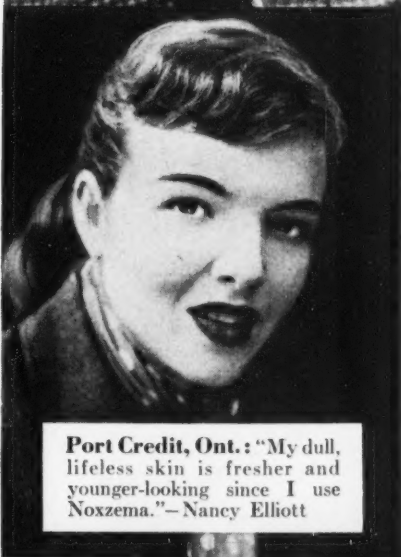
"I could stay on for a few days. Alan's been trying to persuade me to use his apartment—says I need a vacation—"

Then, evading his question, she asked

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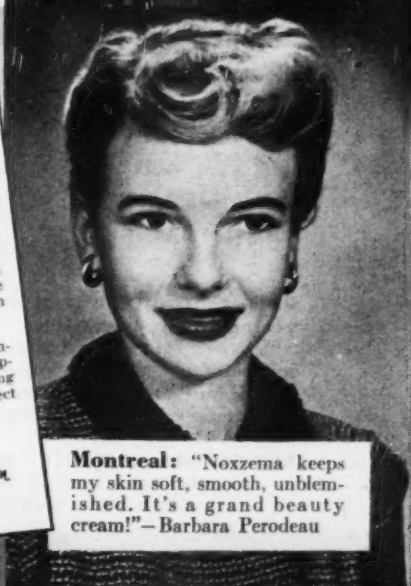
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awkwardly about the chemical plant where he worked and was grateful that he talked about his job the rest of the way home.

He pulled the car into the driveway and turned to her. "Jeanne, you didn't tell me when I can see you again—"

She began to shiver and could not look up to meet his eyes. He put his hand on her arm. "Why, Jeanne, what is it? What's the matter?"

"Oh, John, I shouldn't have gone with you letting you think—I'm not what you think I am." Then she must tell him and sit there ashamed, stripped of every last bit of pride. "I'm—I'm only fifteen. I'm just a sophomore in high school . . ."

He was quiet so long she thought he was violently angry with her. Finally he patted her shoulder as he would a bewildered, frightened child. "Why didn't you tell me, Jeanne—there at the beginning—when we were sitting on the steps—"

"I don't know," she admitted miserably. "I couldn't think. I've been all mixed up inside—ever since I knew Alan was going to marry Cynthia."

"You said that backwards. Don't you mean ever since you knew Cynthia was going to marry Alan?"

"Yes, I suppose so—"

Again he was quiet for a long while. When he spoke, his voice was grave and gentle. "Jeanne, have you thought you were in love with Alan?"

"Yes. Alan is so wonderful. I thought I was in love with him—until tonight—until a while ago—"

"You poor kid. Then you got so scared you wanted to go right back to being fifteen again and a sophomore in high school—is that it?"

"Yes," she said in a very small voice. "Oh, John, I'm so sorry this happened. I feel so ashamed—"

He didn't tell her that it was all right—that she needn't be sorry. He lit a cigarette and said thoughtfully, "This wedding's thrown you off, too. It's made you want to go ahead too fast—"

His words sounded familiar and then

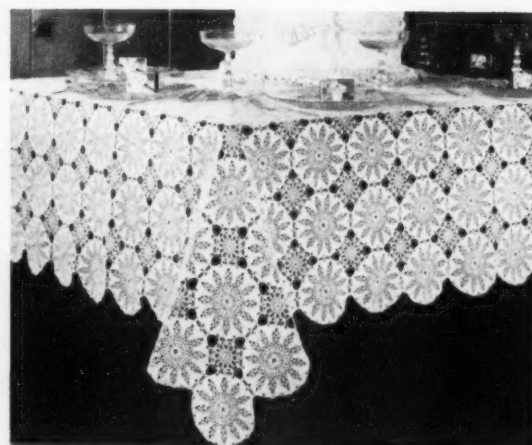
she knew that he was saying what Alan had been trying to make her understand. He went on, "It wasn't Alan you were in love with—he just happened to be around handy—it's the whole grown-up business of the wedding that's mixed you up. You've been feeling left out. You've got it all ahead of you, Jeanne. Don't try to rush it."

"I won't." And she knew she wouldn't. Neither could she go all the way back to the place she had known before. When she thought of Alan there was a tiny thrust of pain, but the feeling quickly passed as though she were only remembering it, not actually feeling it. Then as though a curtain were suddenly pulled aside allowing her a quick glimpse of a secret canvas, she saw two figures—both herself—child and woman. The figures were blurred, neither of them quite in focus and only the child had dimension, then the curtain flicked and the image was gone.

John got out of the car and came around to open the door for her. He stood looking down at her for a moment. She felt an overwhelming gratitude to him for not being angry with her—for having understood. *I'll always remember you, John Newcombe*, she thought, and smiled at him.

"That's the stuff," he said, grinning, laying his finger gently on the smile.

When he had taken her to the door and gone around to the guest house, she stood looking at the snow. It spread away from the house climbing the hill to the north. It would be a perfect night for a big fire and a sled party, she thought, throwing back her head and breathing deeply of the wonderful air. Bill Adams liked nothing better than to build great roaring fires in the abandoned quarry up above Key Point and tomorrow night would be the very night for it. Bill could pick up Lew and Connie, Barbara and Eddie, the sleds and the uke and that would take up every bit of room in Arnold excepting a space big enough for her beside Bill. There should be a moon tomorrow night. Oh, it would be beautiful! +



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Where do you put radiators in a room this modern?

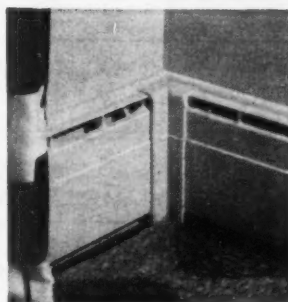
The most modern touch in this room is something you probably wouldn't even notice.

That's because it was designed to be inconspicuous. It was also designed to answer the question: "Where do you put radiators when you go modern?"

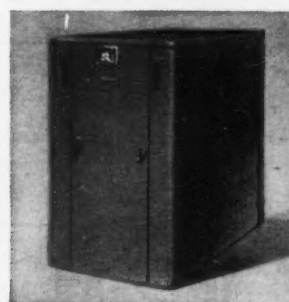
Crane's Radiant Baseboard Panel heating is the answer. Look closely. It runs under the window and along the far wall. Because it looks like a baseboard, you'd never know it was a radiator. You can paint it to match the wall—or even to look like wood.

And it's the modern method of heating too. You get heat at floor level, where it should be. What's more, it not only holds the heat better, but spreads it around the room instead of concentrating it at one spot.

You'll want to consider the advantages of these Baseboard Panels whenever you are planning to build a new home or modernize the old. Ask your Plumbing and Heating Contractor—or write Crane General Office—for full information about them . . . and about any other particular heating subject in which you are interested.



Rooms are easy to decorate with Crane Radiant Baseboard Panels. Walls are left free and clear.



Crane heating systems are available for all fuels—hot water or steam—all methods of firing.

for every home . . . for every budget

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the preferred heating

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18 Canadian Branches

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Chatelaine Meals of the Month

September

	BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON OR SUPPER	DINNER		BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON OR SUPPER	DINNER
TUE 1	Orange Halves Whole-grain Cereal Toast Jam	Beef Noodle Soup Molded Vegetable Salad Sliced Tomatoes Tea Biscuits Honey	Lamb Stew with Dumplings Green Beans Tossed Salad Ice Cream Chocolate Sauce	SUN 20	Orange Juice Whole-grain Cereal Waffles Syrup	Tomato Juice Assorted Toasted Sandwiches Relishes Grape Tapioca Pudding *	Shank of Ham Fruit Chutney Baked Potatoes Brussels Sprouts Apple Pie with Cheese
WED 2	Fresh Grapes Whole-grain Cereal Grilled Bacon Toast	Baked Stuffed Eggplant Sliced Cucumbers and Green Peppers Apple Compôte Cookies	Meat Patties Broiled Peach Halves Pan-fried Potatoes Succotash Butterscotch Pudding	MON 21	Chilled Melon Whole-grain Cereal Toast Honey	Cheese Soufflé Carrot, Celery and Olive Salad Stewed Pears Cookies	French Onion Soup Cold Sliced Ham Scalloped Potatoes Baked Squash Raisin and Orange Pudding
THU 3	Whole-grain Cereal with Fresh Peaches Toast Marmalade	Cream of Mushroom Soup Peanut Butter and Banana Sandwiches Spice Cup Cakes	Barbecued Spareribs Fluffy Rice Broccoli Salad Bowl Fresh Fruit Cheese Tray	TUE 22	Mixed Fruit Juices Whole-grain Cereal Toast Jelly	Asparagus Soup Minced Ham and Pickle Sandwich Celery Sticks Butter Tarts	Beef Roman * Cold Sliced Ham Buttered Carrots Cabbage Grape Niagara *
FRI 4	Tomato Juice Whole-grain Cereal Blueberry Muffins	Welsh Rarebit Dill Pickles Green Salad Bowl Peaches and Cream	Baked Fillets of Haddock Parsley Potatoes Corn on the Cob Lemon Snow Grape Sauce	WED 23	Half Grapefruit Whole-grain Cereal Coffee Cake	Parsley Omelet Carrot and Raisin Salad Chocolate Mint Blanc Manger Cookies	Minute Steaks Creamed Potatoes Harvard Beets Marmalade Bread Pudding
SAT 5	Grapefruit Juice Whole-grain Cereal Toast Jelly	Wieners in Buns Dill Pickles Salad Bowl Jellied Fruit	Swiss Steak Mashed Potatoes Fried Tomatoes and Green Peppers Raisin Rice Pudding	THU 24	Apple Juice with Lemon Whole-grain Cereal Soft-cooked Egg Toast	Oxtail Soup Open-face Peanut Butter and Coleslaw Sandwiches Assorted Pickles Iced Doughnuts	Sausage Rolls Tomato Sauce Mashed Carrots Green Beans Peach Marshmallow Frost *
SUN 6	Orange Juice Whole-grain Cereal French Toast Syrup	Fresh Fruit Salad Plate (Pears, Peaches, Grapes and Cream Cheese) Toasted Scones Chocolate Pudding	Roast Chicken Tart Jelly Browned Potatoes Creamed Cauliflower Fresh Plum Crisp	FRI 25	Orange Juice Whole-grain Cereal Toast Cheese Jam	Poached Eggs on Toast Celery and Carrot Sticks Ice Cream Sundae Cookies	Salmon in Potato Crust Broccoli Tomato Salad Ginger Pear Upside-Down Cake
MON 7	Fresh Grapes Whole-grain Cereal Toasted Scones Honey	Corn on the Cob Tomato and Lettuce Salad Caramel Cup Custard Cookies	Chicken Pie with Mashed Potato Topping Savory Spinach Raw Relishes Cantaloupe à la mode	SAT 26	Grapefruit Juice Whole-grain Cereal Toasted Scones Conserve	Baked Stuffed Potatoes with Cheese Carrot Coleslaw Apple Crisp	Mother's Night Off. Father takes the family out for dinner
TUE 8	Mixed Fruit Juices Whole-grain Cereal Toast Jam	Pepper Pot Soup Chopped Egg Sandwich Celery Sticks Butter Tarts	Boiled Tongue Raisin Sauce Parsley Potatoes Buttered Carrots Peach Fritters Lemon Sauce	SUN 27	Sliced Oranges Whole-grain Cereal Scrambled Eggs Toast	Tomato Soup Tuna and Vegetable Salad Hot Rolls Chocolate Rennet Dessert	Stuffed Flank Steak Mashed Potatoes Glazed Carrots Frosted Angel Cake
WED 9	Sliced Oranges Whole-grain Cereal Jelly Omelet Toast	Asparagus Soup Sliced Tongue Hot Potato Salad Celery Relishes Ice Cream Cookies	Breaded Veal Cutlets Tomato Sauce Mashed Potatoes Brussels Sprouts Ginger Tapioca Pudding	MON 28	Chilled Melon Whole-grain Cereal Grilled Bacon Toast	Spanish Rice Raw Relishes Angel Cake (leftover)	Corned Beef and Cabbage Parsley Potatoes Tossed Salad Peach Compôte Cookies
THU 10	Stewed Prunes with Lemon Whole-grain Cereal Toast Marmalade	Fresh Tomato Corn Casserole * Green Salad Bowl Blanc Manger with Peaches	Broiled Kidneys and Sausages Parsley Potatoes Buttered Beets Grape Apple Pie with Crumbs Topping *	TUE 29	Mixed Fruit Juices Whole-grain Cereal Muffins Honey	Chicken and Rice Soup Jellied Cucumber and Pineapple Salad Bananas and Cream Cookies	Spaghetti and Meat Balls Green Beans Salad Bowl Raisin Tarts à la mode
FRI 11	Grapefruit Juice Whole-grain Cereal Toast Jelly	Celery Soup Salmon Sandwiches Carrot Sticks Prune Whip Custard Sauce	Fruit Cup Baked Potatoes Broiled Tomatoes Cauliflower au Gratin Coconut Layer Cake	WED 30	Tomato Juice Whole-grain Cereal Toast Marmalade	Vegetable Chowder Crackers Toasted Muffins Cheese Grape and Pear Jam *	Glazed Ham Steak Baked Potatoes Spinach Dutch Apple Cake Lemon Sauce
SAT 12	Apple Juice with Lemon Whole-grain Cereal Toast Conserve	Creamed Peas and Bacon on Toast Tomato and Lettuce Salad Layer Cake (leftover)	Stuffed Cabbage Rolls Mashed Potatoes Julienne Carrots Lemon Sponge Pudding				
SUN 13	Half Grapefruit Whole-grain Cereal Grilled Sausage Toast	Deviled Eggs Mixed Vegetable Salad Celery Curls Jam Turnovers	Rolls Rib Roast of Beef Yorkshire Pudding Roast Potatoes Broccoli Fresh Peach Ice Cream				
MON 14	Orange Juice Whole-grain Cereal Toast Honey	Vegetable Soup Roast Beef Sandwiches Sweet Pickles Date Squares	Braised Ox Tails Buttered Noodles Vegetable Marrow Baked Apple Dumplings				
TUE 15	Tomato Juice Whole-grain Cereal Muffins Conserve	Macaroni and Cheese Pear and Grape Salad Maple Rennet Dessert Cookies	Shepherd's Pie Creamed Celery Salad Bowl Grape Roll *				
WED 16	Mixed Fruit Juices Whole-grain Cereal Soft-cooked Egg Toast	Corn Scallop Chili Sauce Salad Greens Bowl of Fresh Fruit	Liver Loaf Mashed Potatoes Baked Squash Plum Roly Poly				
THU 17	Grapefruit Juice Whole-grain Cereal Toast Cheese Jelly	Toasted Bacon Sandwiches Carrot Sticks Cup Cakes	Boiled Brisket Parsley Potatoes Buttered Cabbage Fruit Cup Cookies				
FRI 18	Orange Halves Whole-grain Cereal Toasted Scones Spiced Peach Jam *	Pancakes with Jelly and Cottage Cheese Apple and Celery Salad Milk Sherbet Cookies	Fish and Chips Stewed Tomatoes Salad Bowl Gingerbread à la Mode				
SAT 19	Grape Juice Whole-grain Cereal Toast Marmalade	Scrambled Eggs on Toast Sliced Tomatoes and Cucumbers Applesauce Gingerbread (leftover)	Beef Liver Creole Mashed Potatoes Buttered Beets Circle 8 Peach Cake *				

Chatelaine Recipe of the Month

FRESH TOMATO CORN CASSEROLE

- | | |
|---------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| 1 green pepper | 1/4 teaspoon pepper |
| 2 medium onions | 1/4 teaspoon paprika |
| 4 large tomatoes | 2 1/2 teaspoons brown sugar |
| 1 3/4 cups cooked fresh corn OR | 1 tablespoon butter or margarine |
| 1 (14-ounce) can kernel corn | 2 tablespoons flour |
| 3/4 teaspoon salt | 4 to 6 slices of bacon |

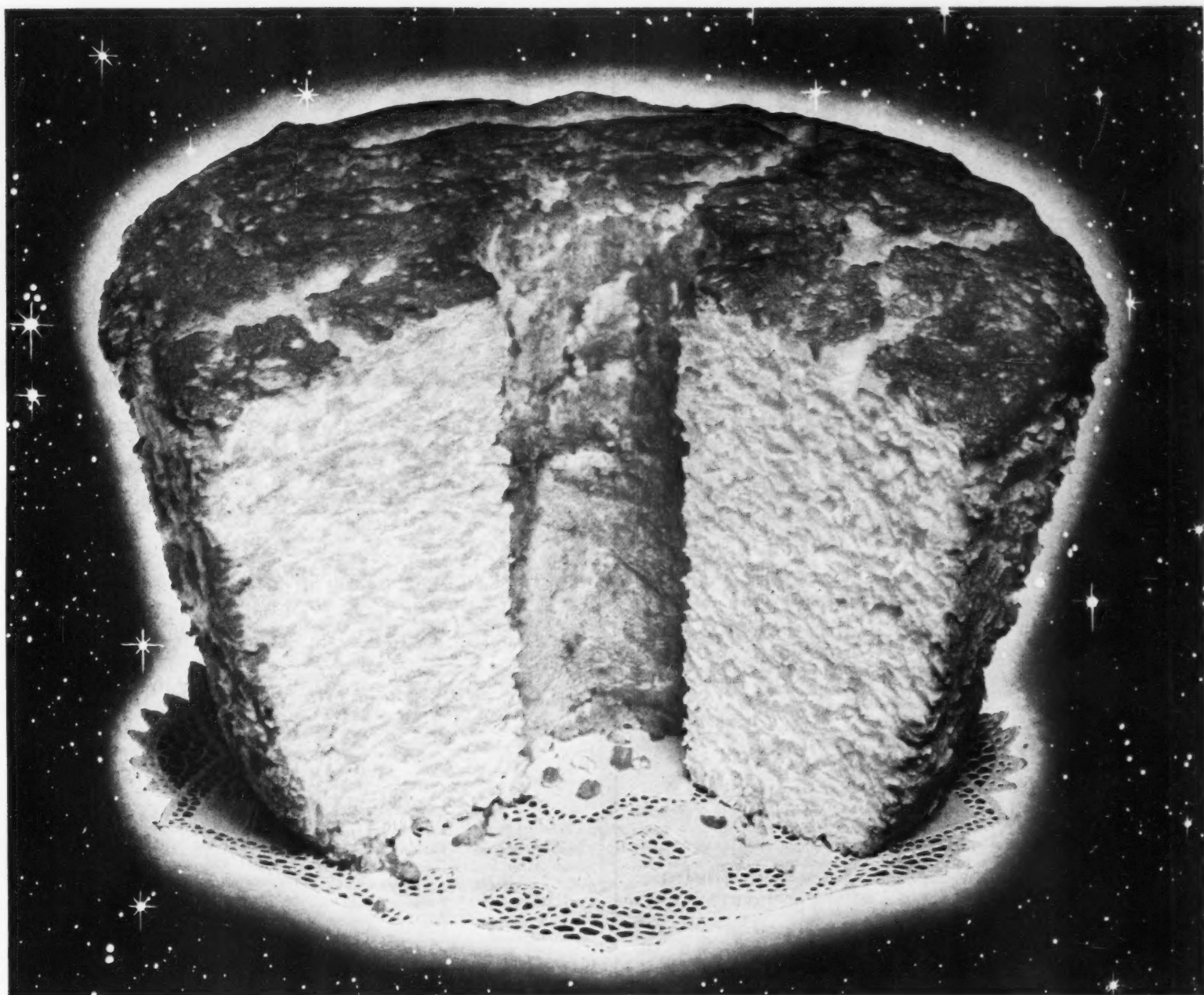
Remove seeds and veins of green pepper and slice. Skin onions and tomatoes and slice. Place vegetables in alternate layers in a greased 1 1/2-quart casserole, sprinkling sugar over the tomatoes and salt, pepper and paprika over the other layers. Cover and bake in a hot oven (400 deg. F.) for 30 minutes.

Remove cover, drain vegetables and measure stock. There should be 1 cup (add water if necessary). Melt butter or

margarine in a saucepan, blend in flour and then the vegetable stock. Cook, stirring constantly until thick and smooth. Pour thickened stock back over the vegetables. Arrange bacon slices on top and place casserole uncovered in a very hot oven (450 deg. F.) until bacon is crisp (15 to 20 minutes). Serve with hot fluffy rice and a tossed green salad. Makes 4 servings.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

* Recipe appears elsewhere in this issue



Another **Robin Hood** triumph!

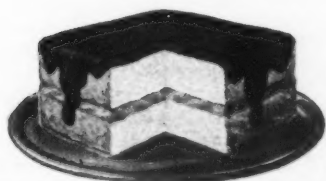
Just add water to new Robin Hood Angel Food Cake Mix, beat and bake. And look! The lightest, tenderest, *biggest* angel food cake of your life!

Contains 13 egg whites, 14 full ounces of complete ingredients. No other angel food cake mix gives you such a towering-tall cake, such a temptingly tender beauty. Serves 10 or 12 generously.

More economical than the old-fashioned way. No egg yolks left over. No waste.

Made by Robin Hood, the maker of these other fine mixes: Robin Hood White Cake Mix, Robin Hood Chocolate Cake Mix, Robin Hood Easy Bisk and Robin Hood Gingerbread Mix.

Start baking heavenly angel food today with new Robin Hood Angel Food Cake Mix. You'll say there's never been a mix like it!



No need to use a special angel food cake pan.

You get the same luscious dream of a cake with square or loaf pans. See directions on the package.

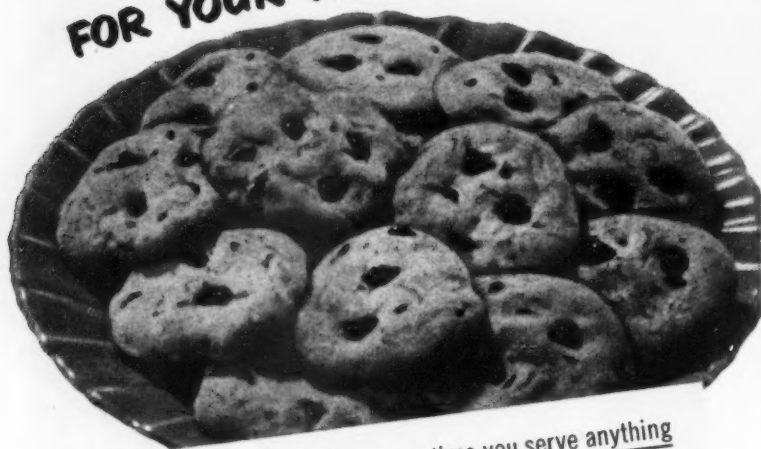


New Robin Hood Angel Food Cake Mix



Something CHOCOLATE

FOR YOUR FAMILY'S PLEASURE



What a break for the family anytime you serve anything chocolate. That is, of course, if it's made with one of the BAKER'S Chocolate Products. Pure, full-flavored, rich and always dependable for results

Best Chocolate Chip Cookies Ever!

CRISP AND CRUNCHY OUT-OF-THIS-WORLD GOLDEN COOKIES

1/2 to 1/2 cup shortening
1/2 cup granulated sugar
1/4 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
1 egg, well beaten
1 cup sifted flour
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/2 teaspoon baking soda
1 package Baker's Chocolate Chips
1/2 cup chopped nut meats
1 teaspoon vanilla

Cream shortening, add sugars gradually; cream until fluffy. Add egg and mix thoroughly. Sift flour once, measure, add salt and soda; sift again. Add flour in two parts; mix well. Add chocolate chips, nuts, vanilla; mix thoroughly. Drop from teaspoon on ungreased baking sheet, about 2 inches apart. Bake in moderate oven (375° F.) 10 to 12 minutes. Makes about 50 cookies.

THE CHIPS IN A CARTON

DIFFERENT FROSTING "CHOCOLATE EGGNOG"

Here's a quite different type of cake frosting made wonderfully rich in true chocolate flavor by Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate.

Melt 3 squares Baker's Chocolate in double boiler. Remove from heat. Add 1 1/2 cups sifted icing sugar and 2 tbsps. hot water; blend. Add 1 egg and beat well. Add 4 tbsps. softened butter, 1 tbsp. at a time, beating thoroughly. Enough to fill and ice a two-layer cake.

THE BLUE AND YELLOW PACKAGE



Such fun!

HOME-MADE CHOCOLATES

Anyone can make professional-tasting chocolate candies at home—with Baker's Dot Chocolate. Rich-flavored and satin smooth, Dot Chocolate makes nut and fruit clusters—chocolate bars—and many others. Follow directions on package.

THE RED AND YELLOW PACKAGE

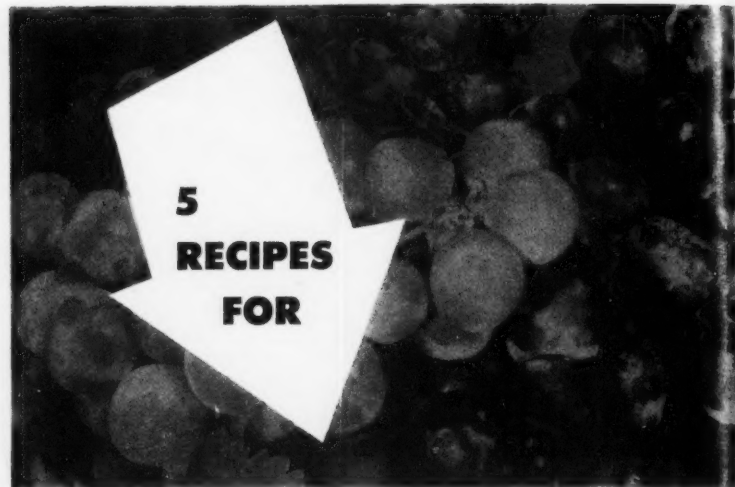
BAKER'S

UNSWEETENED CHOCOLATE
CHOCOLATE CHIPS
DOT SEMI-SWEET CHOCOLATE

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of
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Foods



CH-323M



GRAPES AND

For a seasonal treat, try these
Institute grape desserts now, and
make up some jam for winter, too

BY MARIE HOLMES, DIRECTOR,

GRAPE AND PEAR JAM

4 pounds Concord grapes (about 14 medium bunches)
1 cup hot water
4 pounds ripe pears (about 12 pears)
1 tablespoon grated orange rind
1/2 cup lemon juice
7 cups sugar

Wash grapes and separate skins from pulp. Cook pulp in hot water until seeds separate (about 6 minutes). Put through sieve to remove seeds. Add sieved pulp to skins and measure. (There should be 7 cups.) Pare and core pears. Cut into thin slices and measure. (There should be 7 cups.) Combine grapes, pears, orange rind and lemon juice in a large kettle. Bring to a boil and boil for 7 minutes. Mix in sugar. Bring back to a boil and simmer until thick (approx. 40 minutes), stirring frequently. Pour into hot sterilized jars and seal with melted paraffin. Yield: 14 (6-ounce) glasses.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

GRAPE APPLE PIE WITH CRUMB TOPPING

3 cups Concord grapes
1 1/2 cups apples, cut up
1 tablespoon quick tapioca
1 cup sugar
2 teaspoons lemon juice
8-inch deep unbaked pie shell

Wash and stem grapes. Slip skins from grapes and set skins aside. Combine apples (washed and cut in small pieces) with grape pulp. Simmer gently until soft, then press through sieve to remove seeds and apple skins. Stir in tapioca, then sugar, lemon juice and grape skins

into the pulp. Pour into unbaked pie shell. Sprinkle with Crumb Topping. Bake at 450 deg. F. for 10 minutes, reduce heat to 350 deg. F. and continue baking for 25 minutes.

Notes: 1. If desired the above filling can be baked in a shallow 9-inch unbaked pie shell.

2. Use early fall apples for this pie as they cook quickly.

Crumb Topping

Combine 3/4 cup light brown sugar and 3/4 cup bread flour. Blend in 5 tablespoons soft butter until mixture is crumbly.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

GRAPE ROLL

3/4 cup sifted bread flour
1 1/4 teaspoons baking powder
1/8 teaspoon salt
1/3 cup milk
2 eggs
3/4 cup granulated sugar
1 teaspoon vanilla
1 tablespoon butter
1/2 cup grape jam or jelly

Preheat oven to 400 deg. F. Grease shallow cake tin 14 x 10 x 3/4 inches. Line bottom with waxed paper to within 1/2 inch of edge. Grease again and lightly flour.

Sift together flour, baking powder and salt. Pour back into sifter. Heat milk in double boiler.

Beat eggs with rotary beater in deep bowl until fluffy and lemon-colored (requires 3 to 4 minutes). Gradually add sugar, a little at a time, continuing to beat until light. Add vanilla. If bowl is not sufficiently large for the remainder

Continued on page 64

**5
RECIPES
FOR**

-PEACHES

*While they are at their peak now,
make the most of fresh peaches
for pies, puddings and preserves*

CHATELAIN INSTITUTE

SPICED PEACH JAM

4 cups peaches ¼ teaspoon ginger
3½ cups sugar ¼ cup lemon juice
½ teaspoon
cinnamon

Cut or chop peeled fully ripe peaches (about 3 pounds). Measure 4 cups of the chopped peaches into preserving kettle. Add sugar and spices and mix well. Bring slowly to a boil and boil gently for 15 minutes or until thickened. Add lemon juice and cook 2 minutes longer. Remove from heat, stir, skim and pour into hot sterilized glasses. Seal with melted paraffin. When cold add another coating of melted paraffin. Yield 4 to 6 glasses.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

CIRCLE 8 PEACH CAKE

8 fresh peach halves 3 teaspoons baking
½ cup orange powder
marmalade ½ teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon butter 3 tablespoons
2 tablespoons brown shortening
sugar 3 tablespoons butter
2 cups sifted bread 2 tablespoons
flour OR granulated sugar
2¼ cups sifted ¾ to 1 cup milk
pastry flour

Grease a deep 9-inch round cake tin or casserole and place a custard cup upside down in the centre. (Custard cup and bake dish should be the same height.) Arrange half peaches around custard cup, cut side down.

Heat marmalade, butter and brown sugar just until melted, then pour over peaches.

Sift together flour, baking powder and

salt. Cut in shortening until mixture is mealy. Add sugar, then gradually enough milk to make a moist dough. Mix lightly only until blended. Drop by spoonfuls covering peaches completely. Spread so dough will touch custard cup and edge of pan. Bake in moderately hot oven (400 deg. F.) for 30 to 35 minutes or until done.

Remove from oven and let stand for 2 to 3 minutes. Place large serving plate over pan and invert quickly. When inverted custard cup in centre will contain juice. Serve warm or cold, plain or with whipped cream. Serves 8.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

QUICK PEACH PUDDING

1 1/3 cups biscuit 1 cup brown sugar
mix 1½ cups boiling
1 tablespoon sugar water
1¼ cups diced fresh 1 tablespoon butter
peaches or margarine
2/3 to 1 cup milk ½ teaspoon
cinnamon

In bowl combine biscuit mix and sugar. Add peaches, then sufficient milk to make a stiff moist batter. Mix lightly with fork just until combined. Turn into greased 1½ or 2 quart casserole.

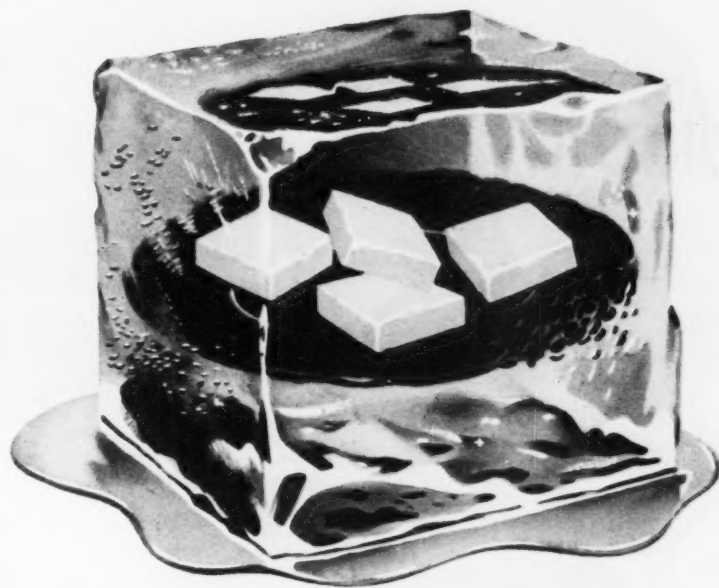
Combine brown sugar, boiling water and butter or margarine. Pour over batter. Sprinkle with cinnamon. Bake in moderately hot oven (375 deg. F.) for 30 to 35 minutes or until golden brown on top.

Serve warm with its own sauce and, if desired, a little top milk or cream. Serves 4 to 6.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

Continued on next page

Kraft guarantees* it!



NEW PARKAY

spreads smoothly even when ice cold!



Won't tear fresh bread like this!



Always spreads smoothly like this!

Parkay Margarine never needs a warm-up. It's ready to serve the instant you take it from your refrigerator. Kraft guarantees New Parkay will spread smoothly on the freshest slice of bread. Wonderful eating always. Get a pound today.

Look for the new blue packages!

**Your money back if you don't agree!*



New Parkay comes in handy Color-Kwik bag and in regular pack. Also available in quarters in B.C. and Alta. Yellow Parkay is sold where Provincial laws permit.

Take this tumbler...

drop it...



it bounces!



squeeze it...

it springs back into shape!



it's polythene!

ONLY POLYTHENE, the practical plastic, gives you all this: Unbreakable tumblers which are not discolored by fruit juices. Ice cube trays that are so flexible the cubes pop right out. Re-usable bags which keep celery and lettuce fresh for a week to ten days. And there are many, many others including those very practical "squeeze" bottles.

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Polythene has a pleasant "warm" feel and a soft, smooth finish. It is not slippery. Articles made of polythene are flexible...so light they float...and in all colors, too!

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CANADIAN INDUSTRIES LIMITED
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PO-53-3R2



GRAPES AND PEACHES

Continued from pages 62 and 63

of the mixing, pour egg and sugar mixture into larger bowl.

Sift dry ingredients into egg and sugar mixture. Fold in with light motion. Do not stir or beat. To hot milk add butter and mix until butter melts. Pour into first mixture and fold in quickly just until liquid is blended.

Turn into prepared pan, spreading evenly. Bake at 400 deg. F. (hot oven) for 10 to 15 minutes. When baked, remove at once, quickly cut off crisp edges. Turn out on cloth sprinkled with sifted icing sugar. Remove paper. Roll quickly with sheet of waxed paper on inside of roll. Wrap in sugared cloth. Let stand until cool. Unroll, remove paper, then spread with grape jam or jelly. Spread outside of roll with Grape Jelly Frosting. Garnish plate with small grape clusters and grape leaves or mint leaves. Serves 8.

Grape Jelly Frosting

1/2 cup grape jelly
1 egg white, unbeaten
Few grains salt

In top of double boiler combine jelly, egg white and salt. Cook over boiling water beating constantly with rotary beater until mixture stands in peaks (about 4 minutes).

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

GRAPE TAPIOCA PUDDING

1 quart Concord grapes
1 cup water
1 cup sugar
1/4 cup quick-cooking tapioca
1/4 teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon lemon juice

Wash and stem grapes (measure 4 cups). Cook them for 5 minutes in one cup of water, or until grapes are soft. Press through sieve to remove seeds and skins. Then to juice and pulp add sugar, tapioca and salt. Cook over boiling water for 25 minutes, stirring occasionally. Add lemon juice and cool. When thoroughly cold, serve it with top milk or a little whipped cream. Serves 4 to 6.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

GRAPE ORANGE SAUCE

8 cups stemmed grapes
2 teaspoons orange rind
3/4 cup orange juice
Sugar

Wash grapes, separate pulp from skins

and put all into a saucepan. Add orange juice and rind. Cover and let simmer until pulp is soft. Press all through coarse sieve, then measure pulp. For each cup pulp add 1/2 cup sugar. Bring to a boil, stirring constantly. Cool and use as a sauce for milk puddings, custards, cottage pudding.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

PEACH MARSHMALLOW FROST

16 marshmallows
1 1/2 cups diced fresh peaches
1 teaspoon lemon juice
1/3 cup chopped pecans
Nutmeg
1/2 cup heavy cream whipped
1/4 cup sugar

Cut marshmallows into small pieces with wet scissors. Combine with peaches, lemon juice and sugar. Cover and place in refrigerator for 20 minutes. Add pecans and a dash of nutmeg to whipped cream. Fold into peach mixture. Serve in sherbet glasses and garnish with maraschino cherries. Serves 4 to 6.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

INDIVIDUAL PEACH ALASKAS

6 squares sponge cake
1 pint brick ice cream
6 fresh peaches
Sugar
Lemon juice
1 pint brick ice cream
3 large OR
4 small egg whites
1/4 teaspoon salt
1/3 cup sugar

For sponge cake base, use 1 large loaf cake or 2 small. Cut through into 2 layers (about 1 inch thick), then cut in 3 1/2 inch squares. Slice peaches evenly, sprinkle with sugar and lemon juice. Chill. Heat oven to very hot (450 deg. F.). Meanwhile beat egg whites until almost stiff, adding salt, then sugar gradually while beating. Beat until glossy. Arrange chilled peach slices evenly on sponge cake. Place sponge cake squares on a board (this is important). Top each square with a slice of firm brick ice cream. Working quickly cover top and sides of each with meringue. Bake at 450 deg. F. for 4 to 5 minutes, then whisk to table.

Notes: 1. Use wide pancake lifter to remove Alaskas to serving plates.

2. If desired, rounds of sponge cake may be used and peaches topped with a scoop of firm ice cream before covering with meringue.

3. Another variation is to use large tart shells in place of the sponge cake base.

4. This is an ideal dessert for a dessert luncheon. Sponge cake can be cut, peaches prepared and put in refrigerator, egg whites in bowl before guests arrive.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

WIN A \$100 PRIZE

We are giving a prize of one hundred dollars in cash for the best recipe of a family favorite you send us. Be sure to give precise measurements of ingredients and clear directions. Tell us something about the family history of the dish and why you like it best.

The winning recipe, together with forty-nine others for which we will pay five dollars each, will make up the famous Chatelaine feature Fifty Favorite Recipes in January.

Please print your name and address at the upper right-hand corner of the recipe page and send your entries to: Favorite Family Recipe, Chatelaine Institute, 481 University Ave., Toronto, Ont.

Entries must be postmarked not later than September 15, 1953.



the big sweet ones *with the thin skins*

Our pea story is short and sweet. Carefully selected seed is planted in specially prepared soil. There peas grow to full size while still tender, thin-skinned babies. Then they're *picked and packed at the fleeting moment of perfect flavor*—that magical moment of sweetness that comes just once to every pea. Green Giant Brand peas. Sweethearts of the Pea World. How about a dinner date tonight?

Fine Foods of Canada Limited, Tecumseh, Ontario. Also packers of Niblets Brand Whole Kernel Corn, Niblets Brand Mexicorn and Green Giant Brand Wax Beans.

MAN IN THE KITCHEN

Continued from page 18

because the Canadians he had met in many parts of the world had always been good company.

"I concluded," he said, "that any country that could produce so many nice people was the country I would like to settle down in, and so here I am, living in Canada."

In the store Mr. Walters led the way to the meat counter.

"We'll buy our meat first, because the cost of the meat will govern what else we will have. If I can get a good lean piece of shin beef at a reasonable price I'll make Beef Romany. It's a traditional gypsy dish, cheap, easy to make, tasty and nourishing," he explained.

It happened that shin beef could be had and the price of it that day was forty-eight cents a pound. "I'll have a

pound and a half," said Mr. Walters after careful examination, "and please cut it into thin strips, then cut the strips in two-inch pieces and give me three slices of lean bacon, too."

The price on the parcel of meat was eighty-six cents; the beef seventy-two cents, the bacon fourteen. "Good," he said, "that leaves me \$1.14 for the rest of the meal."

"Now, to get nutritional balance and color into the meal we will have carrots and cabbage as vegetables."

He carefully selected four substantial carrots. "These are nice and fresh," he said, "see how the ends snap off when I bend them. I long ago learned never to buy a carrot that bends—it's not fresh. The same goes with cabbage. If the stalks of the outer leaves snap when bent back, they are fresh enough. You can't get good results with stale vegetables."

Other purchases were beef cubes, three medium sized onions, two oranges, two lemons, a bottle of grape juice, a tin of evaporated milk, an eighth of a pound of butter and one pound of rice.

This completed our shopping, and as we walked back to the Institute, Mr. Walters talked. "You know," he said, "never was a man so suddenly awakened as I when I said that Canadian women can't cook—now I know they can. Since that article appeared, I've had letters from all over—some of them nice and some not so nice. A lady in Thorold, Ont., invited me to drop in any time and try a meal at her place. I guess I just hadn't met the right people up to that time. I take it all back. But I do wish they would broil steaks and chops instead of frying them," he said wistfully.

Back at the Institute, Mr. Walters placed his groceries on the kitchen table, took off his coat, rolled up his sleeves, tucked a tea towel into the top of his trousers and around his ample waist and proceeded to unpack his shopping bag. "Dinner for four—two dollars," he announced.

"Actually I spent \$2.37, but I won't use all of this—just a cup of the grape juice, and half the milk, which, in money, will keep me well inside my budget, even after allowing for a small quantity of wine to bring out the flavors."

Always Cooks With Wine

"Cooking without wine," he further observed, "is like trying to fly without feathers." And so saying, he produced a bottle of red wine from his pocket.

"The cost of the wine I use can be included in the \$2.00. If I were at home, I would take a few spoonfuls from my cooking store," he added, waving the bottle for emphasis and then continuing, "Any cut of meat improves when cooked with wine. It works as an enzyme, breaks down the tougher tissue, tenderizes and brings out flavors which otherwise are not released. The wine itself is not consumed because it vaporizes off during the cooking. Only the work it has done remains."

With his purchases spread out before him Mr. Walters rubbed his hands and addressing no one in particular, announced: "Now for the menu. We'll start with a clear soup, as easy to make as a cup of tea. We'll follow that with the main dish, a gypsy specialty called Beef Romany. We'll serve that with saffron rice, carrots and cabbage. Dessert will be a simple little thing called Grape Niagara."

Mr. Walters explained that through his work with the Ontario grape growers in helping them to sell their surplus stock, he made some interesting discoveries about the tasty table potential of Canadian grapes, discoveries he would like to share.

"I will use a spoonful of tomato paste and a spoonful of granulated gelatin in addition to the other things I bought but these will barely alter the basic cost," he explained.

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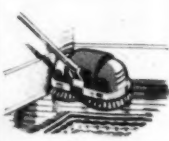


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"Now let's get started. I'll commence with the dessert as it will require a certain amount of time to itself."

The recipe for Grape Niagara and the main dish are both given in detail at the end of this article.

The dessert put into the refrigerator to set, Mr. Walters announced, "Now for the Beef Romany. But first let's get rid of every trace of the Grape Niagara, for a good cook always washes up as he goes. A quick rinse and the pans are clean, but if I left them, in addition to cluttering up the place, the mixture would harden and in the end I would need steel wool, soap and hot water. Always wash as you go—it takes only seconds extra—and when you are ready to serve there is great satisfaction in having only a used spoon or fork showing."

Having achieved a completely clean deck while talking, our guest cook proceeded to wash the meat pieces under the cold tap, and lay them out to dry on a clean tea towel.

"Never know where the meat has been or who has been touching it," he observed. "I always dry my meat with a clean towel—seems better than paper somehow. And I think every kitchen should have coarse salt handy for cooking. Just the right amount can be picked up in the four fingers. I'm strictly a sip and season cook myself."

How To Pick A Pot

Next he reached up to a rack of saucepans, selected one of suitable size, and knocked it with the knuckle of his bent finger.

"If I were at home I'd know the thickness of the pot without that test, but seeing I am not, that's the quickest way of getting to know a strange pot. That little ring I hear tells me just what heat to use."

Setting the saucepan over a low gas burner he unwrapped the eighth of a pound of butter and dropped it in, and while it was melting, took a large knife and cut each of the three onions in half, and then laying the flat sides down, sliced off each end and peeled off the outer skins.

"That's the way to peel an onion without crying," he said, "but if they are really fresh it's hard to avoid a tear or two when you are chopping them up, so forgive me if I cry—it has nothing to do with the company." Having chopped the onions medium fire, in they went with the now simmering butter.

Mr. Walters worked as he talked and his hands were never idle for a moment, except when he illustrated some point by waving a knife or tapping a saucepan lid on a bit more firmly.

By this time an appetizing aroma pervaded the Institute and, apparently, the halls outside, for passers-by lingered to sniff appreciatively. The butter and onions being successfully combined, the bacon was cut into small squares and added. The pieces of beef were dropped into the pot, and then the spoonful of tomato paste. A half-cup of water was added and as soon as this began to bubble a half cup of wine was measured out of the bottle and added. "The wine sends the cost up about six cents, but

it sends the flavor up one hundred per cent," he remarked.

After allowing the mixture to simmer a while longer, enough boiling water was added to make the pot two-thirds full.

Just for one minute he allowed the pot and its contents to boil and then after turning the burner very low, and fitting on a tight lid, Mr. Walters dusted off his hands with evident satisfaction.

"I will now prepare the vegetables."

His approach to the vegetables was both deft and confident.

Any original diffidence at cooking in a strange kitchen in front of a camera and before what almost amounted to a female jury had worn off and it was evident Mr. Walters was now enjoying himself thoroughly.

"I'll start with the cabbage. Cabbage is the poor man's friend. It's always cheap, always nourishing. It's green bread—rich in what does you the most good. One big thing in favor of the Canadian cabbage is that it cooks without odor. Anyone who has cooked a



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cabbage in Europe will know what I mean. From one cabbage you get two vegetables. Cook the white heart in one saucepan with some salt, and cook the outer green leaves in another with some sugar. You'll be surprised at the nice contrast in both color and taste. But never use water from the hot tap. This is sure to be stale and will steal away flavors. Start the vegetables in cold water.

"The carrots I will simply wash under the cold tap by rubbing with my hands. The skins will come off whole when they are cooked. I don't use a brush because it softens the skins and they are harder to get off in one piece later. I only cut them when it is necessary to do so to get them in the saucepan."

Dinner was now well on its way. Vegetables on; rice cooking, Beef Romany simmering and sending out appetizing odors, while discussion ranged from the vineyards of Niagara to selecting meat at the butcher's.

"What about the Beef Romany—where did you learn to make that?" I asked.

"There is a story to that," said Mr. Walters. "In Singapore I knew an Italian nobleman. This nobleman had been kidnapped when a child and held by the gypsies for some years until it was safe to try for a ransom. Recalling his days of wandering with the gypsies, he said he liked their cooking and gave me this recipe."

The meal was now ready.

The liquid from the two pots of cabbage was strained, one after the other, into a spare saucepan, then the water from the carrots was added, followed by the beef cube which was already crushed

into small pieces. This was the basis of the soup which was quickly brought to the boil. As soon as it boiled long enough to dissolve the beef cube, the heat was turned down.

During the last stage of cooking the rice—Mr. Walters used quick rice and followed the directions on the package for preparation—a few drops of yellow food coloring had been added. When drained the rice was now a most pleasing yellow. "I call it Saffron Rice," said

SECRET SORROW

By P. J. Blackwell

A boy can bear

No harsher blow:

A bandage where

It doesn't show.

Mr. Walters. "The color adds nothing to the food value of the rice but it does please the eye and helps to balance the other colors on the plate. I use coloring rather than real saffron, which is expensive and difficult to obtain. When I serve the Beef Romany you will note the rich browns of the meat and gravy, the two greens of the cabbage, the pale yellow rice and the dark yellow carrots—a most appetizing picture it will be, I am sure."

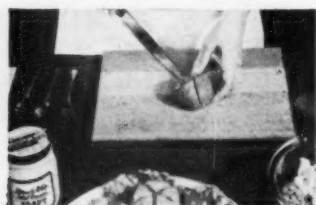
"Nutritionally it will be right also

(Advertisement)

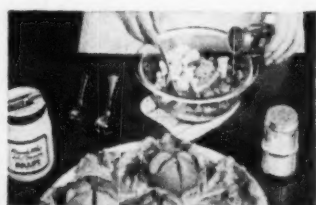
How to make

Tomato-Cup Salad

Serve vegetables—fresh or leftover—this appetizing, colorful way! The vegetable-scorers will ask for more! Two important points: be sure the carrots and cauliflower are crisp . . . and be sure to use the "one and only" Miracle Whip Salad Dressing. The flavor of Miracle Whip—lively yet delicate—is just what you need to make all kinds of salads and sandwiches more delicious. Ask your grocer for velvet-smooth Miracle Whip—the world's most popular salad dressing.



1 Peel 5 large tomatoes and cut each into sections, almost to stem end. Spread sections slightly apart. Arrange crisp lettuce on platter and place tomato cups on lettuce.



2 Toss ½ c. cooked string beans cut in half-inch slices, ½ c. cooked peas, ½ c. raw carrot slices, and ½ c. raw cauliflower flowerets together lightly. Add salt, pepper.



3 Fill centers of the tomatoes with the cooked vegetables. Garnish generously with Miracle Whip Salad Dressing, for the best tomato cup salad you ever tasted.

well balanced, the rice in this case giving the necessary starches without being as heavy as potatoes."

The table being set in the Institute dining room, all that remained was to serve and as we sat down to eat, Mr. Walters said happily "There you are—a meal for four people. Two dollars!"

And there it was! Soup made from a beef cube and the water in which vegetables had been boiled. Beef Romany—rich and brown, and oh! so delicious and strictly in accordance with gypsy tradition. And then—at the appropriate moment—from the refrigerator, Grape Niagara—refreshingly cold and tart, contrasting with the mellowness of the Beef Romany it followed.

"Of course," said Mr. Walters, leaning back contentedly when the meal was over, "my ideas of food preparation and some of my methods may not conform to practices laid down by your home economists or the practices followed here in this wonderfully equipped Chatelaine Institute—but for me," he stretched contentedly in his chair, "they work."

Remembering the Beef Romany, with its appetizing odors, some of which still lingered on, we agreed they did.

Menu	Approximate Cost
Clear Soup	5c (beef cube)
Beef Romany	\$1.08 (meat 86c; onions 11c; extras 11c)
Saffron Rice	10c
Cabbage	15c
Carrots	11c
Grape Niagara	49c
Total Cost	\$1.98

And here are the recipes for the dishes as Mr. Walters made them. Why not try them for yourself?

BEEF ROMANY

$\frac{1}{4}$ cup butter
3 medium onions
3 slices lean bacon
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ pounds lean shank of beef
1 tablespoon tomato paste
Salt and black pepper
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup wine
Boiling water

Melt butter, add onions, chopped. Cook slowly for several minutes. Add bacon, cut in small pieces. Add beef which has been cut in one inch squares and the tomato paste. Add salt and pepper to taste then pour in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of wine. Simmer for 10 minutes. Add boiling water to fill pot two-thirds full. Bring to boil, cover and simmer gently for several hours or until meat is tender. Serves 4.

A Bevis Walters recipe.

GRAPE NIAGARA

1 cup evaporated milk
Juice of 2 oranges
Juice of 2 lemons
1 cup grape juice
1 tablespoon gelatine
 $\frac{3}{4}$ to 1 cup sugar

Chill the evaporated milk in freezing tray of refrigerator. Combine orange and lemon juice well. Warm the grape juice. Add gelatine and stir until dissolved. Combine with fruit juices and the sugar. Let stand until cool.

Whip chilled milk and fold into it the cooled gelatine mixture. When blended pour into refrigerator tray and set in coldest part of refrigerator. Serves 4. *

A Bevis Walters recipe.

(Advertisement)

How to make Salads with new and enticing flavors

Salads combine with cheese for a dish that is well-balanced, both in flavor and nutrition. Here are two salads with cheese . . . and one salad-and-cheese meal that's particularly good for children.

CHEESE AND CELERY SALAD

Toss together 1 c. chopped celery, 1 c. cooked peas, 1 carrot, grated, 1 tsp. grated onion, $\frac{1}{2}$ c. Miracle Whip Salad Dressing. Fold in 1 c. shredded Kraft Canadian Cheese, and season to taste. Serve on crisp lettuce. Serves 4.

SWISS SALMON SALAD

Toss together 1 c. flaked salmon, $\frac{1}{2}$ c. chopped salted pecans, 1 tbsp. chopped chives, 1 c. shredded lettuce, $\frac{1}{2}$ c. Miracle Whip Salad Dressing, salt and pepper to taste. Lightly fold in $\frac{3}{4}$ c. shredded Kraft Swiss Cheese (use Kraft DeLuxe Slices). Chill thoroughly, and serve in crisp lettuce cups.

Cheese and Salad Menu

Chicken Broth
Coronation Fruit Salad
Assorted Cheese Sandwiches
Milk

CORONATION FRUIT SALAD

On a round platter, arrange five slices of pineapple, each on a separate bed of lettuce. On each pineapple slice, place a peach half, and fill the center with Miracle Whip Salad Dressing. Garnish each with a maraschino cherry.

ASSORTED CHEESE SANDWICHES

Make whole-wheat sandwiches with Kraft DeLuxe Slices of Swiss Cheese. Make white-bread sandwiches with Kraft DeLuxe Slices of Canadian Cheese. Cut into four triangles.



PLUMERIA TREE, PHOTOGRAPHED IN HAWAII BY ANTON BRUEHL

Be sure it's
HAWAIIAN—
Be sure it's
DOLE

Have a helping of Hawaii! Spoon plump, bright-flavored DOLE Pineapple Chunks right from the can, or add their tropic sparkle to salads, desserts, bakes and broils!

Heavenly fare for autumn . . . individual coconut-sprinkled meringues piled high with crisp-cut, golden DOLE Crushed, topped with a cloud of whipped cream!



RELUCTANT FATHER

Continued from page 15

sake, what's taking you so long? Your dinner's getting cold," he would tiptoe downstairs, feeling foolish.

He could not admit his failing. Indeed, at times, the sight of Peg cuddling the baby, the sound of their billing and cooing, were more than he could bear, and he would shrink behind

a newspaper or stalk into the kitchen after food, consumed with a jealousy he had never known before. Moreover, his rage when Butch disrupted the contents of the lowest drawer of his desk, was out of all proportion to the value of the old blueprints involved.

When Butch was ten months old they moved from the city to a house in Wild Acres. The city was no place to bring up children, said Peg. Alec said good-by to the haunts of his youth and became a commuter.

One morning the sunlight shot across the dining alcove, glanced off a jar of marmalade, and caught Alec between the eyes. When he was able to open them again, he could feel the circles under them and the creases at the corners. He blinked at his wife. Her hair was braided and smooth as polished copper. She wore a peppermint-striped housecoat, frilled at her creamy throat, and her skin had that fresh scrubbed morning look that he loved. He glowered at her.

"I don't get it," he said. "Butch keeps you awake as much as me. And look at you."

Peg admired her reflection in the side of the toaster.

"And look at me. I'm a wreck. I feel all tousled—like an unmade bed. Why aren't you?"

Peg smiled. "Maybe it's a matter of glands." Her grey eyes were wide and starred with dark lashes. "Maybe it's because I'm the maternal type."

"Are you implying . . . ?"

Peg leaned across the table and kissed him. He caught a whiff of vanilla-scented baby powder. "I just mean it's easier for me. After all I had nine months head start. I'm sure it's harder to be a father."

Alec regarded his wife as coldly as it was possible to look at a girl who had just kissed him. "I don't know about that," he said. "But don't ever expect me to be like some of our friends who do nothing but talk about their children . . ."

Peg carried a stack of dishes to the sink in the kitchen.

"Don't interrupt me," said Alec. "If you think I'm going to sacrifice all my spare time, all my thinking, all my intelligent conversation . . ." He paused uncomfortably. Peg came back and shook the crumbs out of the toaster. She did not look at him.

"My gosh," he burst out. "Just because we have a baby do we have to act like nitwits? Why, we used to read books about adults! You used to ask me what was in the paper! You used to ask me what happened at the office . . ."

Peg looked at him now. The tip of her small tilted nose was red. "Oh, Alec," she breathed.

"I'll miss my train," he said and strode into the hall. He picked his hat off a chair, shook some assorted rubber dolls out of it and opened the front door. He swung around to kiss Peg good-by. She was not there.

Alec walked four blocks to the station with an abstracted air. On the platform other commuters noticed the tall dark-haired young man with the attractive cleft chin and the distinguished circles under his eyes. He kept feeling his pockets, fingering his wind-blown tie, removing his hat and examining the band as if he had forgotten something. By the time the train entered the black tunnel under the river, Alec realized that he was missing Peg's good-by kiss. The first time in four years. Nothing could make the day right now.

When he crossed the outer office of Hartwell, Holly and Scott, Architects, he failed to smile at little Miss Mullins who counted on that smile to keep her going five days a week. Her pointed wistful face showed genuine concern as she watched him enter his office and slam the door. A few minutes later she picked up some papers and rapped on the door.

Alec was holding his head in his hands. He was pale and his deep-set blue eyes seemed deeper and darker.

"Mr. Holly wanted you to check these figures," Miss Mullins waited for that smile.

Alec yawned.

"Do you feel okay?" she ventured.

He shook his head. "Big party last night."

Miss Mullins left the room, her eyes

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LIPTON SOUP MIXES

CHICKEN NOODLE
TOMATO VEGETABLE

more wistful than ever under her fluffy blond bangs. Alec shook his head again. He had not meant to hurt Peg's feelings. He would go home early and try to explain. He could hardly wait to apologize.

At three-thirty, over two hours ahead of schedule, Alec walked down Maple Lane through a glory of autumn leaves. They flecked the crystal sky and the green yards and smoldered like incense in the gutters. He carried a stuffed baby giant panda and Mr. Holly's reports under one arm and a bunch of chrysanthemums in his hand. Soon he would be holding Peg.

He scuffed leaves up the flagged path that led to his house and suddenly collided with a man in a white duck suit who was staggering under two huge brown-paper parcels.

"Steady there," said Alec.

"S'all right," said the man. "The missus just increased the order to one hundred and twenty."

"One hundred twenty what?"

"Diapers," said the man pityingly. Alec frowned and watched him enter the house as if he lived there. A stranger! It wasn't right. "Peg," he called from the front porch. "Honey-pie."

No one came running. He went around to the backyard, and there, under the clothesline that hung between two maples, five young women and innumerable infants sprawled comfortably on the grass. Nobody noticed him and for a moment he fought a powerful instinct to flee. But after all, he had bought the giant panda and the flowers, and now Peg had spotted him. "Alec," she screamed. "Did something happen?" She scrambled to her feet and ran to him. "You're so early." It was almost a reproach. He felt like an intruder.

"Are you sure you're all right," she said. "If you think you're coming down with something, you mustn't kiss the baby." She led him into the circle of mothers. "I want you to meet my new friends."

Alec smiled at them all, careful not to step on the babies crawling around his feet. How young and pretty they were in their bright cotton dresses with their bare legs and sandals, thought Alec. But they were not like the girls he used to know, not like the women downtown—little Miss Mullins, for instance. There was something to be said for stockings and high heels and clothes that fit—attraction, allure—

Suddenly Alec, who had always been kept aware of his own attractions, realized that not one of these women was paying any attention to him. They hardly gave him a second glance—Ellen, Josephine, Rosemary and Sue. As soon as they were introduced, their eyes riveted on their young again. The effect on Alec was depressing.

"Peg," he whispered. "Please, come inside a minute."

The flowers seemed to overwhelm her. She buried her face in the shaggy crimson petals.

"I'm sorry, honey," said Alec. "Will you forgive me?"

She looked up, puzzled, wrinkling her nose deliciously. "Whatever for, darling? You did get up once last night."

"I've felt like a beast about it all day," he said. "I never kissed you good-by."

Peggy laughed. Of course she forgave him. She opened her arms, and he was

about to step into them, when the diaper man clumped downstairs and passed between them like a white Santa Claus with a soggy bag slung over his shoulder.

Reconciliations should not be interrupted. It takes the pleasure out of them.

"Good lord," said Alec. "Can't we ever be alone? If it's not children, it's people. As I remember, my parents had very strict rules—"

"Your mother—" Peg began.

"Let's not discuss my relatives,"

snapped Alec. "Look here, I come home early just to make up—"

But Peg was looking out the window. "Oh that little demon Joey Clay. He's digging up my tulip bulbs and eating them again," she cried. "Some people's mothers . . ." And she ran outside.

Alec wandered disconsolately into the kitchen. He was hungry. There was nothing in the cake tin but zwieback, so he took the last banana from the fruit bowl. He went upstairs and lay down on his bed, munching. Beyond the open

window the September sky deepened toward twilight. The breeze ruffled the organdie curtains with a flutter of female voices. An intruder in my own house, thought Alec. If only there were someone around who spoke his language. He threw the banana peel at the waste basket. It missed. He rolled over and went to sleep.

Their evening meal was shared in silence. Across a wall of candlelight Alec and Peg faced each

RIPE Bananas right in the batter

... make this MAGIC cake
so richly different, delicious!



Maraschino-Banana Cake

2 cups once-sifted pastry flour
or 1 3/4 cups once-sifted all-purpose flour
2 1/2 tps. Magic Baking Powder
1/4 tsp. baking soda
1/2 tsp. salt
10 tbsps. butter or margarine
1 cup fine granulated sugar
2 eggs, well beaten
1 cup mashed ripe banana
1/2 cup milk
1 tsp. vanilla

Grease two 8-inch round layer-cake pans and line bottoms with greased paper. Pre-heat oven to 375° (moderately hot). Sift flour, Magic Baking Powder, baking soda and salt together three times. Cream butter or margarine; gradually blend in sugar. Add well-beaten eggs, part at a time, beating well after each addition. Combine mashed banana, milk and vanilla. Add flour mixture to creamed mixture about a quarter at a time, alternating with three additions of banana mixture and combining lightly after each addition. Turn into prepared pans. Bake in preheated oven 25 to 30 minutes.

MARASCHINO FILLING AND ICING: Cream 5 tbsps. butter or margarine; add few grains

salt. Work in 2 3/4 cups sifted icing sugar alternately with 2 tps. lemon juice and about 3 tps. heated syrup from maraschino cherries; beat in 1/4 tsp. vanilla. Take out about a quarter of the mixture and beat into it 1/4 cup well-drained cut-up maraschino cherries and about 1/4 cup sifted icing sugar; put cold cakes together with this mixture. Cover cake with the remaining icing and decorate top with diagonally-cut serrated banana slices and drained halved maraschino cherries.

other, stony-eyed, tight-lipped. Upstairs Butch was asleep. Outside the strange suburbs were gathered in for the night. Occasionally a dog barked, car tires hissed far away. Silence like this had never entered their lives before. It was frightening. They could hear each other chew. Alec could hear a tap dripping in the kitchen sink and the candle flames melting the wax.

It should be so simple to end this cold war, he thought. If only Peg would say, "It's all right about the banana. Butch didn't need it. I shouldn't have been so angry." He was tempted to say something himself. "Look here, Peg, I've been a fool." But he couldn't. And the devil of it was she looked so unhappy and so beautiful with her head bent over her plate, and her hair parted and shining, and the shadow of lashes lowered on her cheeks. A tear fell into her chocolate cream pie.

The telephone rang. Alec rushed to the hall to answer it. "Who?" he said. "Why Larry, you old . . ." He cupped the mouthpiece with his hand. "Peg," he called. "It's Larry."

She came into the hall. Alec was grinning. "Where is he?" she whispered.

"When did you hit town?" asked Alec. "You're the answer to my prayers."

"She's fine—right here. How's your family?"

"Butch is fine."

"Oh, she has a couple of teeth."

"Four," corrected Peg.

"Four," echoed Alec. "Why not stay with us?"

But Peg was shaking her head violently.

"I forgot, the sofa isn't too comfortable." Alec put his hand over the mouthpiece again. "He's staying at the Carlton—expense account." Peg looked relieved.

"Oh, you lucky guy," said Alec into the phone again. "Now you can have yourself a time . . . Family man? . . . You?" He doubled over with laughter.

"Ask him for dinner," ordered Peg. "Tomorrow."

When he had hung up, Alec told Peg that Larry's company had sent him east. "They're opening a new office here. His family is coming later. Lord, won't it be good to see him?" He hugged Peg and swung her around into the kitchen. "It will be like old times."

Peg laughed with him while they

cleaned up together. It was as if the silence had never come between them. Larry was their oldest friend. Actually, he had known Peg first. He had brought them together at the university, and for a while it had always been the three of them.

"How long ago that was!" said Peggy as she tied an apron around Alec's waist. "Seven years."

Alec dumped soap powder in the dishpan and let the water steam in. He sneezed. "You were seventeen," he said. "A mere child. And I was nineteen. Who would believe it? 'When I was one and twenty I heard a wise man say, give something and something, but not your heart away.' Remember the night we walked on the car tracks reciting?"

"'Tis paid with sighs aplenty and sold for endless rue,'" said Peg as she wiped the silver. "'And I am two-and-twenty and oh, 'tis true, 'tis true.'"

At the office next morning little Miss Mullins got her smile from Alec and a pat on the arm which made her left side shivery all day. Alec got through his work easily. He wore his hat on the side of his head when he went out to lunch and he was aware that all the attractive

girls sent yearning looks at him as they clattered by on high heels, their nylon-clad legs flashing past him down the street. He knew they watched him from under the blossoming of hats and hair and hands and mirrors in the rather too elegant restaurant he had chosen. It was Indian summer and the air, even in the city, was redolent of nostalgic riches as well as soot. And because he felt young again (as if Larry might turn time back for him) Alec stopped for a drink at Nick's on his way home. As a result he missed the five-twenty-seven.

It was almost seven when he hurried up his flagged path. It didn't matter, thought Alec. Larry had never been known to be on time. And if Peg scolded, he would just put his foot down. He wasn't going to let Larry see him pushed around by women and babies.

Peg opened the front door for him. "Darling," she cried and hugged him. "Butch missed your good-night kiss. I thought you would never get home."

"Listen, Peg," Alec spoke loudly into the braids behind her ear. "Just because we have a baby . . ."

She drew back and placed a finger on her crimson lips.

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"I don't care if she is asleep," shouted Alec. "You have to understand..."

"Later," warned Peg. And there was Larry grinning over her shoulder, his wide face ruddy, his arms outstretched. The two men grabbed at each other like awkward bears.

In the living room, they stood before the fireplace, surveying each other. Larry's light hair was thin at the temples and he had grown a silly triangular mustache. He had a double chin. "You've put on weight." They said it simultaneously and each was thinking do I look like that?

Peg laughed at them. "Family life must agree with you?"

Alec groaned.

"You get used to it," said Larry smugly. "Wait till you have two kids."

Alec cast him a suspicious look and went off to mix cocktails. When he brought them in, he found Peg perched on the arm of Larry's chair. Her red-gold head was bent next to his over stacks of snapshots.

"How perfectly adorable," she squealed, and handed Alec a picture of a fat-creased creature waving its legs. It had no hair, like Butch, and its ears protruded in a fashion that some people might find engaging. Alec could think of nothing appropriate to say.

"That's Lawrence junior," Larry announced. "He has his mother's eyes."

"And his father's ears," said Alec. To his horror Larry seemed pleased. Alec was confused. Something peculiar had happened to Larry. He seemed to take being a father seriously. He had never been serious before. About Peg maybe. A long time ago.

"When am I going to have a look at Butch?" he wanted to know, as if nobody else mattered.

"She's asleep," said Alec crossly. "But she'll wake up and cry when we start to eat. It never fails."

A look of compassion and understanding flashed between Larry and Peg.

When they were seated at the table, Alec tried to change the subject. He opened a bottle of champagne. "We've been saving this for you," he said. "For auld acquaintance... remember the time we wangled a box at the opera..."

But Larry was offering a toast. He smiled at Peg across the shimmering candlelight. "To you and Butch and..." There was a startled wail from above. Peg and Larry

dropped their napkins and ran upstairs, while the gravy congealed around the good roast beef on their plates.

"I don't approve of this," muttered Alec, following them. "Gets her into bad habits." But Peg and Larry ignored him.

As always when she heard footsteps approaching, Butch stopped crying, and when they had switched on the light and leaned over the side of the crib, she blinked and nonchalantly crossed her feet.

"Gee," Larry sighed, "she's beautiful." Peg glowed. Larry held out a big red hand and Butch grabbed it. "What do you know!" he exclaimed. "She's smiling."

"That's gas," said Alec.

Peg put her hands on her hips. The glow left her cheeks. "That was a horrid thing to say."

"Sure it was a smile," soothed Larry. "You shouldn't talk like that about your own daughter."

Butch gurgled.

"See?" said Peg. "She's laughing at you."

Alec felt quite crushed as they left the nursery. Even Larry considered him a failure as a father. At the door, he

looked back, hoping for some sign of assurance. But as usual Butch was no help. In the dim night-light he saw that her fingers were in her mouth and she was asleep.

One hour later Larry was telling them about an electric train he had bought for his oldest son. Alec felt Peg signaling him. Her look was somewhat glazed, but whether from anger or boredom, he could not tell. "Alec," she said, stretching her white arms luxuriously, "wouldn't you two like some time alone together? Frankly, I'm dead tired. Why don't you show Larry around town? He might decide to live here, you know."

That made sense to Alec. Perhaps if he could tear Larry from the domestic scene he would stop talking about his boys.

The town of Wild Acres was one long main street, garish with neon lights, its charms a far cry, thought Alec, from the dreams of Paris and exotic cities they once had shared. The songs on the jukeboxes in the local bistro awoke no sentimental mood in them and the drinks made them groggy and dull.

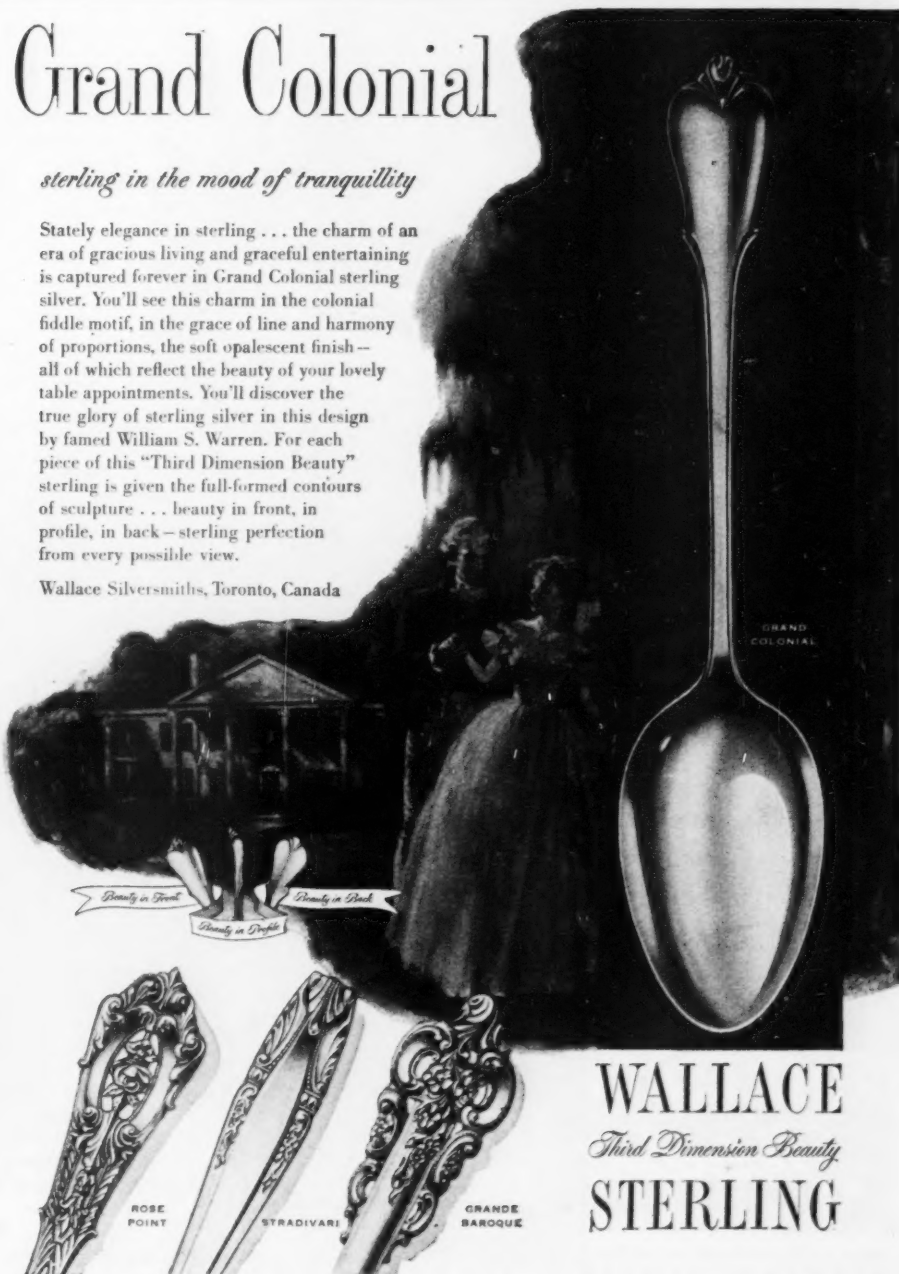
"Old Reynolds," mused Alec. "What-

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ever became of him?" But Larry could not even remember what he looked like. "He wore a checked vest," said Alec. "Or maybe that was his roommate—anyway, he played forward on the basketball team . . ."

"Why do you call her Butch?" asked Larry.

All right, thought Alec, have it your way. "I wanted a boy."

Larry looked shocked. "That's not the proper attitude," he said. "You have to have both kinds—what would happen to the world if we didn't? Peg now—she's a wonderful girl. Lovely. Wonderful mother. You're a lucky man, Alec."

Alec ordered two more drinks. "What was the name of that blonde you used to date—Janet—Jeannette?"

But neither of them remembered very well. The names and faces of old friends and old flames were jumbled in memory. Sometime past midnight Larry called it quits. "Guess I just can't take it any more." He smiled apologetically and his blue eyes twinkled with such good humor that Alec almost forgave him for destroying his last illusions. Besides, and Larry glanced anxiously at the clock above the bar, he was expecting an early call from the folks and he wanted to be wide awake to hear the baby talk on long distance.

The sun, high in the white-ruffled window, woke Alec. He climbed slowly to consciousness up the jagged edges of dreams, through layers of stale cigarette smoke and beer. It was Saturday. He could sleep forever. But the door opened and Peg entered with a breakfast tray which she set on the table by the bed.

"It's eleven o'clock." Her voice was as distant as the morning stars. "You don't deserve this at all." She sat down on the side of the bed. It rocked crazily.

"My head," moaned Alec. He could feel the black wing of a hangover slipping down over one eye. He swallowed some scalding black coffee. Then his eyes cleared. He really saw Peg. Her hair was not twisted into two youthful braids. It fell in a loose deep amber wave about her face. She was not wearing peppermint stripes. Her black suit was chic with a flaming scarf and her long legs, shapely in sheer nylons, swung over the edge of the bed. Something rustled nicely when she moved.

"Say, what's the idea?" he exclaimed. "You're all dolled up."

"I have to go out and you have to get up."

"Oh, honey-pie."

"No nonsense, now." Peg was rarely so matter-of-fact. "Mrs. Pennyfeather phoned to say she couldn't come today."

"Get someone else to take care of Butch." He had planned to play golf with his boss. A man couldn't bring home the bacon, and—and cook it.

"A strange person? You know how important it is for Butch to feel secure. I left directions for you by the telephone. This is the first time I've asked you to keep her for an afternoon." There was determination in her voice. "Besides, Larry says . . ."

Alec took a mouthful of sheet to keep himself from swearing.

"After all you are her father . . ."

Butch was not in her playpen as Alec had expected when he got downstairs. Peg was gone. He missed

her singing in the kitchen. The little house seemed empty. He stood on the bottom step, a tall thin worried young man, smelling the strangeness of Saturday noon in a quiet house. Then he heard a mouselike sound in the alcove under the stairs. It was not a mouse. Butch was there, tearing the telephone directory, sheet by sheet. Peg's note had already been shredded.

Security be damned, thought Alec, and placed his daughter bottom side up, the old-fashioned way, across his knees. Sensing trouble, she began to roar. The telephone rang. Alec lifted the receiver before he realized that Butch's wails would carry.

"Hello, there," came a clipped voice. Alec recognized Mr. Hartwell, the

Have you tried?

rolling scoops of ice cream in crumbs of left-over cake and serving with sundae sauce.



senior partner, shouting against the din. "Is this Wild Acres 71?"

"Yes, indeedy," piped Alec, imitating Mrs. Pennyfeather's shrill falsetto. "To whom did you wish to speak, sir?"

"Mr. Scott." But doubtfully. "Mr. Alec Scott."

"One moment, please," squeaked Alec. He scooped Butch up under one arm and deposited her in her high chair in the kitchen, handed her an icy bottle of milk and a jar of something resembling cat food. "There's a ducky," he cooed à la Pennyfeather, and returned to the telephone.

"Scott speaking," he boomed. He had to turn down the invitation for golf. It wasn't often one had a chance to play with the senior partner. Peg would hear of this.

He put on her best apron and fed Butch the rest of the grey stuff in the jar. That was simple. She opened her tiny pink mouth regularly like a bird and he slid the spoon in. I have a gift for feeding, thought Alec. Nothing to it. And all the time Butch stared at him out of those saucer-shaped violet eyes. It was odd that two good-looking people could produce such a funny little tyke. What would she look like when she grew up?

"Da-da," said Butch. She had never said that before. It was a sort of recognition, he supposed.

After lunch Alec decided to dispense with naps and take Butch for a walk. The thought of exploring his new

neighborhood behind a baby carriage amused him. He remembered to take off the apron and tie Butch's bonnet around her ears. He propped her up in the carriage and off they went under the burnished maples.

Ellen Gay was raking leaves next door. She waved at them and, smoothing her short brown hair, hurried over to the carriage. There ensued one of those extraordinary displays of female adulation for babies—a corrugated singsong, gentle as a dove's plaint. "Isn't she the little precious," chirped Mrs. Gay. "She's going to be a beauty, a heart-breaker." She examined Alec. "And she's the image of her father."

Alec blushed. He seemed to swell, the way a pigeon swells with self-importance.

"Da-da," said Butch.

"I knew it," said Mrs. Gay. "She's her father's girl."

The phrase caught his fancy and he repeated it several times as they circled the block. All the mothers—Josephine and Rosemary and Sue—who had ignored him before, stopped on the sidewalk and buzzed around the carriage.

When he reached home he felt refreshed. Odd that Larry had never mentioned the resemblance. He wished Peg were home, so he could check it with her.

It was then that panic struck him. He did not know where she had gone. She had not told him. If she had gone to lunch with a girl friend, she would have said so—or shopping, or to the dentist. Peg never kept things from him. Unless she was really mad.

Alec sank down on the porch step. Butch had fallen asleep against the side

of the carriage, her pink bonnet askew over one eye. He rocked the carriage nervously with one foot. It was true that they had quarreled, he knew, and perhaps when Peg saw what a perfect father Larry had become she realized... She had always been very fond of Larry. A cold feeling of loss spread over Alec. If she were fed up with him she might go to her mother—but her mother was in Bermuda. He shivered. The sunlight had left his lawn and a sad breeze bothered the leaves. He lit his first cigarette. He was on his fourth, when a white truck turned into the driveway, and the driver climbed out and came up the path.

"What do you want?" barked Alec.

The diaper man tipped his white cap. "DryDee Service collects twice a week." He stepped over Alec and walked into the house. Alec remembered that the beds were unmade, the dishes unwashed.

"The missus is out," he said when the man reappeared with his bundle.

"I know," said the diaper man. "I just saw her."

Alec grabbed his trouser leg. "Where?" "Through the big glass window at Joe's. Drinking coffee. She was sitting with some guy."

"With who?"

"'Bout your age, I'd say, only broader. Huskier type. Nice looking. Light curly hair."

"Larry," said Alec.

"Don't know his name," said the diaper man, and he tossed the bag in his truck and drove away.

Dreadful questions took shape in Alec's mind. Had the whole thing been a plot of Peg's and Larry's to keep him home while they went off together?



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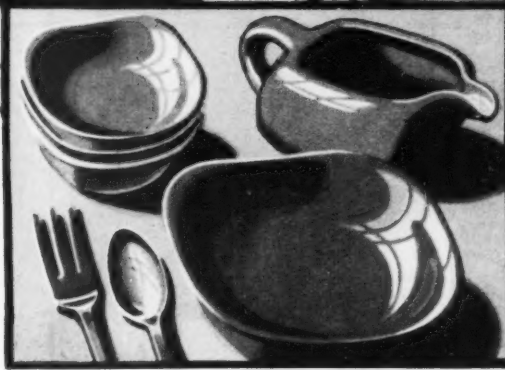
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From One Cook to Another



Mary Blake
Carnation Home
Service Director

IT'S TRUE! I honestly know a way to beat the high cost of food. In a word, it's imagination. Yes, with enough imagination, it's actually easy to fix low-cost meals that your family will love. Like my Corn and Sausage Casserole! You'll be honestly amazed that such a thrifty main-dish can taste so good. What makes this casserole so creamy-rich and delicious, is Carnation Evaporated Milk. For Carnation—among all brands—is "tops" for extra-creamy flavor. Not only is Carnation concentrated to double-richness—it's also specially heat-refined. So it's super-smooth, super-creamy, and blends better with other ingredients to bring out all their goodness. Yes, it takes Carnation—no ordinary milk—for this delicious



CORN AND SAUSAGE CASSEROLE

- 4 to 6 servings
- 1 lb. pork sausages
 - 1 cup chopped green pepper
 - 2 cups drained canned kernel corn
 - 2 tablespoons flour
 - 1 teaspoon salt
 - 1 large can undiluted Carnation Milk
 - 1 cup grated Cheddar cheese
 - 4 tomato slices (may be omitted)

Cook sausages with green pepper, corn medium heat, until sausage are done through, heat to oven, in buttered baking dish. Blend 2 cups, most drippings with flour and salt, over medium heat. Slowly stir in Carnation, stir and cook until sauce thickens. Pour over corn and sausage. Top with grated cheese and sautéed tomato slices. Bake in moderate oven (350° F) about 25 minutes.

To remove cooked meat easily from the tin, puncture hole in tin and before opening the can at the opposite end.

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creamy, slow-pouring smoothness you won't find in any other milk. These are the reasons why you can cook with undiluted Carnation—why it's so delicious in coffee, and on cereals and desserts. These are the reasons why Carnation gives such wonderful cooking and baking results. That it's used more by women than all other brands of evaporated milk combined!

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IF YOU COULD TRADE PLACES WITH ME for a few days, you'd quickly discover how interested women are in new dessert recipes. That's why I want to pass along one of my favorites—Magic Cream Pie. Yes, "magic" for a couple of reasons. One, because you start with a single recipe and end up with any of several variations. But "magic" mostly because of the milk you use, Carnation, of course! Carnation is the milk that's famous for rich, creamy flavor. So, naturally it makes cream pie taste extra creamy. Then, too, Carnation's special method of heat-refinement makes it a milk that blends into the smoothest cream pie filling ever... and brings out all the goodness in the other ingredients. Try this recipe tomorrow.

CARNATION MAGIC CREAM PIE

(Makes a 9-inch pie.)

- 1 cup sugar
- 2 tbsps. cornstarch
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 cup undiluted Carnation Milk
- 1 cup water
- 1 egg yolk, slightly beaten
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- Baked 9-inch pie shell



Mixing: Add 1 egg whites and 1/2 cup sugar. Combine dry ingredients in double boiler. Mix and stir in Carnation and water. Cook over boiling water until thickened, stirring frequently. Stir small amount of cooked mixture into egg yolk, stir slowly back into main mixture. Stir and cook until again thickened. Add vanilla. Cool slightly, then into pie shell. Cover with meringue of the egg whites, a pinch of salt, and 1/2 cup sugar. Brown in moderate oven (350° F).

BANANA CREAM PIE: Slice 1 or 2 bananas into pie shell before turning in filling.

CHOCOLATE CREAM PIE: Increase sugar in filling to 3/4 cup. Show 2 squares unsweetened chocolate and add to sugar mixture before adding Carnation and water. Complete as above.

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"From Contented Cows"

How long had Larry been there before he got home last night?

Alec looked down at his daughter, sleeping so lightly, so innocently. There was something reassuring about her. No, he said to himself, your best friend wouldn't double-cross you like that—your wife doesn't leave you just because... "Well, what if he is a better father than I am?" he shouted. "I'm her husband."

Butch woke, frightened. Her little round face puckered and she began to cry. "Ah, now, sweetheart," he said. "Don't." He picked her up and she felt warm and moist and comfortable in the hollow of his arm. It gave him a funny feeling to hold her. She was so little and helpless. It made him feel big. It was a feeling he had never had before. He knew then that whatever it was he had been wanting was here in his arms. He had become a father. It was the most natural thing in the world.

As if she knew what had happened, Butch stopped crying and snuggled contentedly. "That's my girl," said Alec. "We'll show them."

They were walking back and forth across the lawn like that together when Peg came home at last. She came swiftly toward them, the late sun throwing a golden light behind her and her face as fresh and unspoiled as in the morning.

"Are you all right?" she called. Alec found he could only nod. She was so beautiful. He was so glad to see her. He was so angry.

"I'm sorry I'm late," she said lightly, as if nothing had happened at all. "Let me take her. You look all in."

Alec shook his head and clung to Butch. She, at least, belonged to him.

"I would have been back ages ago," said Peg as she tripped along beside him into the house. "But I met Larry at the

real estate office, poor dear, and he had to tell me about the house he'd seen, and I felt so guilty about being rude last night that I asked him to have coffee with me. He was coming over but I told him we were busy tonight. I hope you don't mind."

"Mind?" echoed Alec. He collapsed into the sofa still clinging to Butch.

Peg sat down beside them and kicked off her pumps, wriggling her toes. "Poor Larry, he's so homesick. But I just couldn't bear the thought of listening to any more stories about those brats."

"But I thought you liked that sort of thing!"

She shuddered. "What do you think I am?"

"I think you're wonderful," Alec said. Butch slide to the floor and pulled Peg onto his lap. "You do love me, don't you?"

"Look out," she said. "This is my best suit. What is the matter with you?"

Alec sighed. Now he need never tell her. Instead he asked her what she had been doing at real estate offices.

"Well, naturally, this house is too small."

He hadn't noticed.

"You didn't read my note, did you?" said Peg. "I went to see Dr. Waite and he said it should happen in April. He thinks on the twenty-first. I was pretty sure, but I didn't want to get you all excited before."

"That's wonderful," said Alec, and this time he meant it.

Peg smiled. He could not see her face, but he knew she was smiling. If she had plotted it all, he could only be glad. But her eyes when she raised her face to be kissed were as innocent as a baby's. It was some time before either of them noticed that Butch was into the bottom drawer of the desk again. +

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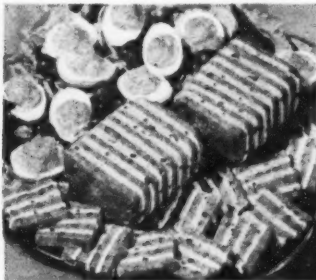


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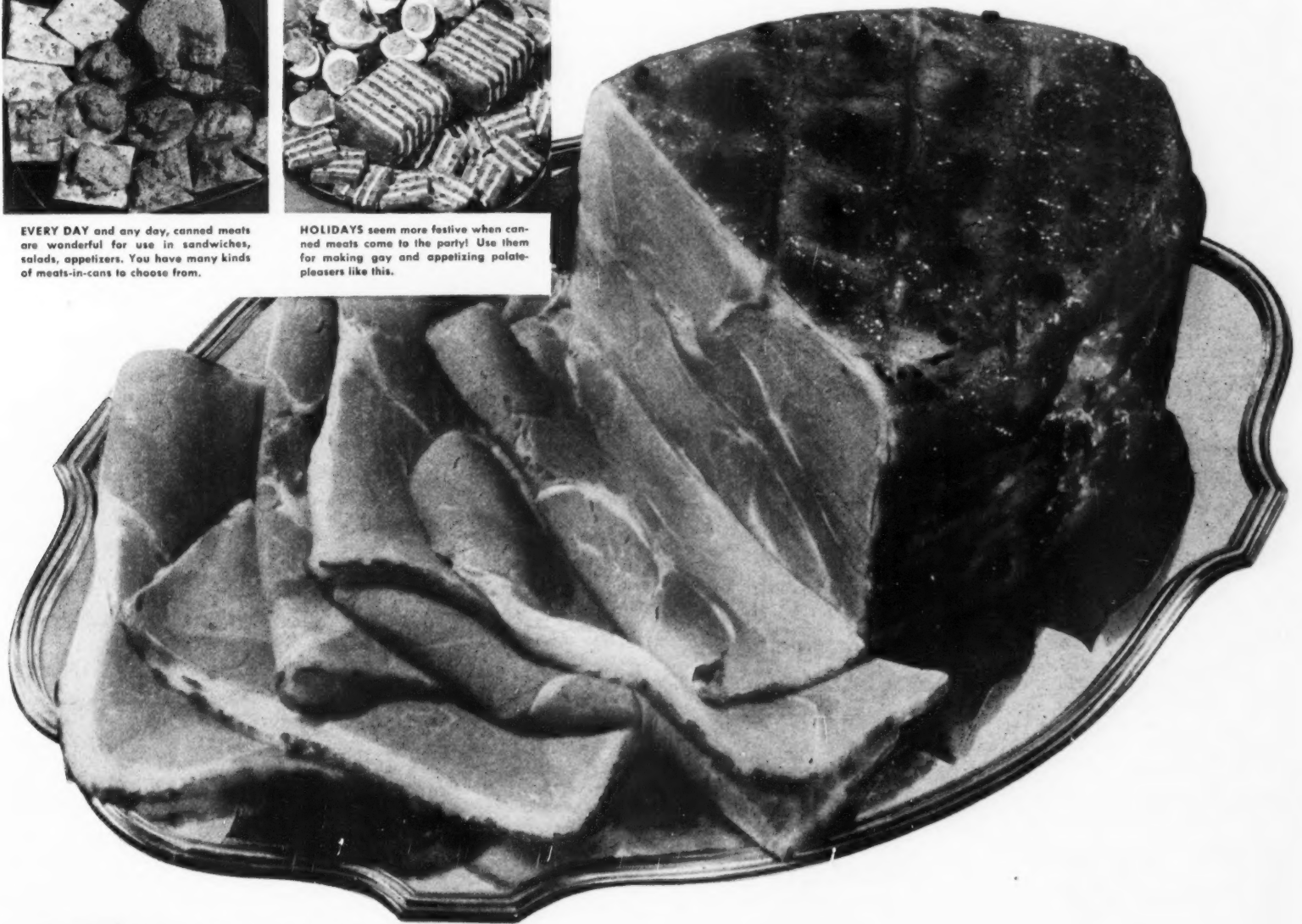
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From One Cook to Another



by
Mary Blake
Carnation Home
Service Director

IT'S TRUE! I honestly know a way to beat the high cost of food. In a word, it's *imagination*. Yes, with enough imagination, it's actually easy to fix low-cost meals that your family will love. Like my Corn and Sausage Casserole! You'll be honestly amazed that such a thrifty main-dish can taste so good. What makes this casserole so creamy-rich and delicious, is Carnation Evaporated Milk. For Carnation—among all brands—is "tops" for extra-creamy flavor. Not only is Carnation concentrated to double-richness—it's also specially heat-refined. So it's super-smooth, super-creamy, and blends better with other ingredients to bring out all their goodness. Yes, it takes Carnation—a no ordinary milk—for this delicious



CORN AND SAUSAGE CASSEROLE (4 to 6 servings)

- ¾ lb. pork sausages
- ½ cup chopped green pepper
- 2 cups drained canned kernel corn
- 2 tablespoons flour
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 1 large can undiluted Carnation Milk
- ½ cup grated Canadian cheese
- 6 tomato slices (may be omitted)

Cook sausages with green pepper, over medium heat, until sausages are done through. Add to corn, in buttered baking dish. Blend 2 tbsps. meat drippings with flour and salt, over medium heat. Slowly stir in Carnation; stir and cook until sauce thickens. Pour over corn and sausages. Top with grated cheese and seasoned tomato slices. Bake in moderate oven (350° F) about 25 minutes.

To remove canned meat easily from the tin, puncture hole in one end before opening the can at the opposite end.

THOUGH IT performs cooking miracles, there's no magic about Carnation. It's just good, country-fresh milk, concentrated to double-richness by evaporation. Nothing's removed except water. Nothing's added except vitamin D. No sweetener of any kind. But it's the double-richness that's so important. And the heavy consistency given by Carnation's special method of heat-refinement—a

creamy, slow-pouring heaviness you won't find in any other milk. Those are the reasons why you can even whip undiluted Carnation—why it's so delicious in coffee, and on cereals and desserts. Those are the reasons why Carnation gives such wonderful cooking and baking results, that it's used more by women than all other brands of evaporated milk combined!

There's no safer, more digestible milk for bottle-fed babies than Carnation. If there's a baby in the house—or one expected—ask your doctor about Carnation, the milk every doctor knows.

LISTEN to the delightful Saturday radio show, "Stars Over Hollywood". A complete half-hour play every week—specially written for this entertaining program. See your newspaper for time and station.

FREE: Delicious, economical main-course recipes, to help menu planning... in my NEW booklet, "One-dish Meals". Write for your free copy to Dept. 28, Carnation Company, Limited, at Toronto or Vancouver or St. John's, Newfoundland.

IF YOU COULD TRADE PLACES WITH ME for a few days, you'd quickly discover how interested women are in new dessert recipes. That's why I want to pass along one of my favorites—Magic Cream Pie. Yes, "magic" for a couple of reasons. One, because you start with a single recipe and end up with any of several variations. But "magic" mostly because of the milk you use. Carnation, of course! Carnation is the milk that's famous for rich, creamy flavor. So, naturally it makes cream pie taste extra creamy. Then too, Carnation's special method of heat-refinement makes it a milk that blends into the smoothest cream pie filling ever... and brings out all the goodness in the other ingredients. Try this recipe tomorrow.

CARNATION MAGIC CREAM PIE

(Makes a 9-inch pie)

- ½ cup sugar
- 3 tbsps. cornstarch
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 1½ cups undiluted Carnation Milk
- 1 cup water
- 3 egg yolks, slightly beaten
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- Baked 9-inch pie shell
- Meringue of 3 egg whites and ½ cup sugar



Combine dry ingredients in double boiler. Mix and stir in Carnation and water. Cook over boiling water until thickened, stirring frequently. Stir small amount of cooked mixture into egg yolks; stir slowly back into main mixture. Stir and cook until again thickened. Add vanilla. Cool slightly; turn into pie shell. Cover with meringue of the egg whites, a pinch of salt, and ½ cup sugar. Brown in moderate oven (350° F).

BANANA CREAM PIE: Slice 1 or 2 bananas into pie shell before turning in filling.

CHOCOLATE CREAM PIE: Increase sugar in filling to ¾ cup. Shave 2 squares unsweetened chocolate and add to sugar mixture before adding Carnation and water. Complete as above.

COFFEE has become so much a part of our everyday life, why not make the most of it? Enjoy coffee at its finest... "creamed" with Carnation. Carnation gives coffee a wonderfully tempting color, and creamy-rich "let's-have-another-cup" flavor. Yet it costs only half as much as cream. Try it! I'm sure you'll agree with the millions of other coffee-lovers who say, "Coffee tastes better with Carnation".



"from Contented Cows"

How long had Larry been there before he got home last night?

Alec looked down at his daughter, sleeping so lightly, so innocently. There was something reassuring about her. No, he said to himself, your best friend wouldn't double-cross you like that—your wife doesn't leave you just because... "Well, what if he is a better father than I am?" he shouted. "I'm her husband."

Butch woke, frightened. Her little round face puckered and she began to cry. "Ah, now, sweetheart," he said. "Don't." He picked her up and she felt warm and moist and comfortable in the hollow of his arm. It gave him a funny feeling to hold her. She was so little and helpless. It made him feel big. It was a feeling he had never had before. He knew then that whatever it was he had been wanting was here in his arms. He had become a father. It was the most natural thing in the world.

As if she knew what had happened, Butch stopped crying and snuggled contentedly. "That's my girl," said Alec. "We'll show them."

They were walking back and forth across the lawn like that together when Peg came home at last. She came swiftly toward them, the late sun throwing a golden light behind her and her face as fresh and unspoiled as in the morning. "Are you all right?" she called. Alec found he could only nod. She was so beautiful. He was so glad to see her. He was so angry.

"I'm sorry I'm late," she said lightly, as if nothing had happened at all. "Let me take her. You look all in."

Alec shook his head and clung to Butch. She, at least, belonged to him.

"I would have been back ages ago," said Peg as she tripped along beside him into the house. "But I met Larry at the

real estate office, poor dear, and he had to tell me about the house he'd seen, and I felt so guilty about being rude last night that I asked him to have coffee with me. He was coming over but I told him we were busy tonight. I hope you don't mind."

"Mind?" echoed Alec. He collapsed into the sofa still clinging to Butch.

Peg sat down beside them and kicked off her pumps, wriggling her toes. "Poor Larry, he's so homesick. But I just couldn't bear the thought of listening to any more stories about those brats."

"But I thought you liked that sort of thing!"

She shuddered. "What do you think I am?"

"I think you're wonderful." Alec let Butch slide to the floor and pulled Peg onto his lap. "You do love me, don't you?"

"Look out," she said. "This is my best suit. What is the matter with you?"

Alec sighed. Now he need never tell her. Instead he asked her what she had been doing at real estate offices.

"Well, naturally, this house is too small."

He hadn't noticed. "You didn't read my note, did you?"

said Peg. "I went to see Dr. Waite and he said it should happen in April. He thinks on the twenty-first. I was pretty sure, but I didn't want to get you all excited before."

"That's wonderful," said Alec, and this time he meant it.

Peg smiled. He could not see her face, but he knew she was smiling. If she had plotted it all, he could only be glad. But her eyes when she raised her face to be kissed were as innocent as a baby's. It was some time before either of them noticed that Butch was into the bottom drawer of the desk again. +

WHERE'S JUNIOR?

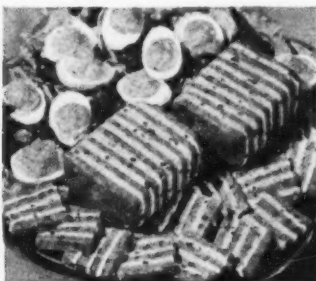


3-word recipe for delicious meals
that are healthful, easy-to-fix:

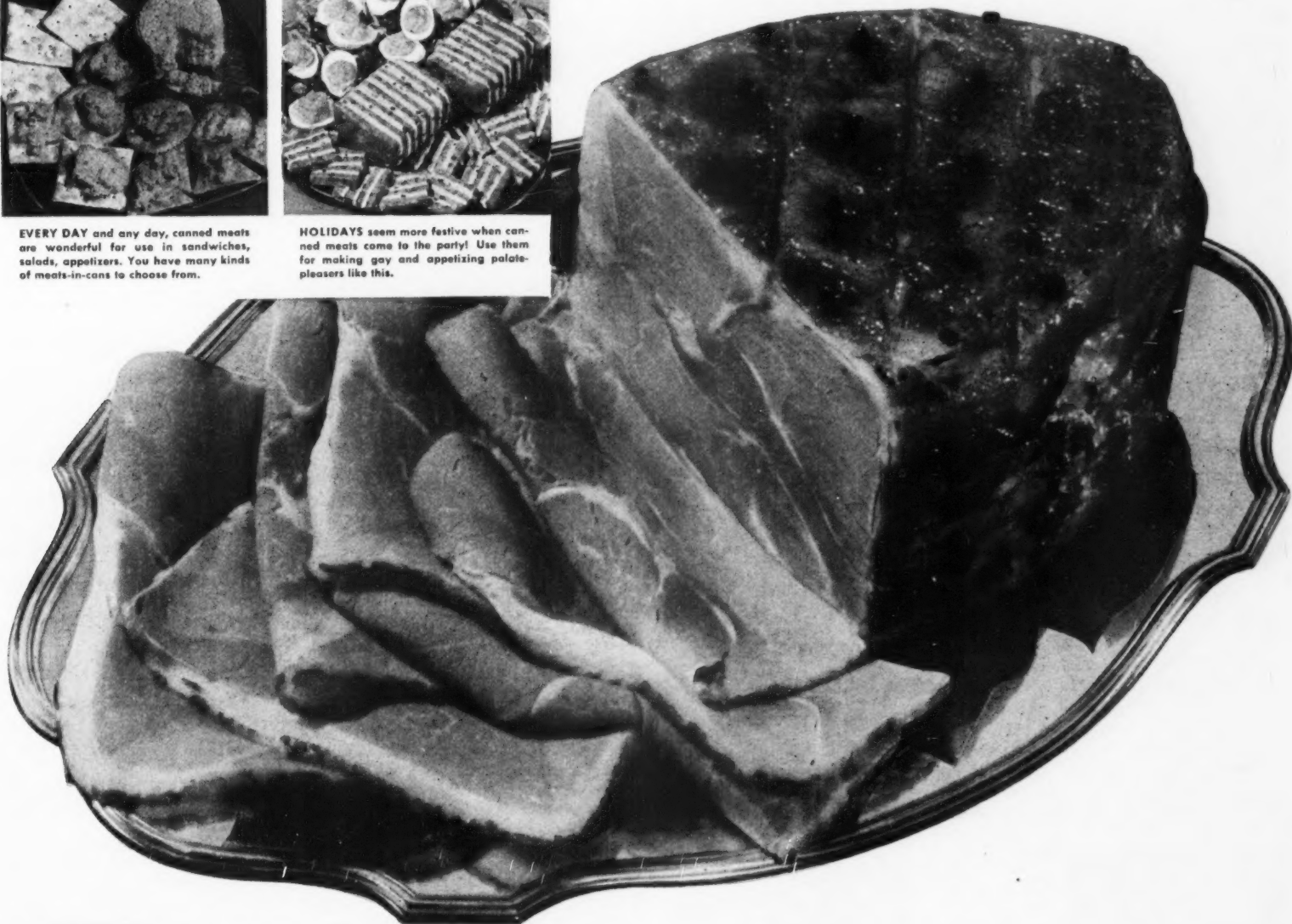
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EVERY DAY and any day, canned meats are wonderful for use in sandwiches, salads, appetizers. You have many kinds of meats-in-cans to choose from.



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by 19 universities proves*



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Home Economics Departments of 19 U.S. universities and colleges, in a 3-year survey, proved these facts: Canned foods give you the most *food value* — the most food, the most nutrition, at lowest cost, all year 'round. And cans are safe and strong, easily handled and stored.

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Cans of steel make it possible for you to enjoy the best in meats and other fine foods whatever the season, whatever the occasion. And they give you positive protection against food contamination. *So remember: your best food buys come in steel cans.*

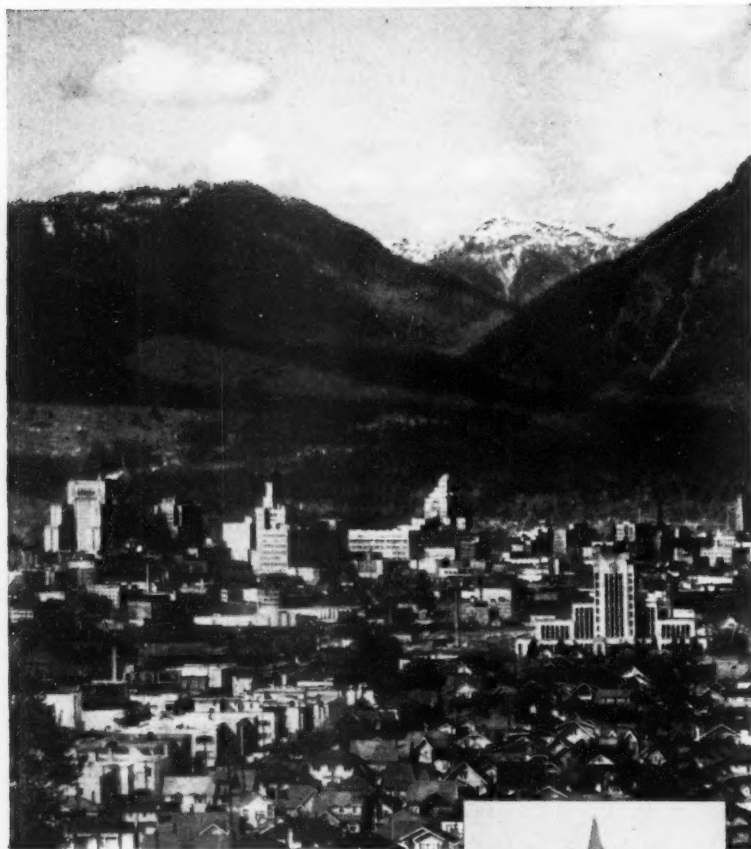
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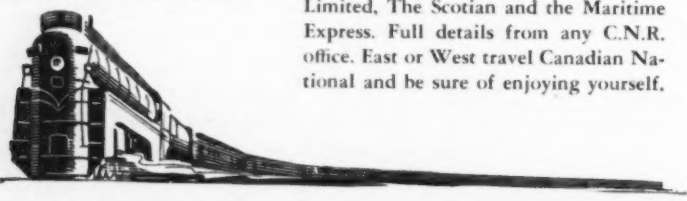
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DEAR MRS. THOMPSON

Continued from page 23

and I kept pushing him off along the gold damask settee. Then all of a sudden he got down on his knees, clasped his hands, and looked up imploringly into my face. How could I be so cruel, to torture him like this!

He looked so utterly silly, kneeling there like a character in a bad play, that suddenly the humor of the situation hit me. What a spot for Dear Mrs. Thompson to be in! I started to laugh and laugh; he looked hurt, and disappointed, then sadly got up and brushed off the knees of his trousers.

However, even if anybody had seen the performance, I would not have been identified as Mrs. Thompson. The public never met her. For obvious reasons, she was always out when anyone phoned or called at the office. So far as I know, I never met a client face to face, though once I had a narrow escape.

A certain professional man and his wife were having quarrels. Each felt completely justified in the stand taken, and after endless harangues, they decided to submit the question to Mrs. Thompson for arbitration. I remember that the man's letter alone was twenty-five closely-written pages. After spending a lot of time trying to understand the problem, I wrote private replies, which they acknowledged. Shortly afterwards I was invited to a party, and just by accident found that these people were going to be there. Though curious to see them in the flesh, I was afraid some of my friends might start kidding me about the column, as they often did, and say "Of course you know that Isabel is Dear Mrs. Thompson." I invented a headache and stayed home.

But while I never met clients, quite often I would see in the paper the names of people who had written to me. Once a woman wrote a frantic letter about her husband wanting a divorce. He had fallen in love with his secretary, had taken her on business trips, and now wanted his freedom. The wife said she was nearly crazy with worry, admitted she had staged some very violent scenes, and ended by vowing she would never give him up. She wanted me to tell her how to get him back.

A sense of urgency about the letter worried me. Though she hadn't asked for a private reply, I spent most of one afternoon composing a letter which I took to the post-office myself. I advised her to stop making scenes, to agree that she might have been partly to blame, and to stall for time by suggesting a two-month wait before discussing divorce. I hoped she would get the letter in the morning mail.

Next evening, I read in the paper that her husband had been found dead in his garage with the motor of his car running. I'm afraid she had put on one scene too many—before my letter arrived.

Worry over my correspondents increased after I was persuaded to start another advice column in the weekly Free Press Prairie Farmer, which reaches out from Winnipeg to cover all three Prairie provinces. Just a little thing, to fill up the odd corner, the editor said. But there had never before been a wailing wall for the prairies. Troubles piled up since pioneer days descended

like an avalanche when an invitation to unload them was printed. Soon I was getting a hundred letters a week on top of the regular load. By now I had a stenographer to take down private replies to letters, but spending so much time looking at the seamy side made me feel morbid.

When the editors wouldn't change my job, I resigned and went to work in Regina. The new job was a complete change, but before long, the Leader-Post editor suggested I start an advice column there. However, in a smaller city the mail never became heavy, and I didn't mind. Eventually I got away from giving advice by getting married.

However, the depression got me into it again. Though I was living in Ontario then, in 1933 I got the chance to go back to Winnipeg and try to revive Mrs. Thompson, a chance I welcomed because of financial difficulties. Nobody knew how the public would react—the old gal hadn't been

☆ ☆ ☆

OF AN ANCIENT SEA

By Eileen Cameron Henry

Far from tide, on upland hill, far from shore,
I found beach gravel in the common earth.
And taste of salt in lusty fruit it bore.

Far from wave, far from thin strong hands of foam,
I found pale stones, shaped by an ancient surf,
And in the quiet I heard the tide come home.

Far from captive net, far from swaying seine,
I found strange fish, set in a mold of stone,
And weeds grew coarse where the kelp had lain.

Far from sea, far from its tidal flow,
I saw the wind bend green and crested grass,
And pull the whole hill down in undertow.

☆ ☆ ☆

around for a long time—but one announcement that she was coming back to the job brought a handful of letters. Soon she was going strong, and for some time was a feature in all three Sifton papers—Regina, Saskatoon and Winnipeg. I returned home to London, Ont., after a few months, and have continued the column by remote control for nearly twenty years.

Letters have come mostly from Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and parts of northern Ontario, with a few from Alberta and British Columbia. But while my clientele is largely western, the problems presented are not peculiar to the west.

This doesn't mean that my letters reflect an accurate picture of the Canadian scene. Happy, well-adjusted, successful people don't write to advice columns. Also, when unhappy people write, they give only one side of the story, and much reading between the lines is necessary.

The ages of those who write range



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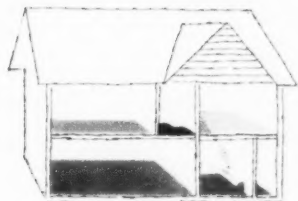


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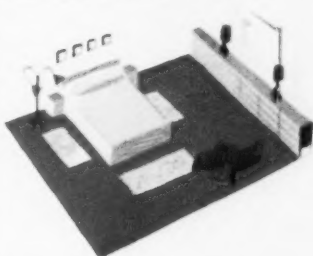
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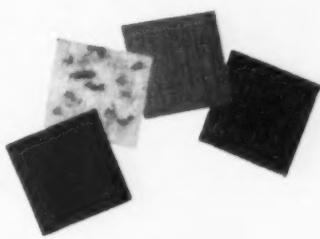
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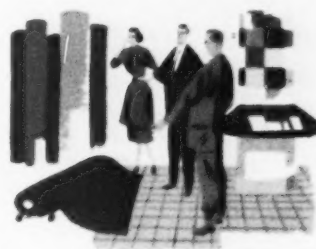
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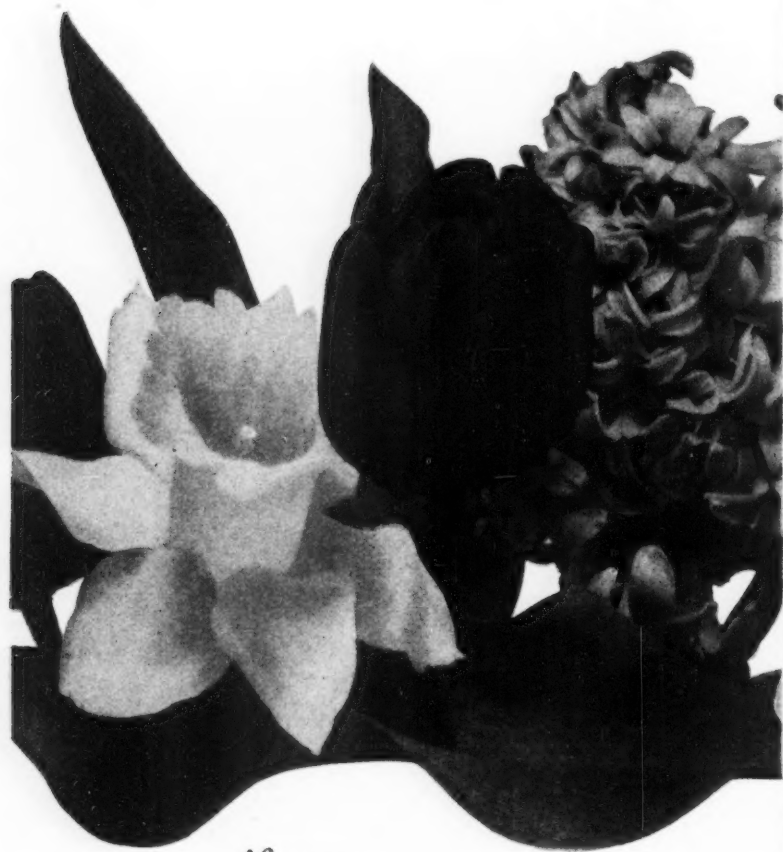
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from about twelve to seventy-five. There are rich and poor, university graduates and near illiterates, male and female. But women outnumber men by about four to one.

Why do they write? Shouldn't people with brains and common sense solve their own problems? Of course they should, and many do, but others are too confused, or too close to the situation. They like to get a disinterested opinion, and particularly don't want to consult friends or relations. They don't want anyone to know about straying husbands, problem daughters, or meddling in-laws. They are busy putting up a front, pretending that all is well. But pressures pile up, and it is an immense relief to get things off their chests by writing to someone they will never see. This relief of tension is useful whether they listen to the advice or not. Also, in trying to explain the situation to me, I know they often make it clearer to themselves.

Others write just for the unaccustomed luxury of getting a little attention. Lonely, ineffectual, colorless people get a kick out of briefly being the centre of a stage, even if it's only in a letter signed Worried Brown Eyes.

What they write about covers much the same field as when I first started doing the column. But certain letters which used to be common are now extinct species.

Nobody asks any more, "Should I let my boy friend kiss me goodnight?" or "Is a girl considered fast if she smokes?" And two depression specials have completely disappeared—the bitter letters from well-educated girls forced to take jobs as domestics, where they were treated like dirt; and letters asking how to get married secretly, then have a public ceremony afterwards.

In these days, when many brides take it for granted that they will keep on working, it is hard to think back to those hungry thirties when a married woman who held a job was regarded almost as Public Enemy Number 1. Then many couples had a choice of starving on one meagre salary, waiting for several frustrated years, having furtive affairs, or getting married secretly. As it isn't against the law to marry the same person more than once, many chose the secret ceremony, followed by a big wedding years later when they could afford to live together openly. I sometimes recognized the names of principals in such weddings, as former clients.

Today's letters include some from the opposite pole—complaints from working wives about husbands who expect them to continue in jobs indefinitely, or who accept all the financial help the girls give and refuse to lift a finger in the house. They wail "After all I have done for him, he isn't the least bit grateful," not realizing that putting a man under an obligation is often the surest way to make him critical and stubborn.

Letters about stingy husbands have always been standard equipment, but perhaps it's a sign of the times that the proportion has certainly increased since living costs soared.

I even had one from a woman whose husband earns ten thousand a year, yet never takes her anywhere, never goes on a holiday, and won't hire a taxi when their car breaks down in forty below zero weather. Most correspondents are not that well off, but arguments over money occur in all income brackets.

Many women say they don't even know how much money their husbands earn.

I always wonder why such couples didn't agree about finances before marriage, but I'm pretty sure that often money isn't the real trouble at all. Perhaps the man is using his grip on the purse-strings to get back at the woman for something he resents, or to compensate for something in himself which makes him feel guilty or inferior. Maybe he is an underdog at the office, or is dissatisfied with the sexual side of his marriage. Being mean about money gives him a sense of power that he doesn't get anywhere else.

Therefore I always suggest that a woman look for a hidden motive behind the money meanness, and act accordingly. But I also make sure she understands her legal rights. While, under Canadian law, a man can't be compelled to provide more than "necessities" for his wife, interpretation of "necessities" depends on his station in life. An evening gown, for instance, might be a necessity in some cases. The same principle applies to furniture and household equipment as to food and clothes, and if a wife buys on credit anything which could be considered a necessity, her husband has to pay for it. Putting "I will not be responsible for debts" notices in newspapers doesn't count, though they might make it harder for his wife to get credit.

Besides replying to queries through the paper, I do quite a business in private answers. Many letters can't be published for lack of space, yet the paper promises an answer to all who write. Others are answered privately because the letters couldn't be printed without offending, or because the writers' identity would be recognized.

With one man, I carried on a spirited correspondence for twenty years, off and on. He was an Englishman who had married beneath him, he said. Though he obviously had a fair education, he did manual work, never making much money. However, his letters were written in high-flown language, though the subject was always trouble with his wife.

Once he wrote about a scene which took place on a hot summer day, when he, his wife and two small children were living in two rooms. The man came home and scolded her about untidiness, and she picked up a breadknife, jabbing him in the arm.

"Then my patience too gave way," he wrote. "Choking back the hot words which rose to my lips, I kicked over a pot of peaches which were boiling on the stove, and silently left the room." He didn't say who picked up the peaches, but some kind of truce must have been established, as a few months later he wrote again.

"I thought I had already reached the uttermost depths of despair," he wrote, "but now new woes have been added to my load, new clouds are darkening the sky. Ossa is piled on Pelion—my wife is pregnant again, due entirely to her own carelessness."

I always told this man off in no uncertain terms, yet he kept coming back. Probably nobody anywhere else paid much attention to him, and it was a luxury to play a leading role, even in a scolding.

Another serial concerned a girl who had fallen in love with a man at her boarding-house. But he was in love with

another girl, and the other girl loved another man. How could the first girl attract her hero? I helped plan a campaign; she reported progress, asking "What will I do next?" and eventually she landed him. I got a piece of the wedding cake, and I've often wondered whether in the end she blessed or cursed me for my bright ideas.

Other private replies go to girls like the one who wrote "Henry says he won't go steady with me unless I let him go the limit. He says all the kids do it and nothing could happen. Should I let him?" Others say their mothers never told them anything, and they are all mixed up about sex. Such letters seem odd in these days of frankness, but then, some mothers are like the one who said, "I have a lovely daughter of eighteen, so sweet and innocent I have never had the heart to talk to her about sex. She is popular with boys, and all her friends seem nice. But when we had one boy down to the cottage last week-end, I found he was carrying contraceptives in his pocket. I am terrified, though as it was a rainy week-end, they were in the house all the time, and never alone. I don't know what to tell my daughter."

I wrote telling her to put her foot down hard. She replied, explaining that she had been brought up in a home where sex was never mentioned, and still found it hard to get over that reticent attitude.

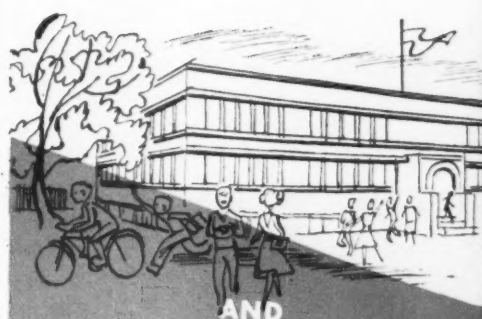
No Pussyfooting

Whether in my column or through private replies, I always give an honest answer in firm tones, and am able to do so because of my paper's liberal attitude. Good sense and good taste are the only restrictions on what appears in my column; never have I been asked to pussyfoot around delicate subjects.

The customers like my attitude, though often they are surprised by my sizing-up of a situation. Though a woman moans about her husband's neglect, it may show between the lines that she is sloppy, dull, or selfish. Or a man complains about his wife running around, not seeing that he drove her to it by smugly taking her for granted. So my first suggestion is often "Try to see yourself as others see you."

Women particularly are likely to be more at fault than they think. Some complain that their husbands changed after the babies came, are now restless, and indifferent to the children. I ask them to consider whether their husbands aren't jealous of the children; whether after having the centre of the stage, they resent the attention given to little strangers. Far too many women are such good mothers that they aren't good wives any longer, and their husbands feel left out in the cold. I recommend the technique of getting husbands broken in to changing diapers and burping the baby right from the start. This makes fathers feel part of the act, and eliminates father-child jealousy.

Besides urging self-criticism, I also suggest "Try to understand the person you are complaining about." Very often problem people are more to be pitied than blamed. They are difficult because of poor health, worry at the office, or a feeling of inferiority. So a medical check-up is often a useful first step, since many ailments, including anaemia, glandular upsets, and menopause disturbances can cause personality troubles. Once I had a frantic letter from a



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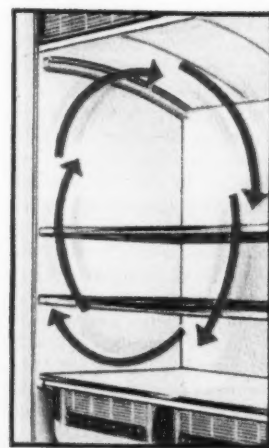
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woman about to leave her husband because of his violent rages. When at my suggestion she called a doctor, it was found the man suffered from too much thyroid. The right medicine cured him and saved their home, she wrote.

There may have been some "involuntary melancholy" in the man whose wife wrote "My husband isn't working, and won't eat anything I cook. He won't eat anything but pancakes, which he cooks himself and always burns. He never eats fish, meat or eggs. Then he sits around moping and complaining of heartburn." Probably his doctor could cure him with hormones; a psychiatrist certainly could help.

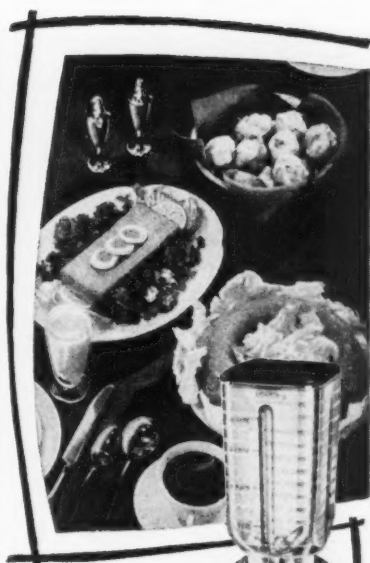
However, in most cases I suggest that what the difficult person needs is a build-up. Much of the trouble described is caused because somebody doesn't feel important. When a man writes "My wife won't trust me out of her sight when I come home from work, and is always phoning the office to see if I am there. I have had to give up my lodge and clubs though they were useful to me in business. Yet I have never looked at another woman," I know that his wife has no confidence in her power to hold him. A mother who interferes all the time in her children's households is bored and hasn't enough to do. A man who raises the roof at home may be Mr. Nobody at work, but get a feeling of importance out of making his wife and children cower. Drunkards are trying to escape the feeling that they don't amount to much, and so on.

My correspondents prove the claim of psychologists that the need to feel important is as fundamental as the need for food, clothing and shelter. So when someone complains about being badly treated, I suggest realizing that the villains too are very unhappy, needing to have their egos bolstered.

Sometimes I get letters of protest, saying "You must be a man—no woman would ever be so easy on the men. You just encourage women to baby their husbands, and do more than their share." Maybe I do, at times, but I believe men in modern times have a heavier load to carry than women, and are entitled to a boost at home. It's in the best interests of all concerned for the man to be definitely the head of the house, or to think that he is. Even when the wife knows she has more brains, she shouldn't let him know she knows. If he leaves home in the morning feeling that somebody thinks he is wonderful, he does a better job at work than if he had been nagged and criticized, and he is far more likely to come back at night.

I don't mean that men have no obligation to pull their weight in marriage. They certainly have; and they should realize that women need appreciation just as much as men. But if necessary, a woman should do more than her share in the partnership, since the marriage means more to her than to the man who also has a career.

One bright spot in modern times is the increase in counseling agencies to which I can direct people. There were few when I first started, but now there are family courts, family bureaus, Alcoholics Anonymous, mental health clinics, and recreation centres. Unfortunately, these agencies operate only in cities. When unhappy people write from farms or small towns, all I can do is suggest that if children are involved, they write to the already-burdened



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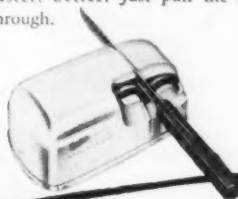
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Children's Aid Society asking for a visit from a social worker.

While I'm always happy to refer marriage problems to agencies, often the real trouble is that the people should never have got married in the first place. I wish there was some way of making it harder to get married, and forcing people to prove their fitness. They can't get a driver's license without proving their competence at the wheel, but they can get a license to marry and bring children into the world, without proving anything but their age. Perhaps, in return for the five dollar license fee, governments should set up classes for prospective brides and grooms, making them pass exams in cooking, budgeting and tolerance before letting them take the plunge.

A Sample Mailbag

Even listing the subjects discussed in letters would take pages, but here is a sample batch received recently:

1. Girl, fifteen, upset because her mother won't let her wear nail polish, also takes all the money the girl earns at an after-school job. Girl doesn't want to spend it foolishly, but wants to buy her own clothes.

2. Widower, forty-one, who sounds like an answer to prayer, says he can't meet a suitable second wife after trying for two years.

3. Man getting married wants to know who pays for what, and how he should reply to the toast to the bride.

4. Unhappy wife complains of a husband who won't talk to her, never takes a bath, shows no interest in the children, drinks heavily.

5. Girl about to be married is very worried. There is something she wonders if she should tell her fiancé, but she is so afraid he might call the engagement off. He likes sweater girls, and she wears falsies.

6. Woman, fifty-nine, asks, "How can I handle a husband of sixty who is being fascinated by a woman fifteen years my junior, a heartless wolf in sheep's clothing? Her bubbly way is taking him off his feet."

7. Girl, twenty-five, lonely, with no special interests and a dull job, wants to know how she can meet men friends.

It's lucky I never find the work boring, as it has to be done, no matter what happens to me, or where I am. I have written columns from a hospital bed. The night my husband died suddenly I came home alone from the hospital at five a.m. and sat writing until it was late enough to phone people. When I travel, the letters follow me—I have answered them beside canals in Holland, within sight of Mont Blanc in Switzerland, overlooking gardens in California.

And I'll probably go on doing it. I've been writing an advice column longer than any other Canadian woman on an English-language daily, though I can't compete with Colette, who has given advice in French for La Presse in Montreal for fifty years. But maybe I will tie her record, or exceed it—my mother is still going strong and doing her own housework at eighty-six, and I'm a lot like her.

Perhaps, some day, a correspondent will write that she can just see me sitting in front of the hearth, with the firelight falling on my white hair and my kindly wrinkled face, and it will be true. +

how to get the greatest help from

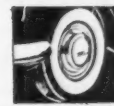
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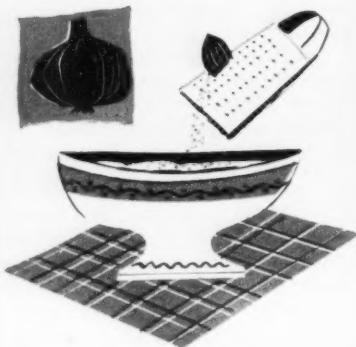
Continued from page 20

of the singing chorus in calico gowns and poke bonnets soundlessly shift their weight on tired feet and sigh with a mixture of wistfulness induced by the song, envy that they are not yet singing solos and nostalgia because this is the last musical of the summer. Beside them the dancers rustle the stiff crinolines under their costumes, smoothing their long hair with fluttering graceful motions. The male singers watch them in the darkness with interest undiminished by sixteen weeks of constant association.

When the girl in the spotlight, Kathryn Albertson, finishes the hymnlike song, the lights go down and she runs up the concrete aisle between rows of applauding playgoers, her fingers already busy with the zipper at the back of her dress. She makes her next change just outside the tent—there isn't time to get back to the dressingroom. At the top of the slanted aisle she deftly dodges a stagehand, racing through the darkness with a bench on his head.

HAVE YOU TRIED?

grating a little nutmeg over creamed onions.



On the darkened stage the stage manager, a Toronto girl in blue jeans and dangling earrings, checks the new props and supervises the removal of the old with a blue-lensed flashlight. The chorus is running down the side aisles, their costumes whispering against the rows of seats. When the lights go up again a moment later, twelve people are on the stage, laughing and chatting gaily. *Carousel* is in its final scenes.

In the three years that Melody Fair, Canada's first theatre in the round and the largest summer theatre in North America—Stratford's month of Shakespeare, also in a tent, was the only comparable show—has entertained about three hundred and sixty thousand people, it has given high-paying employment to more than one hundred Canadian singers, dancers and actors, most of whom hadn't appeared in any vehicle more sophisticated than Gilbert and Sullivan in their lives. Currently one of the country's two finishing schools for hopeful musical comedy stars, along with Vancouver's Theatre Under the Stars, Melody Fair takes its singers fresh from Mozart and Puccini at the Toronto Conservatory of Music and teaches them to enunciate clearly "June is bustin' out all over" and to wiggle

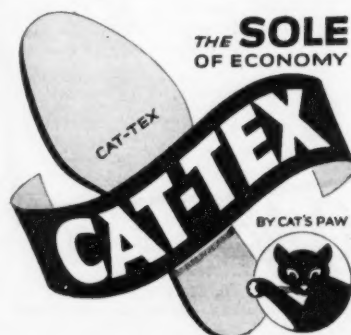


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their hips. Their professors might not consider it art, but it can lead to one hundred dollars a week in a chorus on Broadway and after that—who knows?—ten thousand a week as a star. Wooden-faced ballerinas from Volkoff and Gweneth Lloyd learn to reproduce an authentic sounding belly-laugh, a refinement which could lead to fame and fortune. This summer one of Canada's top radio actresses, Pegi Brown, appeared in four Melody Fair productions and spent most of the summer muttering: "Why didn't someone tell me about this before! Musical comedies are more fun than anything I've ever done."

Melody Fair's stage is in the middle of the tent, with eighteen hundred seats arranged in steps all around it. This means that the actors make their entrances and exits down the sloping concrete aisles, shaking hands with the patrons along the way if they so desire. One late-arriving customer was considerably unnerved to find herself walking down the aisle shoulder to shoulder with an Indian chief in full warpaint who later turned out to be E. M. Margolese, another Toronto radio actor who was portraying Chief Sitting Bull in *Annie Get Your Gun*.

The seating arrangement prohibits scenery, backdrops and curtains, a situation which the accounting department bears without tears. It means that any floor-length mirrors which actresses might be required to peer into must be frames filled with air, so that everyone can see them primping. Doors are the outlines of doors only. The circular rows of seats also mean that the ladies of one half of the audience can get an excellent view of the clothes worn by the ladies of the other half without turning their heads. Since the first row of seats is only two feet from the stage, it is also possible to determine whether the chorines are wearing silk organza or cotton organdie. Marjorie Clazie, a sweetly shy soprano from Windsor, was aghast her first performance to find herself almost rubbing noses with ardently attentive males in the first row; she solved the problem by developing an astigmatism—she never looks at anyone closer than three rows away.

The musical comedy stock company has just moved to the Canadian National Exhibition grounds from a mound of high ground in the centre of Dufferin Race Track in central Toronto where it began two years ago. The move has not been without its problems. Stock car races twice a week in the CNE Grandstand a few hundred yards away create a racket that drowns out the singers. The producers had thought that the addition of microphones, which they didn't require in the meadowlike silence of the deserted race track, would cover the problem. Instead they discovered that turning up the volume of the microphones on stock car nights only resulted in turning up the volume of the jalopies as well. To compensate for this woe, the tent show picked up hundreds of new and richer patrons among the motorists whirling along the lakefront highway that connects the downtown area with Toronto's heavily residential west end. Until the customers settled down at its new site this summer, Melody Fair lost money, but was in the black again by early July.

Melody Fair is backed by Canadian

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money, seventy-five thousand dollars of it, and produced by Broadway hands who know showbusiness like Christian Dior knows fashion. Leighton Brill, a lean, lanky white-haired veteran of twenty-five years with Oscar Hammerstein, produces the shows, hiring as his stars Broadway stars and Canadians who have achieved some fame like Gene Lockhart, the movie star; James Hawthorne, a Peterborough baritone who had a good part in *South Pacific* and Kaye Connor, a soprano from Vancouver who starred in *Song of Norway* for two years on Broadway.

Quiet polite Ben Kamsler, a former television and radio director and movie scout, is the general manager; the actors are under Bert Yarborough, stage director, who has both radio and theatre experience; the singers are trained by former concert pianist Arthur Lief, who has conducted orchestras for Broadway musical comedies, and the dancers are under Bettina Rosay, a tiny prima ballerina with Radio City Music Hall who has danced with Massine, Markova and Dolin.

These notables cannot be said to guide the faltering footsteps of the

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young hopefuls; since Melody Fair's bill changes every Monday night the pace is closer to the howling zoom of a jet plane. Every Monday afternoon the employees assemble to begin learning another musical; that night they open in the musical they learned last week. Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday they start at ten-thirty in the morning and work through until four-thirty learning next week's show; every night at eight they put on makeup and costumes for this week's performance and it is nearly midnight before they are ready to leave. On Saturdays they give a matinee in addition to the show at night. They have Sunday off, until seven o'clock when there is a dress rehearsal for next week's musical that sometimes lasts until the small hours of the morning.

For the sixteen weeks they are employed by Melody Fair, the Canadian youngsters learn to get enough sleep in bits and pieces. They fall asleep at home during their dinner hours; during performances dancers in Grecian chiffon roll themselves up in blankets under the trees and nap for



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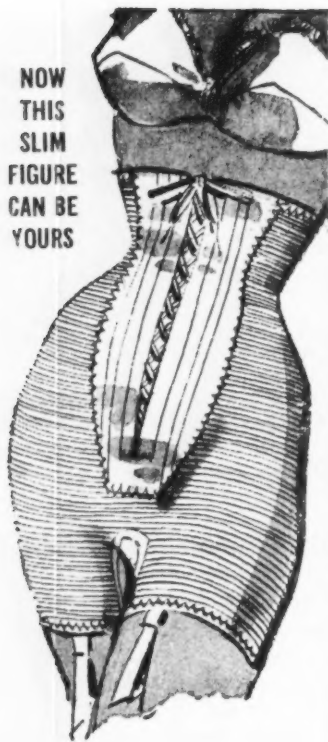


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the half hour or so between cues and singers in peasant costumes turn their faces up to the sun during Saturday matinee intermission and doze off sitting up.

Their housekeeping becomes a debt they can't settle until the fall. The dance captain, Joyce Hill from Powell River, British Columbia, is married to a baritone from Montreal, Alex Gray who is also in the show. Joyce does their laundry around six o'clock in the evenings while Alex does the dishes. Monday mornings they try to find time to scrub floors and dust. Joyce's schedule is complicated because she is continuing to study with the National Ballet Company most mornings at nine o'clock before Melody Fair rehearsals.

They Learn From the Stars

At the conclusion of the sixteen weeks, the performers have developed stamina and wind equivalent to the weight they have lost. Their tendency, at the end of the season, to have ulcerated stomachs and nervous ties in their cheeks is compensated by their confidence that nothing else in showbusiness could be more difficult, by their real right to a scuffed membership card in Equity, without which they cannot attend auditions in New York, and by their acquaintance with some American theatre aristocrats. Brian Sullivan of the Metropolitan Opera Company has sung at Melody Fair; Alfred Drake who sang in *Kiss Me Kate* for a year on Broadway starred in the same Cole Porter musical at Melody Fair last year; Gene Raymond starred in this year's opener, *Call Me Madam*; and Christine Mathews came from the Broadway cast of *Wish You Were Here* to Melody Fair's *Paint Your Wagon*.

The youngsters learn subtleties no amount of rehearsing can teach them watching a worker like Gil Lamb who starred in *The Connecticut Yankee* practice a pratfall twenty times or a perfectionist like Irra Petina, star of *Music in the Air*, study herself in a mirror for an hour to get a gesture with a handkerchief right.

Wide-eyed innocents like dancers Judy Kuhns from Ottawa and Terry Johnson, who came from London, England, to teach dancing in Barrie in the winter, rapidly learn something of the folksy behavior of theatre people.

When a handsome, elegant society woman drove up with a flourish beside the rehearsal tent and asked, "Is the box office open?" Leighton Brill, the producer, stooped and examined her briefly. "Right this way, honey," he replied. "For you, we'll open it."

A businessman once called Melody Fair and stiffly requested to speak to Ben Kamsler on an urgent matter. Brill answered the phone, considered a moment and then replied "I don't know where the hell he is, but I'll send out a search party. Ben! Ben! BEN!"

Brill is the first Melody Fair luminary the Canadian youngsters meet during the annual April auditions for singing and dancing parts. About one hundred and thirty singers turned up this year in a borrowed ballet studio to apply for twelve vacancies, and forty dancers vied for the six-girl line. Brill supervised the three days of auditions, consulting with the comparatively inaudible Ben Kamsler. Because there are only a few days to learn a part, the singers have to be sight readers and the dancers quick

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studies. This immediately eliminates all candidates without formal training. Appearance, since Melody Fair is out for pulchritude in its women and handsomeness in its men, eliminated fifty or sixty more.

"Take your time," Brill gently advised the five mezzo-sopranos who reached the finals. "Make sure you're ready and then sing."

Four of the mezzos sang beautifully, but one was outstanding. When she finished Brill asked softly, "What was that note you hit there, honey?" "An E," she answered, looking pleased. Brill shook his head and muttered an aside, "Her voice is wonderful, but it's too good for a chorus. She'd stand right out." He picked two other mezzos, Marjorie Clazie from Windsor and blond Helen Spicer from Toronto. Both are students at the Conservatory and Helen during the season showed a flair for acting which Brill encouraged with bit parts.

"Does this put me under any obligation?" Helen asked when Brill handed her a contract after the audition.

"None at all, dear," Brill assured her. "Sign here and you can read it when you get home." The contract, approved by the actors' and chorus' union Equity, guarantees members of the chorus fifty-five dollars a week minimum and ten dollars more if they have a speaking line, as often happens. Actors get a minimum of one hundred a week and several veteran Canadian radio and television actors, like E. M. Margolese and Alex McKee, are in almost every production.

Singer Changed Her Name

When Fiona Skakun of Calgary, one of last year's lyric sopranos, had finished a mournful interpretation of *Vilja* for her audition, Brill commented tersely: "I'm glad you got that off your chest. Now sing something else."

Fiona, a tall brunette with mischievous blue eyes, was followed by seven other sopranos, most of whom chose semi-classical songs. Brill abruptly interrupted the auditions. "The one thing we've noticed about you Canadians is that you don't know how to audition. Most of you children want to sing Italian or something. If you're auditioning for a musical comedy, you should sing something from a musical comedy. I have spoken."

Fiona was one of the successful lyric sopranos again at this year's audition. She notified Brill, when she signed her contract, that she had changed her name to Lavone Skaven. He was astounded and for the entire season compared her work, unflatteringly, to "that girl we had last year, Fiona."

Most of the eighteen singers and dancers hired that day were students, accustomed to picking up part-time work wherever they could to pay their living expenses. Some of the singers, like Alex Gray of Montreal, win scholarships of three or four hundred dollars at the Conservatory to help pay for lessons. The men singers survive the winter by doing the solo work in church choirs and singing on radio and television; some of the girls must work in department stores. Dolores Huck, a singer from Regina, gave up a job in a bank to join Melody Fair. A few of the dancers teach ballet to children in the winter but one of them, Babs Christie of Toronto, is one of three girls



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The successful singers and dancers were told to report for work two weeks before the June 15 opening of *Call Me Madam*. For two years Melody Fair had pitched its tent at Dufferin Race Track but the show was evicted last fall because of a hope at Dufferin that night harness-racing might become legal in Ontario this year (which it did not). Brill and Kamsler arranged with the city of Toronto to rent part of the Exhibition grounds on a ten-year lease for one hundred thousand dollars. They picked their spot, next to Stanley Barracks.

"You can't use Stanley Barracks for your dressing rooms," horrified city officials told Brill. "That's a national monument!"

"I wish to notify you that your wonderful historical monument hasn't been cleaned in thirty years and it is up to my knees in debris," retorted Brill. The city sheepishly began partitioning the barracks for dressing rooms, most of which include bricked-in fireplaces and carved moldings. When Brill casually requested that a wall be moved over a bit, he was informed that the walls were twenty-two inches thick. The building, a former officers' quarter, was built in 1814.

Workmen were still pouring cement into the shallow basin when the dancers arrived with their tiny cardboard suitcases and their hair tied back in horse-tails. Brill introduced them to Bettina Rosay, who started them to work on the major dance routines of the first three musicals. From next door came the sounds of the singers getting their first instructions. Ben Kamsler paced the corridor outside without hearing them; he was more interested in the excavation which was costing him fifteen thousand dollars.

Canada's Largest Tent

By the time the big blue tent was raised with its gaudy orange pennants—the biggest tent ever made in Canada at a cost of seven thousand, five hundred dollars—the company had worked over the first three musicals of the season, *Call Me Madam*, *Up in Central Park* and *One Touch of Venus*. The singers learned their parts sitting in two rows of chairs facing Arthur Lief at the piano. For seven hours a day he fussed with their diction.

"In opera, the music is important," he kept explaining. "In musical comedy the audience must be able to follow the lyrics to get the plot. The music doesn't matter so much. Now again."

"She can iron out a shirt . . ." the singers began.

"Take out 'out,'" Lief interrupted. "It doesn't sound right. Now this time with half as much voice and twice as much articulation, please."

The dancers next door were finding out that Bettina Rosay, in black slacks and sweater, dark glasses and a chiffon scarf, really knew her business. Dressed in an odd collection of black leotards, pink ballet slippers and shirts and sweaters cinched with wide elastic belts around their small waists, the girls were leaping and whirling in the small room. "Back and bend, turn and turn, step and turn," intoned Bettina. "If you can get it in your heart, you can feel it in your legs."

Eleven days after rehearsals began, Melody Fair was ready for its first dress

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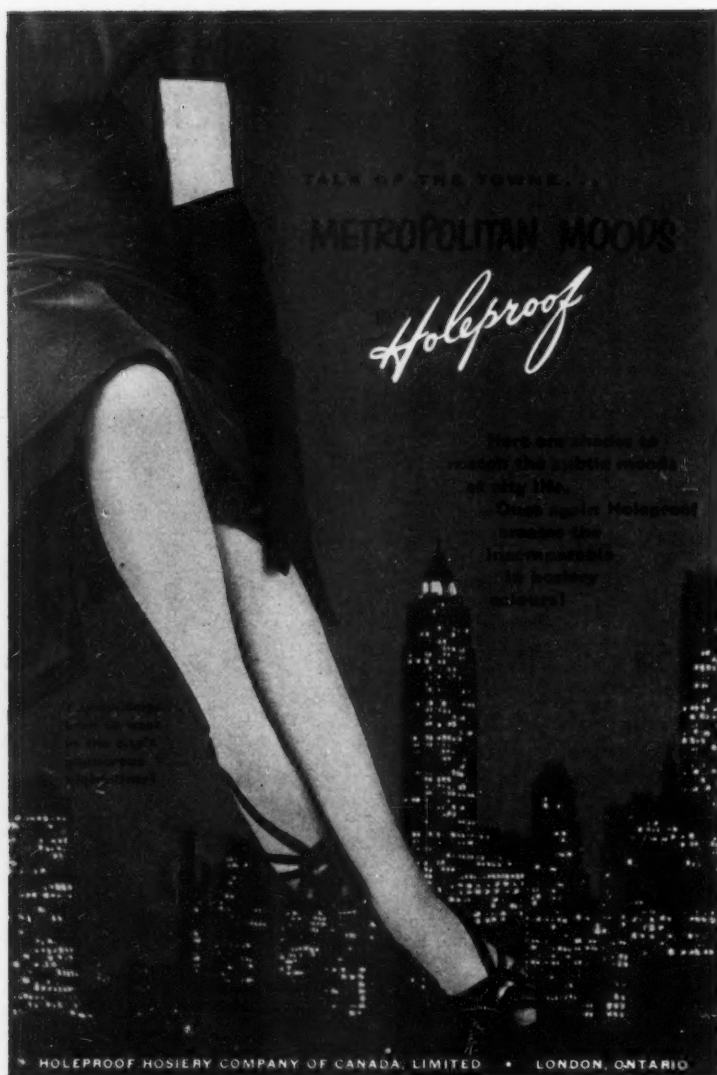
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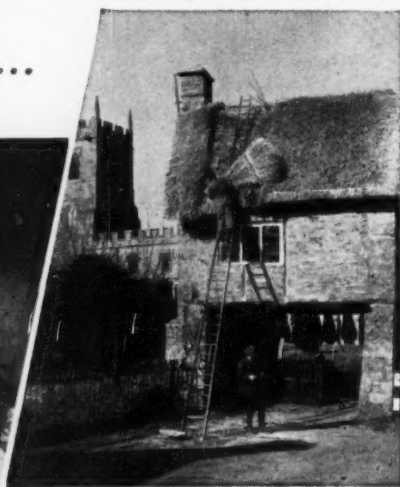


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rehearsal of the new season. The cast had learned to pack a substantial lunch to economize on the food sold by a lunch wagon and they ate together on blankets spread in the sun. The singers gorged themselves on sandwiches and chocolate-coated doughnuts, but the dancers—as fussy about their figures as ageing actresses—lunched on boiled eggs, cheese and tomatoes with fruit for dessert. By dress rehearsal time the inevitable pairing off had begun and Melody Fair singers and dancers were to be found in unexpected corners holding hands.

The dress rehearsals always take place at night to give the electricians an opportunity to plot the lighting of the show and help the cast become accustomed to making entrances and exits in darkness.

A Chilly Dress Rehearsal

The night of the first dress rehearsal was cold, with a bitter wind off the choppy water of Lake Ontario. Inside the big blue tent that belled and sagged with the storm, E. M. Margolese and Teddy Hart, both dressed in formal evening clothes and with pancake makeup, were lounging in some of the eighteen hundred empty chairs which had just been installed. Teddy Hart, an old Broadway performer, was telling the Canadian about a movie he had starred in, "Three Men on a Horse." "They did that movie in five weeks," he recalled dreamily. "I didn't care. My salary was guaranteed for three months."

The dancers, with coats over their bare shoulders, huddled at the top of one of the aisles. "I'm just frozen," moaned Joy Dunning, a small blonde from Ottawa whose picture last year won a national photographers' contest. Joy promptly married the photographer, William Lowry. A piano in the concrete orchestra pit beside the stage tinkled unseen, almost unheard in the groaning of the wet canvas ceiling. Grania Mortimer, the stage manager, in a Varsity blazer and men's blue jeans, consulted her notes clamped to a board and called, for the second time, "Places please! Act one, scene one. Will the ensemble please take their places at the tops of the aisles they'll be coming from!"

Leighton Brill stomped down the aisle. "Mr. Yarborough," he asked the stage director. "Have you any objection to us having a dress rehearsal?" "Not at all, Mr. Brill," Yarborough responded, unruffled. Brill nervously plucked at a police whistle on a cord around his neck, blew a strident blast, noted glumly that no one moved and stalked out of the tent.

"This will be a lousy dress rehearsal," he commented as he passed two singers, Jim Beer of Winnipeg and Victor White of Vancouver. "This one is going to be even lousier than usual."

The girl in jeans glanced at him quickly and grinned to herself. Grania Mortimer is a Toronto girl who for two years has been Melody Fair's stage manager. Brill insists she is one of the best in a business cluttered with details, a mass of memos like swirling confetti. Grania's experience at Melody Fair helped her land some of the best stage-manager jobs around Toronto theatres last winter, shows like *Peter Pan* and *Spring Thaw*. Last winter she stage-managed a Kamsler-Brill production in Las Vegas. This winter she plans to try New York. She called again "Places please!" in a no-fussing tone and Brill blew his whistle again.

Call Me Madam's star, tastefully constructed Jacqueline James whose resemblance to Jean Harlow has hurt her movie career, swaggered down the aisle in a white beaded strapless dress and an impressive quantity of gooseflesh, followed by Margolese and two other men in formal dress. The lights went off and came up again to find Jacquie, as Mrs. Sally Adams, taking her oath as American ambassador to Lichtenburg, where she encounters Gene Raymond as the foreign minister.

Haircut for a Tenor

Brill's whistle stopped the rehearsal relentlessly as he complained bitterly that he couldn't hear, that the entrance of the singers was too slow, that Jacquie was forgetting to keep moving so that everyone in the audience could see her face. Passing a script assistant he snarled, "Tell that tenor to get a haircut."

Brill is the Simon Legree type of producer, drenching his employees in

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venom. Most of them are challenged by his criticism to give their best, which is what he's after; sensitive souls too fragile to stand the storm quit the first week, which is also what he's after. When a former Metropolitan Opera soprano who had starred in a previous week's show at Melody Fair dropped by the following Monday to visit some of the cast, Brill snapped at her, "What the hell are you doing around here? You got paid, didn't you?"

Jacque James ran through seven

choruses of "The Hostess with the Mostes' on the Ball," followed by the dancers and singers combining on "Washington Square Dance." "The singers hate to dance, but the dancers just love to sing," Brill observed to a spectator. "They are so cute and so horrible. And the singers all have two left feet. It's a rule."

When the singers returned a few minutes later to sing "Welcome to Lichtenburg," Brill gave an outraged howl. "Aren't we going to do anything

with their hair? I think it stinks. This is the most unromantic, dead-looking bunch of girls I've ever seen." Joyce Krause and Zoy Merkley, both Toronto sopranos, exchanged uneasy smiles and the script girl rapidly scribbled "Flowers and earrings for singers." A lake boat, three hundred yards away, sounded a fog horn and Brill looked pained.

Gene Raymond paused to talk with Grania, the stage manager. They debated a point for a moment and then Raymond shook his head and went

up to his dressing room. "What was that about?" Brill asked Grania sharply.

"Mr. Raymond doesn't think he has time to change after his first number," she explained.

"He's got almost three minutes!" roared Brill. "What more does he want?"

The dress rehearsal ended about an hour after midnight. Some of the dancers got a ride home with Babs Christie, the only one of their number with a car, but the rest waited in the darkness of the Exhibition grounds for a streetcar, shivering in the early morning cold. Later in the season they learned to work in an after-midnight type of social life, meeting for late meals in Toronto's Chinatown where the restaurants stay open until three in the morning or having co-operative parties like the one at dancer Connie Campbell's house the night that *One Touch of Venus* closed. Connie posted a notice on the bulletin board that the entire cast was invited, admission fifty cents to cover refreshments and Bring Your Own Bottle.

Melody Fair's most glaring success story, by an unfair coincidence, is Brill's wife, the sultry Kathryn Albertson. A Winnipeg girl, Kathryn won a Manitoba Music Festival award four years ago and went to Toronto to study at the Conservatory. She was in the chorus the first year of Melody Fair, rose to principal parts last year and this year is featured. She and Brill have been married since the end of last season and he sees that she gets fifteen-dollar-a-lesson instruction from one of Hollywood's best voice teachers during the winter. She left Melody Fair for a few weeks this summer to have a featured part in the Chicago company of *Carousel*. A sweet-faced blonde from Saskatoon, Doris Swan, also started with Kathryn in the chorus and was raised to better parts in her second year. Last year she married the promotion manager of Melody Fair and has left the company to concentrate on television work.

Romances Flourish

Melody Fair has a distinguished record at the altar. Three couples were married at the end of last season and this summer Ben Kamsler flew to Regina to marry one of last year's singers, Deltra Eamon.

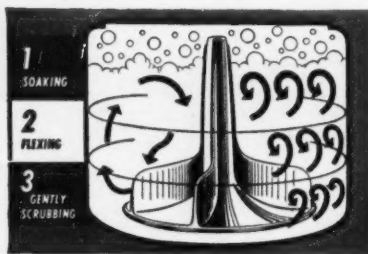
"They've all gone native," commented Melody Fair's publicity man, Angus McStay, dourly. "All those luscious Hollywood tomatoes they could marry and they take up with locals." McStay, a noted cynic, has been heard to comment that "business is colossal, but it should pick up next week" and "business is sensational—the first two rows are packed."

Melody Fair is remarkable enough to get into the newspapers without McStay's colorful asides. It's the largest theatre in the round in North America and the most lush summer theatre anywhere. Operating expenses are over two hundred thousand dollars a year. Some of the principals—Gene Raymond, Ira Petina and Gene Lockhart—get as much as two thousand dollars a week, plus a heavy percentage of the gross. Such contracts are wrung from Kamsler with great anguish, yet Kamsler and Brill once decided it was worth it for prestige to offer Judy Garland ten thousand dollars to do a week of *Wizard of Oz* last year. Judy declined.

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mothers—

did you read
about the nylon
clothes for
kiddies in my
column on page 4?

Yours,
NANCY NYLON.

The idea for Melody Fair came when Brill saw the first theatre in the round at Lambertville, New York, four years ago, and instantly decided that his old dream of running something of his own should take the form of a round stage and a tent. Later, at a party in New York, Brill was telling his plans to a stage-struck stockbroker from Toronto, Monty Lampard. "You ought to come to Toronto," Lampard informed him. "They'll love you in Toronto." Brill had to do a quick mental calculation to figure where Toronto was on the theatre map. Toronto, in the show-business book, was a ballet town and a musical comedy town. It looked good. Lampard rounded up the angels, none of them himself. The needed seventy-five thousand was supplied by Canadians—a lawyer, a mining operator, two brokers, a barrister, and a private secretary.

Brill and Kamsler, whom he had called in on the venture, got their headaches in bunches. Their costumes had to be rented from Eaves in New York, a long-distance arrangement that sometimes resulted in misfits. "The costume you sent for Miss Latham," Brill wrote the company once, "would be better suited to a twenty-five cent operator in a bordello!" The costumes cost twelve hundred dollars a year to rent; Irra Petina wore a black velvet gown in *The Great Waltz* that cost fifteen hundred dollars to make. A Hammond organ that most summer theatres in small towns can have for a note in the program cost Kamsler three hundred dollars a month in Toronto.

Singing in the Rain

Kamsler set the ticket price at \$3.40 for the first few rows and \$1.50 for the back row, a bargain since no seat in the house is farther than fourteen rows from the stage. They selected *Song of Norway* to open the first season and hired five members of the original Broadway company. Five nights out of the six it rained and six nights out of the six people stayed home. "That was probably the best show we've ever put on," mourns Brill. "We lost ten thousand dollars."

The next week was *Brigadoon*, the Scottish fantasy which Toronto holds as dearly as *Oklahoma!* "The first night, rain and desolation," recalls Brill. "The second night, the same. The third night, Wednesday, at eight o'clock it was still raining. I said to Ben 'Let's pack up and leave.'" The next half hour is revered by the partners as *The Miracle of Wednesday Night*. The rain stopped, the street was black with people and eleven hundred people saw the show. Melody Fair and the youngsters whose hopes it holds haven't needed a miracle since.

As the blue tent comes down this September and the last costumes are emptied from the dressingrooms, now smudged with lipstick and charred by cigarettes, lithe-figured dancers will be bouncing back to ballet lessons, their horse-tail hairdos a few inches longer. Some of the men singers, seasoned actorsingers like Jim Fullerton of Regina, Wally Dinoff of Toronto and versatile Glenn Gardiner of Merlin, Ont., will be considering a tour of New York auditions; the girls will go back to the Conservatory, some of them with fresh engagement rings. It's been a summer to remember a lifetime. +

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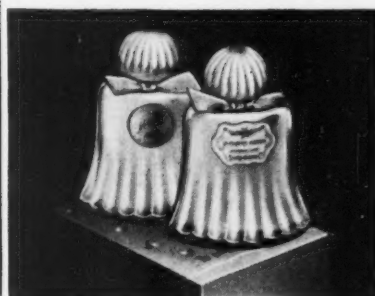


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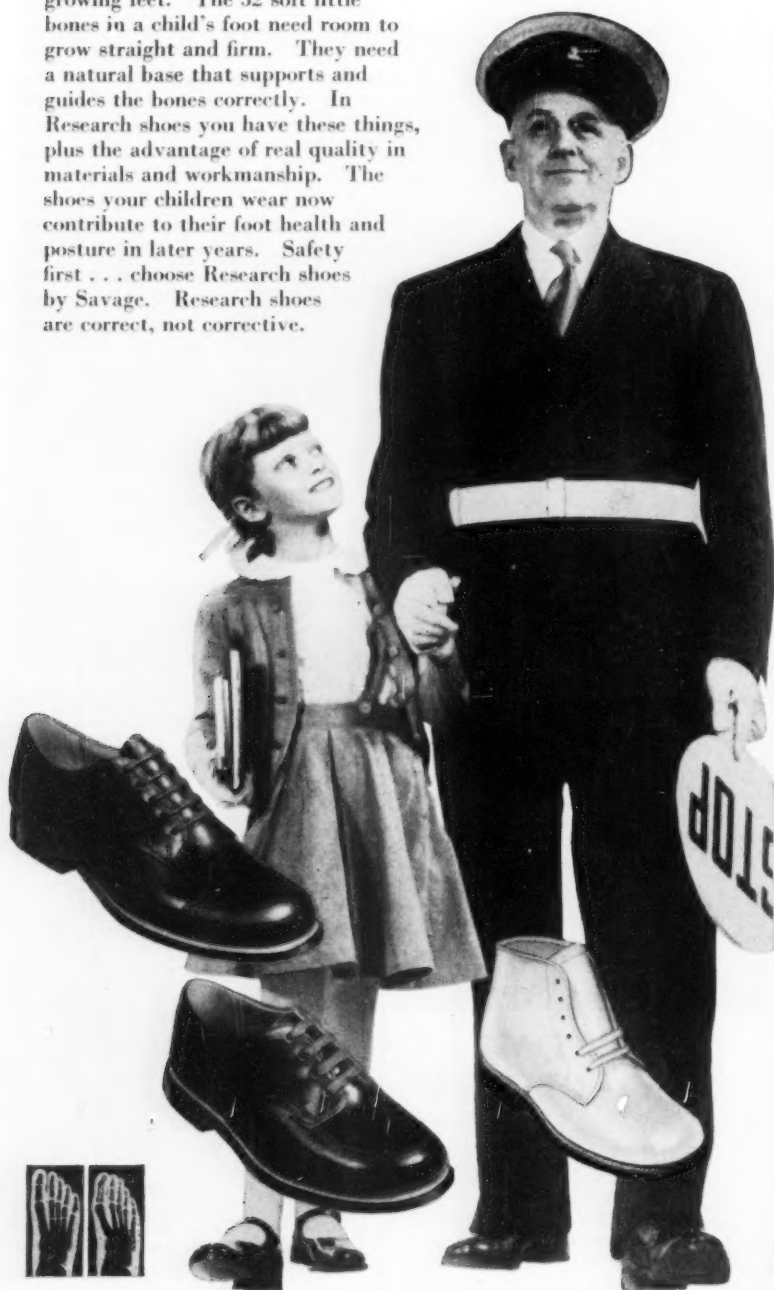
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X-rays of child's foot showing proper development at left, distortion caused by faulty footwear at right.

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YOUNG PARENTS



WATCH THEIR STEP

*Early care may save your youngsters
painful foot troubles later on*

Are all babies born with flat feet?

Usually babies are quite plump when they are born and have pads of fat under their arches which make their feet look flat. X-rays have shown, however, that the great majority of babies have normal arches along the inner sides of their feet, though occasionally one is born with flat feet. A doctor can discover this early and advise you on how it should be treated. Some physicians believe that the development of flat feet is encouraged if you let your baby lie on his tummy when sleeping, especially if you pin his diaper on snugly, because he lies on his knees and chest with his feet in a poor position. In any case, it is most unwise to put your baby to sleep lying face down; he may get his face buried in the covers when he is in this position and suffocate.

What kind of shoes should a baby wear before he can stand up?

Until your child learns to stand up he doesn't need any shoes at all. If you do use them for warmth, buy soft generous-sized ones so that his feet are unhampered in their movements. It is good for baby's leg and foot muscles to let him kick for half an hour, preferably with his booties off, once or twice a day.

Should a baby be encouraged to stand and walk?

No, he shouldn't. When his muscles are strong enough to support him he will do it himself. If you urge him to stand, you may do harm to his feet. Overly fat babies are slower in standing and walking than normally plump ones and for this and other reasons many physicians try to prevent excessive gains in weight.

What kind of shoes should your baby wear when he learns to stand?

As he will be standing and walking on hard surfaces, the sole should be firm yet flexible. As his feet are wide and plump in front, the toe needs to be wide and full so that his toes are unrestricted. The heel should fit reasonably snugly and should have firm "counters." Many authorities recommend boots for the first few pairs—later on oxfords are in order.

As babies' feet grow rapidly, be sure to buy boots at least half an inch longer and a quarter of an inch wider than his feet. Babies practically never wear out their shoes, but they grow out of them and so need new ones at fairly frequent intervals. If you can feel his toes at the end of his shoes or if his feet show signs of squeezing when you

take them off he should certainly have new shoes.

When a baby starts to walk he spreads his feet wide apart because that makes him steadier. As he gains confidence and skill he walks with his feet closer together. If you notice anything unusual about his gait or way of walking as he grows older you should ask your doctor about it.

Is it all right to let baby go barefoot?

Yes, if he is running around on sand or grass, which provides good exercise for his foot muscles. If he is walking on wooden floors or cement his feet need to be protected by shoes.

What sort of socks are best?

Ones that are part wool are probably the best, except in hot weather, because they absorb perspiration and have quite a bit of "give" or resilience in them. However, they do shrink and his feet do grow so that they soon may be too small. Socks that are too short or too narrow encourage foot troubles because they deform the feet and prevent their normal movement.

Why do ten times as many women as men have trouble with their feet?

Quite a few people of both sexes are born with feet that have some inherent weakness. Because most men wear relatively well-designed shoes with low heels and plenty of toe space these weaknesses are not accentuated. However, we can't say the same for many women's shoes. If adolescent girls constantly wear high heels, over two inches in height, they are very likely to develop painful foot troubles. One of these is due to a permanent shortening of the heel cords (tendo Achillis) at the back, which prevents them from wearing low heels with comfort. Usually this and other troubles are not severe enough to cause them to seek medical advice until ten or even twenty years later.

During adolescence the feet can still be molded out of shape so high, small heels and pointed toes if worn more than occasionally, say for dances, can lead to serious harm. Shoes that are too short or too narrow are also injurious. Fortunately low heels are now reasonably popular for street wear. Shoes that are laced or otherwise held snugly across the instep give the arches more support and are therefore preferable to "loafers."

What are bunions and what causes them?

What is popularly called a bunion is an enlargement of the front end of the bone that joins the heel bones and the big toe. This overgrowth of bone forms a prominent lump on the inner side of the foot just behind the big toe, and often causes a great deal of pain. Some years ago the experts blamed short or narrow pointed shoes for these bunions. On further extensive study they found that the fundamental cause was an inherited defect in the feet.

People with bunions usually have too wide a space between their big and their second toes and between the bones that join these toes and the heel bones. In other words, they have a primitive type of foot. In consequence their big toes can be bent outwards easily by tight shoes which make the joint behind the

big toe project on the inner side of the foot. The pressure of the shoe on this projection increases its size.

If you or your parents have a bunion you would be wise to watch for them in your own children and if you spot one beginning, ask your physician what should be done about it. In adults, the only cure is an operation and sometimes even then it is difficult to obtain a satisfactory result.

Because of the separation of the two inner toes and their supporting bones

bunion sufferers have broad or "splay" feet which makes it difficult for them to buy comfortable shoes. Also the transverse arch behind their toes usually falls and they develop callouses or marked thickenings of the skin there which may also be quite painful.

What are plantar warts and what causes them?

On the soles of the feet they look much like callouses although below the surface

they are quite different. Sometimes they occur as small raised patches on the toes. They are probably due to a virus, as are ordinary warts and are caught from other persons who have them. They are quite common in high school children.

Small plantar warts, especially on the toes, can often be removed by sticking adhesive plaster on them daily. The child then either takes a swim or a bath every day after which the plaster is removed and a new piece put on. If



It may puzzle a baby a bit to find that he's growing and growing, and doing strange, new things each day. But it's no puzzle to mummy. What else can a baby do but grow steadily stronger and taller and heavier and more active when he's such a big eater of Heinz Baby Foods.

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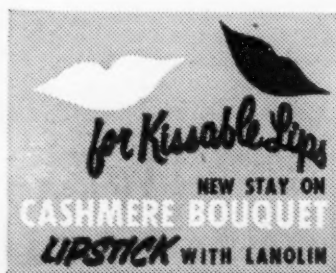


New plastic bottle



THE LOTION OF LOVELY BABIES
JOHNSON'S BABY LOTION

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this does not remove the warts in a few weeks you should get medical advice, as they spread and the treatment of a large area may mean putting the patient to bed for some time.

Athlete's foot—what is it and how do you get it?

This is a kind of ringworm of the feet and is usually spread from one person to another in gymnasium shower rooms or on the floors around indoor swimming

pools. It is most apt to appear between the toes and if your youngster dries these areas carefully, he is less likely to catch it. Dusting talcum powder between the toes also helps to prevent it.

The trouble usually is inconspicuous at first but later on causes burning and itching, small blisters, cracks and loss of skin, especially between the two outer toes. If your child complains of these symptoms you would be wise to ask your physician for directions on how to treat it. +

HEART ON HER SLEEVE

Continued from page 17

eyes pop out," Steve admonished. "Is it the guy or the car?"

She took time to give him a brief frigid glance, then Debbie and her wonder man came up the walk, and Debbie was saying, "Connie, this is Hugh Burling—my little sister, Hugh, and Steve Langford."

Maybe he wasn't so extraordinarily handsome, but he was attractive—big and brown, with a twinkle in his eyes and the nicest smile.

Steve swung himself off the railing and stood up to shake hands, looking suddenly awfully young and boyish. No wonder she'd been getting bored with him. It was a man like this Hugh Burling she had been waiting for. Still Debbie'd got him first, and if she really liked him—

Which of course she did. You could see that with one eye shut. It wasn't really fair, just because she was nineteen and worked in a real-estate office where all sorts of wonderful men were going in and out all the time.

Steve was on his way. "Give you a buzz after supper, maybe, Connie."

She nodded without turning her head. Hugh Burling was going too.

"Around eight then?" he was saying, flashing his quick magnetic smile at Debbie. So they had a date then. He hadn't just dropped her off. He was as good as her brother-in-law already, she thought gloomily, following Debbie into the house as the car drove off.

"You help, eh Connie?" Debbie

begged from the kitchen. "So we get supper in good time?"

But why should she help someone get ready for a date she wanted herself? Anyway there was lots of time for supper.

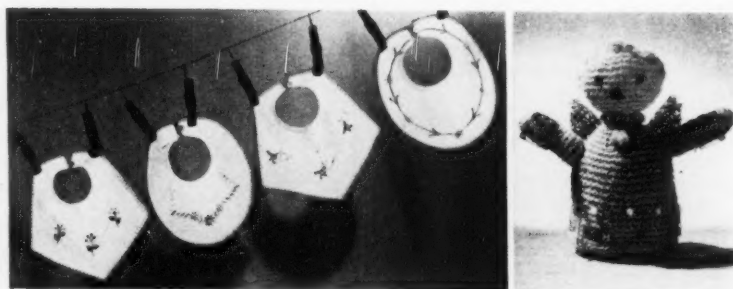
"Sure, after—" she conceded, and went upstairs. But she slipped first into Debbie's room to take another look at her new blue organdie. She'd already tried it on of course, and knew just how perfect it was for her. She was a speck taller than Debbie, but they had the same coloring, both fairish with dark blue eyes and nice complexions. They could wear the same clothes, and Deb did get the darlinest things.

This was the prettiest yet, miles prettier than her own dotted swiss. Connie sighed, hung the dress reluctantly back. There were queer noises from the hall downstairs. Heavy steps, a strange man's voice, then Debbie's, sort of breathless like it always was when she was scared. They were on the stairs now. Not again! But it was. Dad home with another of his heart attacks. She went flying out and there were Debbie and the taxi driver practically carrying him up, and the doctor coming in the front door.

For the next few minutes she seemed to be standing helplessly on the edge of things. Then Dad was in bed, looking relaxed and comfortable and the doctor telling him cheerfully he'd no doubt live to a good old age yet.

Connie heaved a sigh of relief and at Debbie's bidding went flying downstairs to take the carrots off the stove where they were burning like crazy.

When the doctor had gone, Debbie



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came into the kitchen looking as if she'd just been let off a jail sentence.

"Everything's going to be all right," she announced happily. "He's to rest for a day or two and have a tablet every half hour this evening till he goes to sleep. Connie, I was thinking—you could give them to him? Just watch the time—"

Connie's head shot up. "Oh, but I'd be terrified—" she gasped. "Deb, you know what I'm like with sick people—And if anything happened—"

Debbie stood irresolute, the happy look fading.

"Nothing will happen," she said. "At least—nothing likely could. Still—oh Connie, Hugh has tickets for that play at the Fairmont!"

"Well then, maybe I could," Connie gave in doubtfully, "I mean, of course I will if you think it's safe—"

"No, perhaps not," Deb said slowly. "If anything happened, I'd just never forgive myself. Besides, Dad might feel bad—"

Connie went ahead putting on the supper, feeling not too comfortable. Of course she could insist on Debbie going, she could go up and tell Dad she was looking after him, and that was that.

But—she hadn't said anything when something leaped to her mind. An idea. Why, this was fate! One of those things that had been meant to happen.

Neither of them ate much. Connie kept trying not to see the little hot spots of color that had started to burn in Debbie's cheeks, like always when she was bothered. Signals of distress, she could remember their father saying jokingly. More disturbingly she was recalling their mother's gentle voice—"More often I think they are little red badges of courage—" seeing her glance of loving approval at Debbie.

She thrust the memory from her, got at the dishes. Debbie went upstairs.

"No, I wouldn't think of going," she said quietly, coming down. "Maybe I can phone Hugh."

The cue Connie had been waiting for. "Don't, Deb," she cried, "don't phone him. Let me go with him. Wouldn't it be better? I mean better than just letting him down flat? After all, he'll have the tickets—"

"You—!" Debbie said, and now the little red flags were really flying. "But—Hugh's too old for you, and—he's not your type."

"How do you know what my type is? If you think I want to go around with juveniles all my life—"

"But—" Debbie said and paused. "He'd have to ask you himself," she finished uncertainly.

"Of course," Connie agreed hastily, thinking how she could attend to that if she got half a chance. Only there was something else . . .

"Debbie, if he did ask me, would you be a super angel and let me wear your—your blue dress?"

She'd almost tripped on the last words. Deb was giving her the oddest look, a questioning, trying-you-for-size sort of look. For a second Connie felt a quite unaccustomed sense of discomfiture. But only for a second. Debbie was saying:

"You mean my new one—the the organdie?"

"Yes, oh Debbie, please, please—?"

"Okay," Debbie said slowly and Connie flew to hug her.

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"Deb, you are the darlinest sister, I do love you—"

Debbie's arms closed around her, "Oh, Connie, I don't know if I'm doing right or not. Maybe I'm just spoiling you. You know—Mother left you to me—to take care of. But sometimes—I'm afraid. You want so much, and you want it all at once. You won't wait. You won't realize how much time you have. If things don't turn out right for you, or if anything happened to you—"

"Nothing will happen," Connie said confidently. "Don't worry. You don't realize how I can take care of myself."

She pulled loose as the phone rang. It was Steve wanting to know if she'd like to try for rush seats at the Fairmont.

Connie took a quick glance at the clock. "I'll call you back in—say half an hour," she said briskly. No use burning one's bridges.

She turned from the phone and caught a glimpse of Debbie's face. The little red flags had faded and she looked suddenly white and tired. But then she could rest all evening, for even when he was well, Dad never talked much or paid any attention to anyone. He'd never come out of the fog he'd got into when their mother had died.

She finished the dishes, flew upstairs and had a bath. She was pulling Debbie's dress over her head when the door bell rang. She could hear Debbie explaining about Dad, then Hugh's voice, deep husky, thrillingly masculine. She waited a moment, then started down the stairs, slowly. Hugh would turn and look up at her, and—

He was looking up at her. Connie let a little slow smile touch her face.

"Maybe," Hugh was saying, "this little sister of yours—that is, if she isn't already dated up—"

"I'm not, as it happens," Connie said encouragingly. "Why?"

"Well, I wondered—" Hugh was digging in his wallet, coming up with a little envelope. "Maybe you could get a pal and use these tickets?"

Connie took it without a quiver. You can't always win, and after all, a couple of good seats . . .

"Why, thank you," she accepted graciously. "I could see if Steve still wants to go, eh Debbie?"

The light had turned on again in Debbie's face. Hugh too, she had to admit, looked far from stricken at the prospect of a dull evening. He followed Debbie into the living room and Connie made a noiseless sprint to the kitchen, dialed Steve's number.

The play was dull. Even having Debbie's blue organdie on didn't help much. Steve had only given her a mean look and asked if she'd sent all her own clothes to the Salvation Army. Of course if she could have come with Hugh Burling . . .

She half closed her eyes and let herself think about Hugh. By this time he and Debbie would likely have the rug rolled back and be dancing. He'd be wonderful to dance with too—those big men always were. It might have been better if she'd politely declined the tickets and stayed home. It certainly had been a handy way of getting rid of her.

The next day in school it was just the same, and all the days following. Hugh Burling's dark whimsical face would keep blotting out the page of Latin or History or whatever it was she

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was supposed to be concentrating on. She simply endured through the day for the hope of seeing him in the evening. Not that she got a chance to see much of him. Deb had the most aggravating way of always being ready when her dates called. Likely if Hugh just sat out in the car and honked she'd go flying out to him.

It was worse yet when school closed. Practically everyone in town off on vacation, Steve still working, still studying, always wanting to go home early on the evenings he did manage to come around. Nothing for her to do but watch Deb and Hugh drive off in that gorgeous car. And the way Debbie was acting you'd think she'd never had a boy friend in her life before.

Then Hugh started coming for supper Wednesday evenings, and that was more than anyone could be expected to stand. Of course there'd be a wonderful supper with Debbie home all afternoon getting it ready, and looking so flushed and pretty you'd think Hugh was Gregory Peck or somebody instead of an ordinary insurance salesman. And still at supper she'd be looking so cute it was simply ridiculous, and Hugh not able to take his eyes off her to pay attention to anyone else.

And after supper Debbie saying, "Be an angel and do the dishes, eh Connie?", taking advantage. Of course she'd have to agree with Hugh's eyes twinkling at her.

To think there'd been just one man around all summer and Debbie'd had to snatch him up.

More and more she kept thinking about him. She thought of him at night, thought of him all day. It got so she couldn't eat her meals, not really enjoy them anyway. Couldn't Debbie see there was something wrong? If she just realized, she couldn't let her own sister go on suffering like this. After all, she had promised Mother, like she'd said—

Something had to happen. She couldn't go on standing it, watching the way he looked at Debbie, treating her always like a five-year-old. Of course he got that from Debbie. Older girls were always the same, they didn't like to admit that their younger sisters were grown up, it dated them. One of these days she'd show them both—if she could just get a chance. She'd tried everything with Hugh, put the record player on, coaxed him to dance. He'd just grinned, said it was too hot for such exertion. Yet he and Debbie went dancing.

Maybe he was afraid of her. That was a more soothing reflection. He was afraid of having her too close to him, of going too far. After all, she was Debbie's sister—

Something had to happen to give her a break. But nothing did—not till the day of the thunderstorm.

It was one of those torrid days when you simply wait for a storm to come booming up. Connie would have welcomed even a storm just to make a break in the monotony—if only it would hold off till evening, when she and Steve could watch it from the back porch, as they'd been doing for years.

But it wasn't holding off. It was coming up and fast. Wednesday too, and Debbie going out with Hugh. She'd been late getting home for lunch and had had to rush right up to get ready.

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Dr. Scholl's FOOT BALM

"Connie, straighten up, like a honey, won't you?" she'd begged, as she always did now. "And let Hugh in. We're going swimming."

There it was again, they were going swimming and she, Connie, with nothing to do but tidy up the house. Debbie looked enchanting in a bathing suit. But then so did she, and she had lots more tan than Debbie had. And Hugh—she could just picture him in swimming trunks, big and brown, utterly devastating. If they'd ever think of taking her with them—

Now Hugh would be here any minute and she was still in her old jeans. Deb was in the bathroom, of course. Connie took a hasty scrub at the kitchen sink, then flew upstairs to fix her face, to put on her white shorts and cute yellow sun top. At least he should have an idea how she looked in a bathing suit, and maybe—

She was downstairs opening the door for him just as the first heavy rumble shook the veranda.

"Looks like we're in for a real hummer," Hugh said. "Not afraid of storms, are you, Connie?"

Queer how just a word can give one an idea, an inspiration. She gave a little quick shudder. "Yes, terrified. I'm so thankful you're here. Dad's out and Connie's getting dressed."

Hugh closed the door on a vivid flash of lightning. Again Connie shuddered, her hands going up to cover her face.

"Come on, Chicken, we'll get the windows down." Hugh prodded her gently into the living room, then made a dash for the dining room windows.

It really hit then, crash after crash following on the heels of blazing white light. Connie crouched in a chair, her face buried in her hands, moaning.

"Come and watch it, then you won't mind so much," Hugh said from the window. "This is really something to see."

She got up and moved slowly over beside him. But she wouldn't look out. Her thumbs were dug into her ears, her fingers pressed tight over her eyes.

"You silly little goose," Hugh said, and there was tenderness in his voice. She knew, she'd known all along. It was just as she'd thought, he'd been afraid—

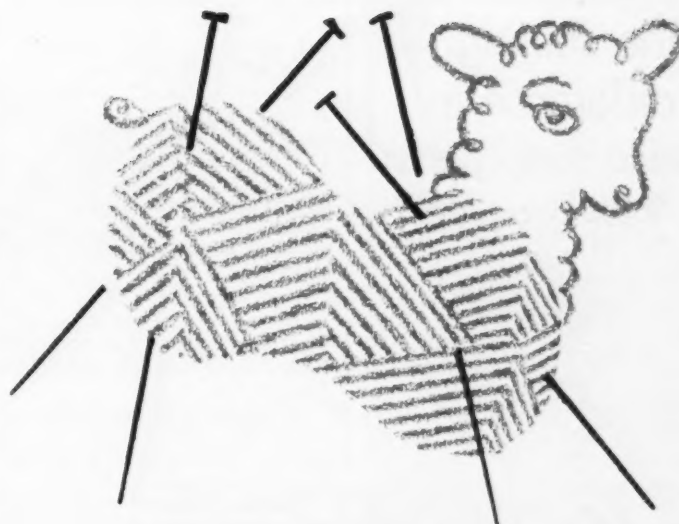
Then the real blast came. It must have hit the house. "No—no—!" Connie cried helplessly, and turned to throw herself against him. She could feel his arms around her, hear him murmuring in her ears, telling her not to be afraid. Her arms lifted and closed around his neck, her face buried itself in his shoulder as a burning whiteness lit the room and another crash seemed to split the ceiling.

He was really holding her tight now. In another moment he'd kiss her surely—why, it was simply natural—

But he wasn't kissing her. His arms were loosening. "There, the worst is over—" There was obvious relief in his voice. But she wouldn't give up. He had to kiss her, he had to. But he didn't. He was pushing her away.

She opened her eyes and there was Debbie standing in the doorway.

The next few minutes were a bit confused. She could hear Hugh saying, "Debbie, Debbie—" in the queerest voice, incredulous, sort of bewildered. Debbie was just stand-



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ing there, white and cold-looking, yet haughty too, not like Debbie at all.

"Debbie, she's only a kid—and she was scared—" Hugh seemed to be repeating it over and over.

"Scared! Connie!" Debbie's voice at last, thin and scornful. "Since when?"

If she hadn't been scared before she was now, Connie admitted sickly to herself, scared stiff. She hadn't meant to do anything to make Debbie look like that. And why was she looking like that anyway?

Hugh was going over to Deb, his hands out. But Debbie was saying, "No—no—" shrinking back from him, turning to run out to the kitchen, Hugh following her.

Connie stood a moment feeling almost sick at her stomach, then she went upstairs. She sat down on the side of the bed, wishing she could die.

Footsteps sounded downstairs, quick angry footsteps. The front door opened, slammed shut. In two seconds Hugh's car was roaring off. Of course Debbie wasn't in it. What had she done to Debbie? But she hadn't meant to do anything, not really. They had no business to take it like this, so horribly seriously. Why, you'd think—

Debbie's footsteps on the stairs, slow, lifeless. They went into her room, the door closed. Connie changed into her jeans and went down to the kitchen. The storm was over, the house very still, sort of dead.

It seemed a year till five o'clock and she could start getting supper. Dad came home, he called upstairs to Debbie. She said she had a headache, she wouldn't be down.

It was all a hideous bad dream.

Connie did the dishes, seeing every minute Debbie's white face, the stricken look in her eyes. Steve didn't come around, he didn't phone. The dreary evening dragged by.

Debbie went to work next morning without eating any breakfast. She had a lot of make-up on, but that dreadful look was still in her eyes. In the evening she went right upstairs after eating not more than two bites of supper. She wouldn't come down to speak to Hugh when he phoned. Again Steve didn't come, didn't phone. Everyone was crazy. She'd go crazy herself if this kept up, Connie thought. She stuck around till nearly nine o'clock in the hope that she might yet hear from Steve, then went down to the library and got some books she'd no intention of reading.

Coming back past Steve's house Connie had a disagreeable shock. There was a long blue roadster parked in the Langford driveway. She fought down a sharp surge of panic. Why shouldn't Hugh drop in for a talk with Steve? He'd have nothing else to do, Debbie acting as she was. But if he ever mentioned that thunderstorm—

She was still feeling acutely disturbed when she got home. Debbie was talking on the phone. Her heart leaped. If it could only be Hugh, and they'd make up, and this horrible pall hanging over the house would lift.

But there was nothing to indicate who it was. Debbie kept saying, "Yes, no—well, maybe—" over and over, not giving at all. Then she said good-night and hung up, but she didn't say who had been on the phone, and for the



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first time in her life, Connie felt she couldn't ask.

She laid the books on the kitchen table, asked Debbie humbly if she'd like to read one. Debbie said quietly she didn't think so. But now she was going round doing little things about the kitchen and didn't look quite so awful as she had. Connie's spirits jerked up a couple of notches. She sat down pretending to read, then suddenly raising her eyes, found Debbie looking at her.

It was a queer, measuring kind of look with none of the loving tenderness in it with which Debbie was wont to regard her. Dimly she recalled a similar look Deb had given her not too long ago. She didn't like it a bit. What business had Debbie looking at her like that? She hadn't been trying to take Hugh from her. She'd only been—well, experimenting. Affronted, she picked up her books and retired upstairs.

It was the same next evening, Debbie polite but cool and remote, treating her like a stranger she didn't care too much for. Then the phone. Steve at last, surely. But Debbie was close and answered, and the call was for her anyway.

Listening as hard as she could Connie couldn't make out who it was. Someone asking for a date for the evening, only not Hugh. Debbie's voice was sweet and cool with none of the gay lilt it always held when she talked to Hugh. Still, she was going out, thank goodness. She came back to the dishes, and Connie noticed with a quickly withdrawn glance that the little red flags had started to fly. Again she couldn't ask any questions. There was a deep gap between them that nothing could bridge.

But she kept wondering who had called, and hoping. Maybe someone new and nice so Debbie could forget about Hugh, and be her old self again. That is, if she wasn't going to make up with him, and it looked as if she wasn't. You wouldn't have thought Debbie would have a hard streak like that in her, but there it was. You never could tell about people, even the ones you knew best.

Debbie went up to dress and Connie kept an eye on the front window. It wasn't any time till Steve's old crate came rattling up. Thank heaven, she thought fervently, feeling a ton weight roll off her. Only Steve was all dressed up in his light slacks and navy blazer. They must be going some place. And she still in her shorts. He could have phoned, the dope—

She went bounding upstairs and had peeled off to her bra and scanties when the doorbell rang. Steve at the front door! She was on the point of yelling down to him when she heard Debbie on the stairs. Then she could hear only the murmur of voices for she hadn't time to go out and listen at the banister.

But the screen door slammed and then there was silence. That was queerer still. Debbie's date must have arrived too and they'd gone. She'd missed him after all. Only it was queer that Steve wasn't hollering up to her to hurry. She flew to Debbie's room to look out her window and there was Debbie going down the walk with—Steve!

Deb and Steve going down the walk together. She shut her eyes tight, opened them again. They were still there, it wasn't just a dream—or a

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nightmare. And just as she watched, Steve's hand reached out and caught Debbie's fingers.

Her feet were suddenly digging themselves into the floor, a million little bombs seemed to be exploding in her head, booming in her ears. She had to clap her hand over her mouth to keep from screaming at them. Steve—and Debbie! But how dare they? How dare Debbie walk off with Steve? Steve belonged to her, Connie. He'd belonged to her for years and years.

Her eyes kept glued to them. Steve was opening the door of his old crate, putting Debbie in as if—as if she was a princess. He'd never done that for Connie. The most he'd ever done was fling open the door for her, then reach across her to close it. The blood boiled up in her face, ebbed away again, leaving her cold and feeling very, very queer.

They'd driven off and there she was, standing alone, neither of them caring. Her throat was hot and tight, her eyes burned, but she wouldn't cry. She tore back to her own room and dropped on the bed, screwing up into a tight ball of misery.

It was ages after. The phone was ringing. It could ring, she wasn't answering. But it kept on and on. Maybe—you just never knew about a phone call. She dragged herself up, draped a robe around her and went downstairs.

It was Hugh. And he didn't want Debbie either, he wanted her. Wanted her to go to the Fairmont with him.

She didn't want to see a play. She didn't want to see or hear of Hugh Burling again in her whole life. Still, with Deb and Steve acting like that—there, her throat was closing up again.

"I could go, I suppose." Her voice was grouchy and far from steady, but what did it matter with Hugh. "At least, I've nothing else to do."

"Good girl," Hugh said. "I haven't a thing to do either. Think we could make it for the first act?" The nerve of him, calling so late.

She settled for fifteen minutes, hung up. But she wasn't going to break any speed records rushing. She stalked upstairs, her whole inside hollow and aching. Steve and Deb might even be there, she'd have to see them. Everyone went to these silly summer plays.

She hadn't a thing to wear either. She'd have to get herself some decent clothes, she thought, taking a quick skim through Deb's closet. She decided finally on Deb's white nylon sweater with a black skirt and suede pumps. Not that it mattered what she wore, the way she was feeling.

"You look very smart," Hugh said when he greeted her. "That black and white is quite effective with your bright hair."

That was a help anyway. Hugh really was nice even if he was old and a little dull. Maybe he was feeling tough too. He really liked Debbie. Probably he'd never dreamed she could act like this.

They were late of course, and had to wait in the lobby through the first act. It was terribly boring, though Hugh did try to be interesting. He lighted a cigarette for her, then smoked his pipe. He would have made an awfully nice brother-in-law, she thought. Only likely

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NINE BONUS-LENGTH CHAPTERS

THE ALIEN BY W. O. MITCHELL

A Maclean's Novel Award

What Was It About Carlyle Sinclair
That Set Him Apart From Other Men?

What strange call of blood drove this polished university graduate to the rolling foothill country of the Paradise Indian Reserve? Why did he think of himself as THE ALIEN?

W. O. Mitchell's sweeping new novel has all the high humor of his famous *Jake* and *the Kid* series and all the drama and sensitivity of his first award-winning book. His major characters are etched with bold, sure strokes against the rich background of an Indian reservation:



Carlyle Sinclair, the dedicated school-teacher, tortured by an inner compulsion which drives him to the brink of the abyss;

Grace Sinclair, his wife, who is never sure she really knows the man she married;



Victoria Rider, the wild child of the foothills who promised so much and fulfilled so little.

In his minor characters, Mitchell has effectively mingled the tender with the Rabelaisian. There is *Ezra Shot-Close*, the Indian evangelist who verbally rewrites the Old Testament for his people; there is *Old John*, whose greatest thrill in life is an unlimited supply of raisin bread. And there is *Raymond Blaspheme* who stole off with Sam Bear's daughter—and what was more important, Sam Bear's horses.



ABOUT THE AUTHOR



William Ormond Mitchell is the first Canadian novelist to win one of the recently established \$5,000 Maclean's Novel Awards. His first novel, *Who Has Seen The Wind*, won the IODE Foundation Award for 1948 and a recent Maclean's short story of his was named the best Canadian short story of 1952. His work has appeared in the O'Brien collection of Best American Short Stories and his *Jake* and *the Kid* magazine and radio series has brought him national recognition. He is married, has two sons and lives in High River, near the country where his new novel has its setting.

Don't Miss THE ALIEN By W. O. Mitchell
Beginning in Maclean's Sept. 15 issue (on sale Sept. 4.)

now he never would be her brother-in-law. She might even never have a brother-in-law, she thought dully. Unless maybe Steve—she thrust that ghastly possibility aside.

Finally they got their seats. Now she could think anyway. There was the way Steve had talked about Debbie all summer, she should do this for Deb, she should do that—maybe all the time he'd really been falling in love with her, and this was just the chance he'd been waiting for. Of course Deb was a whole year older than he was, which made it kind of sickening—but she was so little and cute. Perhaps it was all on account of her Steve had been so queer this summer.

To make everything worse her feet were hurting; those suede pumps were hot. Why hadn't she worn her own cool sandals? It wasn't as though this was an important date.

Intermission and the lobby again, and who should be there but Steve and Debbie. And Steve was lighting Debbie's cigarette for her, and laughing down on her, looking handsomer than she'd ever dreamed he was. And Debbie—why even with Hugh she'd never looked so darling, her cheeks just burning pink above the white of her dress.

But where had she got that dress? Why, it was *her* dress, Connie's, the old white crepe she had never liked. After she'd got the tear in the hem she'd just ditched it. Now she did recall Deb saying she might as well get a few turns out of it. But Deb must have changed it. Why, it was simply adorable, with the little round collar, no sleeves and the skirt falling in those soft pleats. To think she had owned a dress like that, and here she was in this silly skirt and sweater on a hot evening.

Hugh didn't see them, or else he pretended he didn't. And they were too engrossed in themselves to see anybody. All right, Connie thought fiercely, let them look at each other. She'd get someone else, and quick. Only she'd go away first. She wouldn't stay in this stupid town. She'd show them.

When Hugh suggested ice cream after the play, she refused. She couldn't wait to get home, into her own room where she could kick off these hurting pumps and cry and cry—she couldn't hold in the tears much longer.

Lying there on the bed she heard the hall door open. They were home. She could hear Debbie's voice, hear her laughing. Laughing . . . after she'd broken her own sister's heart. But that wasn't Steve talking—she jerked up in bed to listen. It was Hugh! Hugh had brought Debbie home. He'd gone back and found them—

She slipped silently off the bed, over to the banister. They had gone into the living room. And Steve was there too, she could hear him. She's got them both, she thought bitterly. She's a real man-eater. It wasn't enough to take Steve, she had to have Hugh too.

Then she had to slip back quick. Debbie was coming up the stairs. She stopped halfway and called.

"Connie, are you in bed? Come on down, the boys are here."

She buried her head in the pillow so as to sound drowsy. "No, I'm going to sleep."

"Then waken up." Debbie's voice sounded coaxing, nice, the way it had

always been till these men had come between them. The lump in her throat got so big she couldn't have answered if she had wanted to.

Debbie went back down and Connie lay there with that dreadful sense of loneliness engulfing her, of complete desolation. It was bad enough being an orphan, but now with Debbie going back on her—Debbie whom she'd always been able to count on—

Sometimes it was better to cry, so the books said, but she just wouldn't cry. And presently it seemed she stopped feeling so terrible just because she had some thinking to do. You can't

suffer hard and think hard at the same time. Something really must have happened. There was Debbie being sweet and nice to her again, and there was Hugh down there—If Debbie had Hugh she just naturally wouldn't want Steve. She really wasn't that kind. But of course if Steve was going to be so fickle, Connie wouldn't want him either.

Only—something hit her suddenly smack between the eyes. She sat up very quickly. Her neck was getting hot, then the blood came boiling up her face, pounding at her ears. She'd been taken, that was for sure. Someone for once had been smarter than she was.

FIND OUT HOW ATTRACTIVE YOU REALLY ARE

Here is a chance to discover, with the help of Rosemary Boxer, Chatelaine's Beauty Editor, just how attractive you can really be when you are wearing the just-right clothes and make-up that were meant for you.

Here is also a chance to win, in addition, a free round trip by TCA to Toronto, a week as Chatelaine's guest at one of Toronto's best hotels and a gift of \$100 to help you with your Christmas shopping since the winner will be coming to Toronto in mid-November.

THIS IS NOT A BEAUTY CONTEST and is open to Canadian women of all ages, single and married, everywhere in the dominion.

If the winner is from the Toronto area we will give her a round trip by air to any place of her choice in Canada.

You will remember how last November Chatelaine helped three Canadian women with their personal beauty problems—helped them to good looks with the right make-up, diets, new hair-styles and the right clothes. Since then, as you know, we planned a similar makeover in our July issue for Miss Freda Nisbet, a Montreal secretary.

Never have articles in this field created so much comment among fashion- and beauty-conscious women in this country. We have received hundreds on hundreds of letters asking for the same kind of help. We can't possibly devote the time to these women that we spent with Miss Nisbet but we have been glad to give each letter complete and individual attention.

But now as we make plans for our big Spring Beauty Week issue for April of next year we can offer this same personalized service to the Canadian girl or woman who sends us the best letter, accompanied by a picture, outlining her beauty problems.

A picture of the winner will appear on the April cover of Chatelaine and her story will be told in the same issue.

Your entry must be postmarked not later than Thursday, October 15, 1953. We will want the winner to be in Toronto for the week of November 23rd, 1953.

Fill out this entry form and send it to:

Spring Beauty Week Contest; Chatelaine Magazine
481 University Ave., Toronto, Ontario.

Be sure to send with it a recent full-length photograph that you can spare since we can't return pictures or entries.

NAME (Miss, Mrs.)

ADDRESS

AGE..... VOCATION

MEASUREMENTS, BUST.... WAIST.... HIPS.... WEIGHT....

Someone! It hadn't been Steve or Debbie, she knew them. But she didn't know Hugh very well, and there was that twinkle that came every so often in his eyes—it could be a wicked twinkle. That night his car had been at Steve's—they'd cooked this up, and then got Debbie in on it.

Connie sat there, her hands gripped tight, thinking—remembering—and burning right up. She found herself presently staring very hard at Debbie's little black pumps that had been so hot and uncomfortable on her feet all evening. Of course they were really a half size too small for her. All Debbie's shoes were too small for her. Then, unaccountably, it wasn't just the pumps she was seeing. It was that white dress she'd never liked—till she'd seen it on Debbie tonight—she was seeing Debbie's clothes that she'd worn all summer.

Slowly she got to her feet, went to her clothes closet. More shoes here than in Debbie's; sandals, pumps, loafers—all shoes she'd been crazy about in the store, all shoes she'd insisted she must have. She took a long look at the bar hung with dresses and skirts and sweaters, the blue swiss dot she had been so in love with till she'd seen Debbie's organdie. The color had cooled off in her face, but she felt a little sick. She went back and sat on the side of the bed.

How long since she'd started borrowing Debbie's clothes? A year? How many things of hers had she spoiled, stained or torn? And Debbie—never complaining much, never scolding. Everything Debbie had had she'd coveted, even her dates. The way she'd acted about Hugh—and Debbie had really loved Hugh. Her stomach was a vast icy hollow.

You know—Mother left you to me—to take care of . . . The words came drifting back, burning into her consciousness.

"And you have taken care of me," she whispered softly. "Debbie, you have. You've been a darling sister. But I—I've been—a stinker! I didn't realize—so, you showed me. You just had to show me—"

The murmur of voices still came from the living room. Connie got to her feet, picked up Debbie's pumps, took them into her room, put shoe-trees in them as Deb always did, took off the skirt and sweater and hung them carefully up, went back to her own closet. There was the sleeveless blue gingham Steve had always liked. She put it on, put on her own white sandals.

A touch up to her face, her hair. She was on her way downstairs, her heart beating hard.

Debbie and Hugh were on the chesterfield. She let her gaze linger a second on the lovely glow in Debbie's face, turned quickly from the twinkle in Hugh's eyes. He'd be all right for a brother-in-law. But there was Steve thumbing through the records, waiting for her.

He turned, gave her a cool survey that took in her dress, her shoes, maybe even a slightly new expression on her face. There was just a glimmer of his familiar grin as he said, "Hi, Dope, what's been keeping you?"

That was okay. She understood now. Maybe she didn't even want to be grown up yet. She knew now what Debbie had meant, what she'd tried to tell her so many times. She'd wanted everything, too soon. There was lots and lots of time. ♦



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